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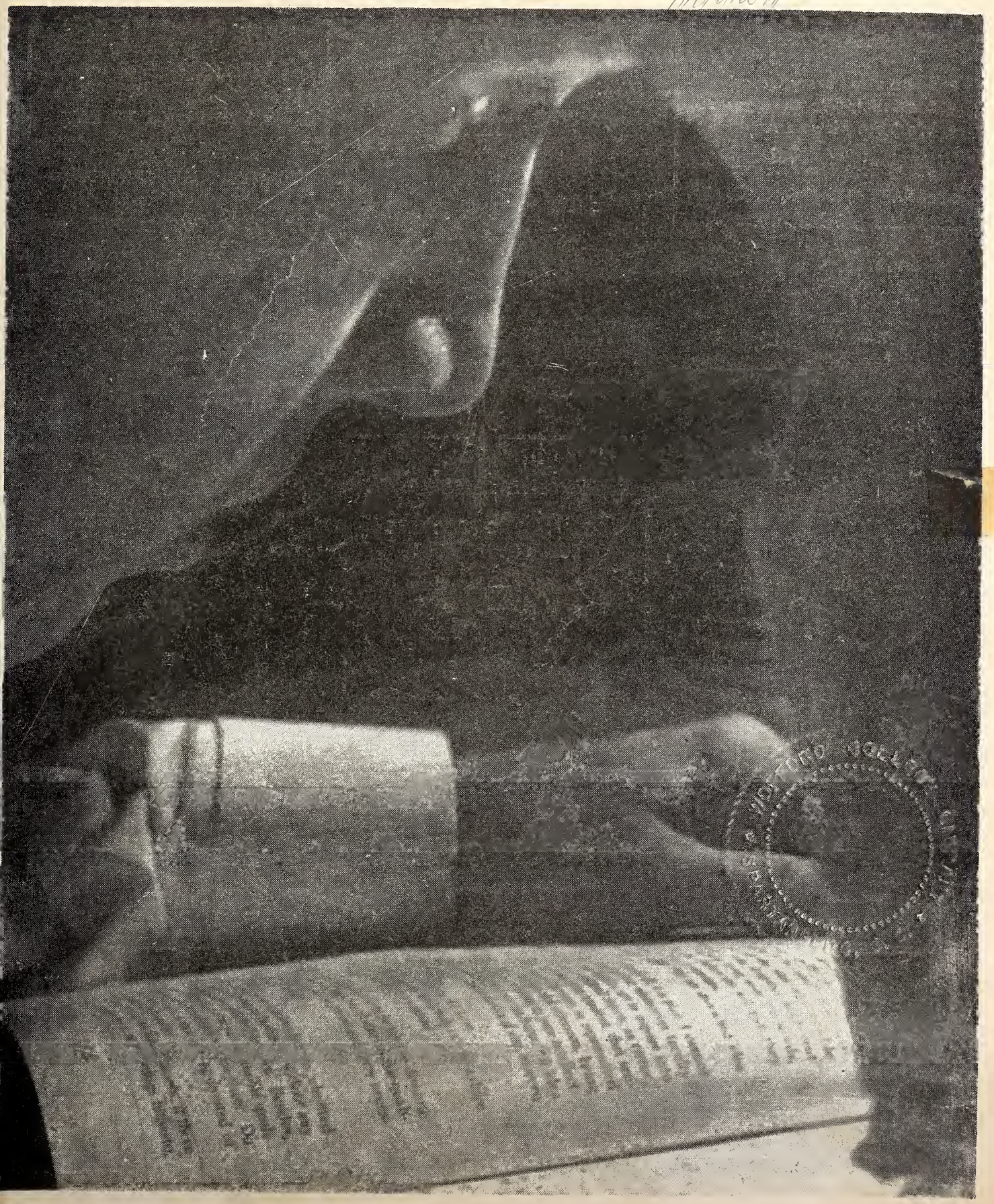

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Cover photo by Robert Hopper

Journal ON THE Town

by Ed Waters

THE THEATRE

Plays

Nov. 14, 15

THIEVES CARNIVAL—A farce by the French playwright Jean Anouilh performed in the English translation by Lucienne Hill. Produced by the Palmetto Players with Jim Parker directing. "The style in this production is closely akin to the slapstick comedy routines used in movies of the mad '20's!" Converse Chapel Theatre. 8:00 p. m.

Nov. 18, 19, 21, 22

HARVEY—A comedy by Mary Chase, by a cast including Miss Jane Dalton and Mr. Dave Reid. This second production of the season, which is sponsored by the Spartanburg Little Theatre and directed by David Reid will be presented at the Camp Croft Playhouse nightly at 8:30 p. m. with a matinee on Saturday, November 22, at 2:30 p. m.

Dec. 5, 6

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—A romantic comedy by Ronald Alexander will be presented at the Spartanburg High School Auditorium at 8:00 p. m. by the Drama Department under the direction of Wade Burley.

CONCERTS AND OPERAS

Nov. 17

Chamber Music Recital—By members of the faculty of the School of Music at Converse College. The performance will feature: Miss Radiana Pazmor, singing contemporary manuscript work; Converse Trio (Mutchnik, violin; Richter, cello; Gerchefski, piano) playing Mendelssohn's *Trio in C Minor;* a Percussion group, performing Randolf Green's *Three Inventories on a Texas Tomb*, Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.

Dec. 6

HANSEL AND GRETEL—Opera in three acts. The music by Humperdinck and libretto by Wette, based on Ludwig's Grimm's fairy tale. This performance will be presented in English. John Richards McCrae is producer-director and Henry Janiec will be musical director and conductor. Twitchell Auditorium—matinee 3:00 p. m. Evening—8:00 p. m.

Dec. 7

Spartanburg Oratorio Society will be presented in concert with John Williams, director, Twitchell Auditorium, Converse College at 4:00 p. m.

Dec. 11

Concert—By the Spartanburg Civic Band sponsored by the Goodfellows organization. Gilbert Carp is director. The performance will include works by Palestrina, Mendelssohn, Bartok, Prokofief, and Sousa. Twichell Auditorium, Converse College, at 8:00 p.m.

SPEAKERS AND SPECIAL INTERESTS . . .

Nov. 22

RED SHOES—An art film to be shown in the Converse Little Chapel at 5:00 p. m.

Nov. 24

Dr. J. Fred Rippy—Latin American expert at the University of Chicago. Dr. Rippy recently published a volume in the University of Michigan World History Series. He will speak in Twichell Auditorium, Converse, at 8:00 p. m. Wofford History students are invited to attend a 7:00 p. m. talk to the Converse History Club. This special feature will be sponsored by the Converse Lectures Committee.

Dec. 2

Roscoe Drummond—News analyst and columnist for the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate. Mr. Drummond will speak in the Wofford College Chapel at 10:30 a. m. A question-answer period will follow his talk. This special feature will be sponsored by the Lyceum Committee.

Dec. 3

"Music in Shakespeare's Day"—A talk by Mr. Edward Reilly will be given in the Converse Chapel Auditorium at 5:00 p.m.

Dec. 11

Dylan Thomas' "A Child's Christmas in Wales" will be read by Mr. James Parker in the Converse Chapel Auditorium at 5:00 p.m.

ART . . .

Nov. 13-15

Exhibit—By John Drady of Hickory, N. C., including watercolors and unusually fine oil paintings. Converse College Library.

Nov. 15- Dec. 15

Exhibit—By Anne Richardson of Charleston and John Henry Dick of Dixie Plantation, Meggetts, S. C. These two artists are accomplished bird painters, who use as their medium, watercolors. Mr. Dick is a world traveler and he has illustrated several recently published books. This exhibit is also shown in the Converse Library.

RADIO—WSPA

Stereophonic Sound—Presented every Saturday at 4:30 p.m. Music is played from classical to pops with an emphasis on semi-classical. CBS Network.

"Jazz and Its Styles"—Featuring Rene Royards who presents his program as one who has more than a

(Continued on page 21)

NON-CONFORMIST

by

Lonnie Stokes

Harken to the saga of Horatio Q. McKlunk,
Who suddenly grew weary of being a typical small liberal arts college punk.
So he traded in his horribly infinitesimal European voiture and bought himself a Ford;
Ceased equating certain campus religious leaders with the Lord.
He flatly refused to sit before a hi-fi set and listen to four or five solid hours of static;
And when the entire campus was screaming its fool head off for Eisenhower, he voted Democratic.
Although he freely indulged in all the innumerable vices which he so desperately craved.
He didn't go around afterward running his mouth about it and trying to act depraved.
And when his room-mate was following the devil around like a hungry cocker spaniel,
McKlunk didn't try to purify him by quoting passages from the Book of Daniel.
His room was never cluttered with old copies of *Playboy*, *Escapade*, *Nuggett*, or *Dude*,
And his walls were unadorned by countless photographs of voluptuous blondes in a state bordering upon the nude.
After seeing "The Bridge on the River Quai," he went around *not* whistling "Colonel Bogey" for almost a week,
And anyone who failed to follow his example found himself up the proverbial creek.
He stayed in his room and studied while everyone else was downstairs shooting the bull,
And he merely laughed when told he had stepped outside of his skull.
Legion were his remarks at our beloved founder hurled,
And they had to break his leg to make him admit that Old Main is one of the Seven Wonders of the World.
He never bothered to gripe about the lousy food, chapel twice a week, etc., for he knew nobody would care;
When some insignificant nobody received a standing ovation, our hero remained steadfastly *sur la derriere*.
And on the campus when he encountered a total stranger, or someone whose entrails he loathed, it was indeed a rarity
To see him smile like a 98c replica of the "Mona Lisa," as if his heart were overflowing with love, good fellowship, and Christian charity.
The mere mention of venerable old Dr. So-and-so's name in his presence brought a fate far worse than death.
And whenever the Alma Mater was sung in chapel, he could be heard cursing softly under his breath.
And thus it appeared that McKlunk was destined for everlasting fame,
Until a group of loyal alumni decided to put an end to his little game.
So the matter was brought to the attention of the committee, who decided to send him on a permanent vacation
Lest he hurt the college's shining reputation;
But in the bitter struggle that ensued, he seized a parasol from an innocent bystander and impaled the assistant to the assistant to the Dean of Men.
And so ends our tale, but if you should ever happen to be in Atlanta, Ga., be sure to drop in and see him at the Federal Pen.

The Sound of *Jazz*

— *by* —

John Williams

It's a cold windy Saturday evening and the Big Game is over. Gone are the teeming mutitudes, the red-faced screaming masses who howl themselves into a frenzy as the last defensive man is cut down and the path to fame and touchdown glory is opened and then groan sullenly as the official throws down the red penalty marker to nullify the play. Gone till next week when, like the rush of starved piranhas, they will again pour into the great stadium to pound you on the back in moments of victory or curse you in times of defeat. But the game is finished and you have heard the Monday Morning Quarterbacks tell you how it should have been played, you have put away your books in deference to Saturday night and the forthcoming date with one of the elite sorority girls, and you have laughed at your room-mate, who has an examination Monday morning, as you went out. You have joked with your friends as you stood in the parlor waiting for your date and then whirred off in your shiny new sportscar to the local nightclub where, clad in the uniform of big time colleges, Ivy League from your button down shirt to your white athletic socks and shined loafers, you shoved your way inside to a table. The room is packed with college students, all out to have a daring night, and through the thick blue smoke that hangs over the room you may dimly make out the raised platform and shining instruments. Five men come out to take their places behind these glistening symbols and the leader motions to them casually. The soft caress of brush on drum fills the air and then the solid slap of the string bass fills in a background. The lead man tilts his horn toward the ceiling and the audience is tense with subdued excitement, for this is jazz and it taps the emotions.

Jazz itself has its origins in the savage African rituals of another age and culture far different from our own, but what we hear and respond to today is itself vastly different from

the sounds of Africa. For Jazz Americana came into full being some seventy-five years ago in a little town called New Orleans, the fabulous honky-tonk immortalized in so many great songs. Shortly after the period which some term the Civil War, but others prefer to call the War Between the States, a new form of music was born. The newly freed Negroes, jubilant over the prospect of promises of vague riches soon to come, expressed themselves in the only way they knew, in song. They fused their own interpretations of spirituals and jail-house chants, of work-songs and later, as they began to realize that the hoped-for riches were not coming, the blues; and out of this potpourri they created jazz. But it was not solely through the contributions of the Negroes that this new mutant form of expression snowballed, for the poor hardworking whites added their own songs; the ballads of the mountaineers and the river melodies of the keel boat men blended into the formation and when it was finished it was something that was purely American, a form of expression which no other nation could claim, and perhaps that is one of the reasons that the people clung to it.

From the group singing of the early days, instruments began to be introduced and soon the hitherto classical horns were used to interpret feelings that their makers had never conceived. The booming sounds of the drum set the beat, and the brass, which included the trumpet, saxophone, trombone, and clarinet, called the tempo. These early pioneers developed the art of improvisation, which was the ability to play without the benefit of written notes, and their improvisations with rhythmic variations were carried as far as the individual's wind and lip held out. Often one rhythm could and did ride "piggy-back" on another rhythm which had been superimposed by the horn section concurring in syncopated phrases.

When the night life began to prosper these bands went into houses and they added the piano to experiment with newer styles. The left hand of the pianist played the rhythm without much improvisation while his right hand was free to improvise. Eventually, especially during the Depression days when all their horns were in hock, the jazzmen began to concentrate on the piano and from this came the styles so familiar to us today; the barrelhouse, rag-time, and a score of variations as played by such greats as "Fats" Waller, Jimmy Yancey, and "Jelly Roll" Morton. The life in these cities was hard and rugged and it wasn't long before an old style came to the forefront once more, the blues. The blues have been defined as "singing a melody in antiphonal phrases while the instrumental polyphony weaves the main core of the song. The trumpet plays tremolo, shaking the timbre and tampering with the pitch, and is either played open or with a mute of corn-cob, hat or hand —it ranges from the real high notes to a deep growl, getting rough as it takes on the low-down tonal variations. The notes count, and the two that are the real blue ones are the flatted seventh and third." In simple words, it was an instrumental Requiem for the daily toil, hardship, and oftentime death. The blues moved out from New Orleans to Birmingham, to Memphis, Kansas City and Chicago by train, boat, hitch-hiking, and a thousand other ways of getting transportation without paying for it, for the blues were the theme of the poor. There were a lot of records made, and a lot of names became famous. Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Ma Rainey, and Bessie Smith were just a few of the voices shouting the new style, but others, such as Joe "King" Oliver, who brought Armstrong up from New Orleans to play with him, died bankrupt without even a marker for their graves.

For there was a new breed of artists springing up, men who stole the names of such great bands as the "King's" and plundered the gullible public while the original men went hungry. Jazz came to have a hundred different meanings. Paul Whiteman styled himself the "King of Jazz," but the sweet music he played was far from the gut-bucket days of New Orleans. But in his band was one Bix Beiderbeck, one of the first white jazz immortals.

Bix had taught himself how to play the cornet by practicing in his parents' woodshed, playing along to the records of Louis Armstrong, and he had formed a style of playing that was totally different from any other. Bix loved to use the third valve of his horn, contrary to all the others who used the first and second most of the time, and somehow he was able to construct a solid harmonic basis. Although he succumbed to alcoholism at an early age and cared nothing for how he dressed, he heard sounds that no one else did and it was he that first began to experiment with a classical interpretation of jazz. He studied the ideas of such classical artists as Stravinsky and Debussy. He wore out *The Fire-Bird Suite* groping for a new way to express himself, and out of this came his immortal *In A Mist*. After this Bix drifted downwards; he became "fat" and was no longer in touch with reality. Some said he died trying to reach a blue note that could not be found, but regardless of this he set a trend that has led to the present day.

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ENTER!

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After Beiderbeck came the era of the big bands, the Dorseys, the Goodmans, and the Glenn Millers and the golden age of "swing". The history of the past few years is familiar to all of us; it is what we grew up in: the modern "progressive" schools concerned with weird, new, often abstract methods of blowing a song. New worlds came into being and such men as Charlie "Bird" Parker, Stan Getz, Art Tatum, Chico Hamilton and many many more flashed across the horizon. Sometimes they wore goatees and Bohemian clothes and talked in the "way out" language of the Bop School. And sometimes they dressed in Ivy League splendor, studied their work seriously in schools and managed to look very much like the All American types in their Brooks Brothers suits and black horn-rimmed glasses, but they all searched for the same thing—expression of new ideas.

And so back in that smoky nightclub you watch that shiny horn point toward the ceiling and rip out a clean theme. The clarinet weaves an intricate pattern around it and then the other jazzmen throw it back and forth, each one groping for the idea until all have it and the idea keeps growing, fed by little breaks and runs to keep it alive and they play with the lead horn, the drums break in and the steady slap of the string bass fills in the background and it's coherent and logical. They "free wheel" it but still they're under control and then they go inside of the tune and play variations, then variations on the variations, and the emotions build higher and higher and they're smooth and the solo steps out and blows it and they chime in and follow his climb. Every note, every phrase is fresh, clear, free and somehow you know that no matter how many times they play the song again it will never be quite the same because that is what jazz really is, expressing your moods and emotions, and who is ever the same twice, who ever reacts to a situation the same way the second time?

A SONNET FOR TOM WOLFE

O gaunt Tom Wolfe, O giant mountain-man,
So like the hills that are your Asheville's rim,
You cast your knowing gaze across the dim,
Foreboding mountain haze and took in scan
The world. And when you looked on fragile man
And pierced incisively the heart of him,
You saw each salient weakness, foolish whim,
And silent sin; and then your search began.
With lonely, fury-driven heart you went
From cradled mountain town to Europe's shore
To find the far unfound. But you, intent
On peace, found life an aching, open sore.
And yet with twenty thousand days half-spent,
You saw your angel, found your far, lost door.

—Jerry O. Cook

SOON THE NIGHT

— *by* —

Gerald Gibson

"Tracy's boy?"

The fat man looked up from the front tire he was taking off the pick-up and squinted against the glare of the August sun that wasn't quite eclipsed by the leaves of the umbrella chinaberry.

Lonzo Teague's narrow head bobbed a yes atop his long, skinny neck. "I was down to the store a couple minutes ago when they called his Uncle Mark."

"Well, I'll be—." Then Carson Poe straightened up his two-hundred fifty pound hulk and turned toward the open door of the cement block garage. "Hey Jim," he called. "Jim!" He took a grease-spotted handkerchief from the hip pocket of his overalls and wiped the sweat from his puffy face.

Inside the garage the sound of the '49 Ford motor ceased abruptly and Jim Poe appeared in the doorway.

"Pop Hartley's '49's gonna need points," he said.

"Mmm. That's what I figgered. You know what Lonzo here says? He says Tracy Key's boy is in town on top of the Nutley Hotel claimin' he's gonna jump off."

Jim looked at old Lonzo and frowned. "Grant Key?"

Lonzo nodded his grizzled head again. "They called down to Mark Key's Store just a little bit ago. He shut up right quick and took off for town. He said the boy got up there an' locked the roof door an' was just settin' there on the ledge thing that runs aroun' the top of the buildin' an' nobody caint get him to come down.

Jim reached inside the garage door and took a rag from a nail and very deliberately wiped his hands. "Well, I'll be darned." He hadn't seen Grant Key for a couple of years, since they had finished school; hadn't really known him very well at school. They'd had several classes together, but they'd never been real friends. "What . . . uh . . . why? I mean how come he wanta do a thing like that?"

"Don't know," Lonzo said. "Mark didn't say much. He up an' left as quick as he could after the call came."

"Well I'll be darned," Jim said again. Still holding the rag he sat down on a box beside the garage door.

Carson Poe took out a pack of Camels. "You think he will?" Taking his eyes off Lonzo for a moment, he lit a cigaret. "Jump, I mean?"

"I don't know," old Lonzo answered. "I ain't seen him since he was a youngun. Not to amount to nothin'. He's been off learnin' to be a doctor or teacher or somethin' last coupla years." He fished through his pockets until he found a plug of chewing tobacco. "I's readin' in the paper not long ago where a fellow jumped off one of them skyscrapers—in Chicago, I think. Off the twenty-fifth floor." He tore off a piece of tobacco with his yellow teeth.

"He might of already jumped," Carson suggested suddenly. "Jim, go in there an' git the radio an' turn it on. Could be they'll have somethin' on there about it."

The Young man went into the garage and got the blue portable radio from the shelf and brought it back outside. Sitting down again on the

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box, he flipped it on and turned the dial to 120. After a few seconds the speaker emitted the strident sounds of a rock 'n' roll record. Jim set the radio on the ground beside the box and leaned back against the warm cement block wall.

Grant Key. Sitting on top of the Nutley Hotel. How high? Six—no, eight stories . . . Basketball. He was a pretty fair basketball player . . . Smart, too. Editor of the school paper. What was it? *The Bugler* . . . On top of the Nutley Hotel . . . Or maybe he's jumped. Maybe he's lying broke all up, there on the sidewalk with. . . . Breeze feels good. Getting a little cloudy. Could rain later. . . . Grant Key. Wonder why? Crazy.

Lonzo Teague spat a thin jet of brown tobacco juice into the dust beside the rear tire of the pick-up truck. Jim knew the pleasure the old gossip derived from being the first there with the news. He could see it in the watery eyes. The old buzzard.

Carson moved over into the shade of the chinaberry, and with a grunt lowered himself stiffly to the bench that always sat there. From the shallow hole she had dug at the base of of the garage wall a spotted beagle got up, shook herself a couple of times, and went over and sniffed at Carson's shoe.

"Git away, Jewel," he said.

The beagle looked up at the fat man, scratched half-heartedly at one floppy ear, then turned around once and lay down again.

"You still raisin' beagles, Lonzo?"

"Naw." He joined Carson on the bench. "Gittin' too old to fool with 'em. Rheumatism bothers me now an' agin. . . . That's a crazy thing for a body to do, ain't it?"

Carson took a long drag on the cigaret. "Hmm? What?"

"Jump off a buildin' — Tracy's boy."

"Well . . . I can sure as heck think of a lotta better ways to go. If I's in any hurry to go."

The rock 'n' roll record ended with a saxophonic spasm, and Jim glanced down at the radio.

"Haverly," a husky feminine voice said, "is *the* tobacco for . . ."

"Looks like they'd say somethin' about Grant," Jim said.

"Well, just leave it there," his father told him. "They'll probly have somethin' in a little bit."

"Shore looks to me like a man'd hafta be crazy to kill hisself," Lonzo said after a few minutes. "I'll be 68 come November, an' Lord knows I ain't had a easy time of it, what with my health bein' what it is an' all, but it shore ain't never come into my head to end it all."

A second stream of tobacco juice barely missed the dozing dog's head.

"No, sir. People got a natcheral desire to keep livin' long as they can, an' anybody that'll die when he don't hafta . . . well, he's just plain crazy, that's all."

"But, Tracy—" Carson wiped his face with the handkerchief again. "I usta go to school with Tracy. We growed up together. An' you know y'rself there ain't a more level-headed man in Greystone County than him. He's a hard worker—always made a decent livin', an' . . . he's just a good, level-headed man."

"Yeah, Tracy's just like his Pa was. Wasn't a better man nowhere—or more sensible—than old John Key. No . . . that boy didn't take after the Key side of the family. It was that Yankee Ma of his he took after, I guess. There was a good bit of talk when Tracy married her, I recollect. Old John shore raised the blazes for a while."

"Didn't that boy—Grant—didn't he graduate when you did, Jim?" Carson asked.

"Yeah. Grant was a pretty big wheel at school."

The disc jockey announced a record that sounded very much like the preceding one.

Now, you take Tracy's oldest boy, Frank," old Lonzo said. "Frank—he's a lot like Tracy. Fine boy. Oh, he went through a . . . well, a sorta wild time, like most boys do. But he turned out all right. He married the Robbins girl an' got a good job—where is it?—somewhere in Texas or somewhere — makin' good money. Now, there—."

"I just don't git it," Jim interrupted. "I'll just be darned if I can figger out why he'd do it. Looks like the older I git the more people do crazy things. I just—." He shook his head.

That's the way it goes, son," old Lonzo said. "That's the way it goes. . . . When you been around long as I have, you git used to things like that. It's bad, but—."

All at once the music from the portable ceased its groaning and the announcer said in his professional voice, "We take you now to our mobile unit on Main Street where young Grant Key has been perched atop the Nutley Hotel for almost half an hour threatening to throw himself from the building at any moment."

There was a slight pause, then, through the crackle of static, a new voice spoke. "This is Pete Tully in the WNNR Newsmobile. We are parked directly in front of the eight-story Nutley Hotel located on the square in Malden. At this moment we can see the figure of—." There was a momentary muffled sound as if Pete Tully were covering the mike. "—Grant Key silhouetted against the sky. He hasn't moved since we arrived about ten minutes ago, but is sitting motionless about ten feet from the northern corner of the building facing the street. A huge crowd has formed along the street and has covered the entire square. So far . . ."

* * * * *

It was 4:45 on Friday afternoon when Clarence J. Barlow's white-and-grey station wagon rounded the curve that boasted the Swallow Soap billboard and headed down the declension that led into Malden. When he reached the sign just past the new overhead bridge, the sign that read "MAL-

DEN, pop. 11,000," he glanced down at his watch. Right on time.

There was a special place in Clarence's heart for Malden. It was a nice little town. It's streets were lined by oaks and maples; and its homes weren't all modern by any means, but they were neat, most of them, and they sat on shady green lawns and some of them had white picket fences; and there was something about them that let Clarence experience in some way the things he had missed by never having been married, the sort of things he never dared permit himself to think about for very long at a time. That was part of it. And then, too, Malden was the last town he worked on Friday and Friday was the last day he worked each week. So when Clarence crossed the bridge over the train tracks and rolled into the little town, he always got a small comfortable feeling inside.

Freeley's Service Station, on the right, just inside the city limits, that was Clarence's first stop. At first, when he pulled up in the station parking lot, the place appeared desert ed. Freeley was probably in the grease pit. Clarence got out, opened the rear door of the station wagon, and took out his black collapsible case that contained the assortment of candy samples. He set it on the concrete for a moment so that he could light his pipe. Just as he was blowing out the match, a boy came out of the station.

"How you, Mr. Barlow?" It was Freeley's teen-age nephew whom Clarence had often seen at the station, but whose name he had never learned.

"Oh—uh, hello, son." He flipped the match away. "Where's your uncle?" He picked up the black case again, and he and the boy walked over under the station marquee.

"You ain't heard about Grant Key?"

Clarence set the case down once more and took off his horn-rimmed glasses. "Who?"

"Grant Key. The boy on the buildin'. On the Nutley Hotel. Uncle Brad's down there, down on the square."

"Boy on the buildin'? What . . . uh . . .?"

"There's a boy down there—You know the Nutley Hotel?" Clarence nodded. "Well, this boy—Grant Key's his name—he went up there on the roof an' he locked the door—the only one up there—an' then he got up on the ledge an' sat down. I don't know who, but somebody down on the street saw him. Somebody went up there to the roof door an' they asked him about it—you know—what was he doin', why he went up there like that an' locked the door. An' he says, 'I'm gonna jump off.' Then—."

"Jump off?" The glasses went back on.

"That's what he said. But he ain't jumped yet. At least he hadn't a couple of minutes ago when I was listenin' to the radio. They—somebody—talked to him, but they said on the radio he wouldn't say nothin' much except 'I've gotta do it.' Crazy, ain't it?"

"Mmhmm." Clarence was beginning to feel nervous. He didn't know why, but hearing about that Key boy made him decidedly queasy. "Well, why on earth? Why did he do it?"

Freeley's nephew crammed his hands into his pockets and shrugged his shoulders. "Crazy, I guess."

Neither of them said anything for a couple of minutes. The queasy feeling passed off. Through the open door of the station Clarence heard the voice of the radio announcer, but could only pick up an occasional word. He felt that Freeley's nephew was waiting for him to speak, but he didn't know what to say next. What does a middle-age candy salesman have to say to a teen-age boy?

"Uh—your uncle . . . will he be back soon . . . do you think?"

The boy shrugged again. "I don't know. He just said he was goin' downtown to see what was goin' on."

"Well," Clarence said, "I think I'll wait a few minutes. Okay?"

"Sure."

Clarence walked over in front of the drink-vending machine and stood puffing at his pipe. The boy was looking at him. He should do something; but what is there for one to do in such a situation? If he left and went downtown, what could he do? Nothing. Not a thing.

"You sell candy, don't you, Mr. Barlow?" the boy asked after several minutes.

"Hmm? Oh . . . yes. I sell candy. I've—uh, I've been a candy salesman for almost twenty years now. Twenty years."

"That's a long time. . . . Excuse me, Mr. Barlow."

Clarence stepped aside and the boy dropped a nickel into the vending machine, took out a drink, and opened it.

"You want one?"

"Oh—no, thanks," Clarence answered. Then on a sudden impulse he reached over and picked up his sample case. "I think I'll go . . . son. I'll come back . . . later, perhaps. Good-bye."

When he got downtown, Clarence found that he couldn't get near the square. Momentarily, just as he turned a corner, he glimpsed the Nutley Hotel towering above the square, and the queasy feeling returned for a few seconds.

He finally parked in a grocery park-

(continued overleaf

ing lot two blocks off Main. He opened the car door, and before getting out, took a minute to tap the ashes from his pipe on the heel of his shoe, then stuck the pipe into his pocket.

Clarence J. Barlow wasn't a brave man. Things which would scarcely have fazed another person frightened him. He was frightened now of something for which he had no name. It was foolish; he knew that. But years ago, when he was yet a young man, he had come to accept it as a part of himself. And he had learned, whenever an out-of-the-ordinary situation—such as the one today—arose, and the nauseous sensation crept over him, to swallow hard and try to pretend he wasn't afraid; to attempt to keep others from knowing that inside this 46-year-old body beat the timorous heart of a child.

There were people everywhere—on the sidewalks, on the streets, some had even climbed up on the base of the general's statue that stood on the green plat in the center of the square, and the square itself was overrun.

Not until he reached the edge of the noisy crowd did Clarence look up from the sidewalk, up the yellow-brick walls set with venetian-blind-striped windows, over the heads of the people, to the parapet—and at the figure of the young man.

He sat near one corner, silhouetted against the sky, his legs hanging absurdly over the edge. Seemingly, he was oblivious to the upturned faces and pointing fingers of the throng below, for he simply sat, not moving, and from Clarence's rather poor vantage point he appeared to be staring straight ahead at nothing. Clarence felt weak in the knees just imagining what it must be like up there. He'd never liked high places.

"Grant, you crazy fool," said a low voice behind Clarence, and he looked around into the lean, sun-tanned face of Mark Key.

"Well—hello, Mark," Clarence said. "I stopped by your store, but you weren't there."

At first he thought Mark Key hadn't heard him, for he gave no sign of it; but then slowly he lowered his eyes and looked at Clarence.

"You know the boy, Mark?"

"My nephew."

"Your nephew?" He wished suddenly that he hadn't seen Mark.

"Look, Clarence, we gotta get up there. Me an' Grant's daddy—we gotta get that youngun down."

Until then Clarence hadn't noticed the square-jawed man who stood, with no definable expression on his upturned face, at Mary Key's elbow, and who, abruptly, without a word to anyone, began forcing his way through the crowd.

"Come on, Clarence," Mark said, and followed his brother.

"Me?" Clarence asked; but Mark hadn't heard him, so the candy salesman hesitated, then swallowed hard and followed without being quite sure why.

* * * * *

They came slowly at first, by ones and twos, and then in little groups and bunches, until there was a multitude. Out of the shops and stores, out of the houses and down the sidewalks, in automobiles and trucks from the county they came, and stood in the heat of the sun, looking up until their necks hurt, pointing now and then at the youth perched eight stories above. And occasionally someone would take one last look, then walk away; some hastily, as if they had suddenly decided that should the boy jump, they didn't want to see it; some reluctantly, as if afraid he would, and they would be gone when it happened.

He watched them come, Grant Key did. He sat on the hard, yellow-brick parapet that ran around the roof and watched them for a long time, then after a while, just gazed out across the rooftops.

He hadn't intended for it to be like this. Nothing ever comes out as you intend it to. Not the smallest thing or the greatest.

Someone was hammering again at the roof door a few yards behind his spot on the parapet, as they had been doing intermittently for almost an hour, but he ignored the sound now. Why didn't they stop? Why didn't they give up, and why didn't everyone go back home, or wherever they came from, and leave him alone?

This was a funny way for it to end, his life. Like this, with everybody watching. It wasn't what he wanted, but he had made his decision, and even with the people there—especially with them there—it was too late to do it any other way.

"Grant!"

If only he had jumped when first he stepped out onto the tarred roof. It would all be over now. It wasn't that he was afraid, really; it was merely a matter of making up his mind at a given moment and doing it.

"Grant! It's me."

Grant's body tensed. His father's voice. The roof door faced the north side of the building, and he couldn't see its window, but he knew the voice. He pivoted slowly on his buttocks, and lifted his feet back over the low wall and onto the roof.

Oh, Daddy, why'd you have to come? Don't make it any tougher on yourself. You don't want to watch your son die. Go away. Go back home.

"Grant—son, open the door."

"Daddy . . . please—go."

"Come open the door." He spoke calmly, just loud enough to be heard.

"I . . . I'm goin' to do it, Daddy, I'm goin' to . . . jump. I can't explain it to you, not so you'd understand; but there's no other way. Now, I've made up my mind, so . . . go back home." He looked over his shoulder. The people on the sidewalk below looked very small. Down. Down.

Please go, Daddy, please.

"Grant? Mark come out an' got me. He's with me now. You come on back home with us an' . . . whatever's wrong—whatever it is—we'll straighten it out."

There was a suggestion of fear in his father's voice; but merely a suggestion.

"Look, Daddy . . . it's not a thing you can straighten out. It's no use. Now ——."

"Well, look—let me come out there an' talk to you. You can lock the door after I get out there."

Grant didn't answer for a moment. He knew that if his father got on the roof, no matter what promises he might make beforehand, he'd try to get Grant back inside, by force, if it took that.

"There's nothing to talk about. Look, I don't want to jump with you here. But if you—if you don't go, I'll —I'll jump now." Then a little louder, "Now."

"I don't understand you, son," Tracy Key said, and Grant could barely hear him. "I just don't."

No. Grant thought, you don't understand. You couldn't; not if I used all of Webster's words in explanation; not if I tried for a million years to tell you. Even had you been with me during every minute of every hour of my life; even had you known each time I felt the maddening pain of the prodigal passion, each time another cherished strand of dream-rope dissolved and dropped me nearer the yawning chasm of desolation; even then you could not understand, for though we are father and son, we are woven of a different fiber.

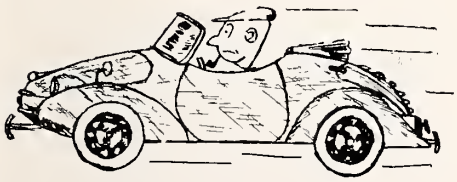
There was another pause then, longer than the first, and Grant knew his father was talking to someone, trying desperately to work out some plan to save his son despite himself, and Grant helplessly pitied the old man.

You have been my father and my mother; you have sweated so that I would not have to sweat quite so much; selfless old man, cheated by life. And now I must, in one last cruel gesture, pilfer from your short measure. I cannot ask you to forgive.

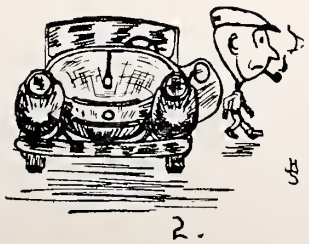
A sudden, silent breeze ruffled his red-brown hair.

"Grant?" His father again. "You hear me?"

The boy didn't answer.



1.



2.

"Grant." Not Tracy this time. Who—?

"It's me, Grant. Mark."

Mark.

"Please—Mark. I'm going to do it. Please—take Daddy away. Take him back home."

The soon-dead plead.

"What is it, Grant?" Mark asked in his rough-gentle voice. "This don't make sense, you know, you up here like this. Why—?"

"You know, Mark," he said. "I think you know."

You know, my uncle, my near-friend, if anyone can. We have walked the fields and woods, you and I. We have fished the rivers. We have spilled out, one to the other, all that can audibly escape the swollen heart. You have heard my cries of lonely anguish. You have heard. You know.

"Grant, let me—. Can I come out there an' just . . . talk?" Then he added, as if he had read the boy's mind, "No tricks, I promise. No tricks."

Grant glanced back over his shoulder at the throng below.

"I don't know."

"Just talk. You got my word."

Mark would keep his word, the boy believed that. His uncle was a simple, pious man to whom a lie was a sin of a magnitude approaching that of murder. His uncle would keep his word.

But still he hesitated; the well-known face might weaken his determination. And this thing must be done. It was decided.

"I—I don't know."

"Look—I'll send the rest down to the next floor, if you want me to. Okay? An' you can lock the door."

Grant closed his eyes tightly for an instant and clenched his fists.

"All right, Mark," he said, wishing immediately that he hadn't, wondering why he had. "All right. Send them down."

Presently Mark called to him again. "Okay, Grant. They're gone now. Come unlock the door."

Records

— *by* —

Don Griffin

From the Moldau to the Tennessee . . .

This section is designed to bring to you reviews of some of the recent recording releases, giving interesting side-lights and facts about the artists and the make-up of the albums. The reviews will deal mainly with recordings in the Classical, Jazz, and Novelty fields. Only the long-play microgroove releases will be discussed, and no attempt will be made to analyze or list the so-called popular recordings usually found on the 45-RPM discs.

The Capitol Recording Company has recently started a series entitled *The Capitol of the World.* These recordings are made in different parts of the world, using the original folk songs of various nations as rendered by native artists. This series should be of particular interest to students enrolled in foreign language courses for the purpose of hearing the language that they are studying sung by those who speak and sing it every day. In some instances the sound engineering seems to lack the quality of other Capitol recordings, but this is probably due to the fact that all the recordings were made on portable equipment that was carried to the actual location. In one case Capitol engineers had to carry their equipment to an obscure village high in the Swiss Alps to record the album: *Music of the Swiss Alps.* However, when all factors are considered, the quality of the content overshadows the deficiencies of the recording technique.

Another Capitol disc that seems to be catching the ear of students here is *The Kingston Trio* (Album T9-96). The selections are of a variety ranging from the calypsian verve of *Banua* to the mournful cry of the Tennessee folk song, *Tom Dooley.* The style of this group, which consists of three vocalists who play guitars, banjos, and/or bongo drums, reminds one at times of the vibrant, energetic popular recordings of a Johnnie Ray. Absolutely a different sound.

Worth your attention and money is the Columbia album: *The Moldau.* For Classical collectors, an enjoyable group of concert favorites is performed very admirably by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the baton of Eugene Ormandy. In addition to the Smetana piece which gives the album its name there are several other standard numbers: *The Damnation of Faust* by Berlioz; *Mephisto Waltz, by* Liszt; and Weber's *Invitation to the Dance.*

Books

— *by* —

Jerry O. Cook

Old wine in old bottles . . .

"I know sin, Marco Polo . . . There are two sins. There is meanness, Marco Polo, and there is cruelty; and those are the only sins."

These words are the crux of one of the most thought-provoking little books in print. In this particular scene some of the basic ideals of Christianity are placed in contrast with and actually in contest against some of the fundamental beliefs of the Orientals. As Marco Polo sits in an Oriental gardent with his Chinese friend, Little Golden Bells, he tries to explain one of Christ's best known maxims to her. But little Golden Bells, steeped in the more "worldly" teachings of the drunken Chinese philosopher, Li Po, replies in the above quoted words with such finality that Marco Polo is confounded; and to some readers it may seem that Little Golden Bells has refuted with one great stroke a precept of Christ. But a closer reading may reveal instead that she has epitomized Christ's teachings so skillfully in her idiom that the reader may "have eyes and not see." To interpret Christ liberally or verbatim? This book plus some thought may offer a clue. Probable location of this work: not in most bookstores, rather on some dusty library shelf, from which it should be rescued by some interested reader. (*Messer Marco Polo*, by Donne Byrne. New York: The Century Co., 1922. ca. 150 pp.)

Like old wine, old books often have a tingling freshness that new ones may not possess. Another old book, worth the two or three hours required to read it, and then some, is *The Prophet.* This work has gained new fame this year on the Wofford campus, particularly among the creative writing class. The author is probably as fascinating as the book. He was from the mountains of Lebanon, spoke Aramaic, the language of Christ, and claimed to have spoken to Christ on several occasions. By the way, in the light of the last of the preceding statements it should be mentioned that the author lived in the twentieth century. After completing the book he kept it from the publishers for several years while he polished style and poetry until it satisfied his criteria. And the book, written in a lavish and vivid poetic-prose is truly one of the most beautiful of this art form, at least as far as euphony is concerned. Although the meaning is often too heavily concealed in the flowing language, and despite the author's pantheism, which will bother some, the reading of this book is certainly a different experience. And everybody wants to be different! (*The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran. Alfred Knop, Publishers, ca. 125 pp. $3.95.)

On the Various Methods of Representing Schematically the Topological Generalizations of the Venn Diagram—or,

How to Draw Hard Pictures

The object of this treatise is not to confuse, but merely to throw off guard. Its thread can, I think, be followed by those of average intelligence and superior curiosity. I hope that the words and pictures to follow will sufficiently illustrate and describe the problem at hand and suggest new paths of attack.

To some, fig. 1 will be an old acquaintance. To others, it appears as none other than the infamous "Three Ring Sign of Ballantine" ensconced snugly in the forbidding pages of the Wofford Journal. Some very symbolic logicians have got into the habit of calling it a "Venn diagram." It is unique among the class of intersections of closed curves.

Let us sprinkle the plane of the Venn diagram with a plethora of dots. We are now able to speak of the set of dots enclosed by the curve X but not by Y and not by Z. There are a number of these sets which are represented by the areas A, B, C, D, E, F, G. In fact to each of these areas corresponds a unique set of dots. The correspondence is represented below.

Area *Set of points*
A contained in X but not in Y or Z
B contained in Y but not in X or Z
C contained in Z but not in X or Y
D contained in X and Y but not in Z
E contained in Y and Z but not in X
F contained in X and O but not in Y
G contained in X and Y and Z

This is all well and good. We have a schematic representation of all these relationships. But what of four closed curves? Before we turn to this problem, try to visualize these unique intersections between three closed surfaces in three Euclidean dimensions. The reason for the limitation of this discussion to Euclidean space is merely for the convenience of the reader. Accustomed as we are to the antiquated space of Euclid, spatial perception is carried on in it with much greater facility than in the other various spaces.

To throw a bit of light into this despondent state of affairs, let us backtrack and gaze awhile at fig. 1 and fig. 2. These two figures, apart from the notion of closed curves, are said to exhibit topological equivalence. This equivalence relation demands that the only difference between the two be one of size or shape or both. The adjacency and connectivity of the areas is preserved. But let us get on with the work at hand.

Let there be a line segment, one end of which we have got hold. Approaching the Venn diagram cautiously from the outside, pierce it suddenly with the end and touch it lightly to the boundary between A and F, being careful not to pierce it. Now if we make it our mind to eventually form a closed curve with our line segment, and if we do not intend to enter the area A again, then we shall have divided the area A into two parts. We have partitioned it, so to speak, so that one of the two parts lies inside our premeditated curve and it remains the fate of the other part to fall outside. All of this is pictured in fig. 3 for those who have experienced a difficulty in following the plot.

To anyone but a babbling idiot, it is very obvious that, after entering and departing with line in hand from each of these sundry areas once and only once, after bursting through at last to the outside from the last area, and after seeking to join with the virgin line and doing so, we have achieved from this sinuous configuration of words and lines our goal. We have created a schematic representa-

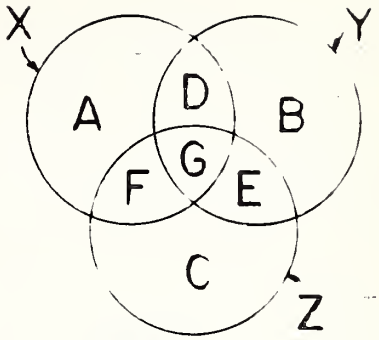


Fig. 1

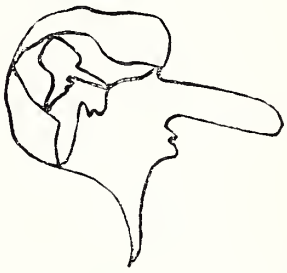


Fig. 2

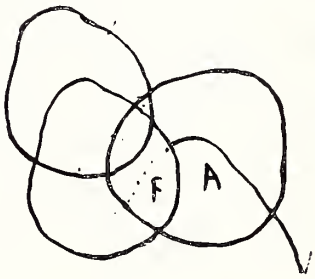


Fig. 3

— *by* —

A. M. DuPre

tion of a topological generalization of a Venn diagram. (Fig. 4.)

The journey of our line can be likened to a game. Look now at fig. 4, also topologically equivalent to the Venn diagram. The object of the game is to start from a dark space and using the connecting lines as avenues of travel, visit each other space once and only once and make sure that the last space visited is a dark one.

Are there other methods with which a Venn diagram of four closed curves can be drawn? Let us delve into some of the abstruse formulas of algebra.

The number of combinations of three things taken one at a time is three—two at a time is three—three at a time is one.

The number of combinations of four things taken one at a time is four—two at a time is six— three at a time is four—four at a time is one.

A useful mnemonic device for these formulas is Pascal's triangle.

$$\begin{array}{c} 1 \\ 1\ \ 1 \\ 1\ \ 2\ \ 1 \\ 1\ \ 3\ \ 3\ \ 1 \\ 1\ \ 4\ \ 6\ \ 4\ \ 1 \\ 1\ \ 5\ \ 10\ \ 10\ \ 5\ \ 1 \end{array}$$

The use made of Pascal's triangle in the drawing of figures which represent generalizations of the Venn diagram is shown in fig. 5, which, after close scrutiny, will explain exactly.

In fig. 6 we find the playing board for the new game destined to become the rage of the nation. Starting at a dark space, the player must go to each of the other spaces along the connecting lines once and only once and end in a dark space. This is similar to the game mentioned previously. Anyone interesting in purchasing one of these games may order through the canteen, Sears, Crafts, or personally from me. A discount of 50% will be given to Wofford College students and children under twelve. Notice that this game poses the same challenge as trying to draw a line through each area of a Venn diagram of four closed curves in the manner described for three closed curves.

So now our somewhat vague task has been reduced to a problem in game theory. The problem lies in the setting up and solving of the game matrix for the various possibilities.

We can also reduce the problem to one of permutations and combinations. This can be done in at least two ways. First, in the Venn diagram of four sets or closed curves, consider the set of areas which can be entered directly from the outside. This set consists of four elements. Next consider the set of areas once removed from the outside or areas which, in order to enter them, we must enter them from a member of the first class of areas. We shall call this second class of areas, which consists of six members, the second class of areas. The third class of areas contains four members and is twice removed from the outside. The fourth class of areas consists of one member.

Now consider the possible permutations of the four members of the first class, the six members of the second class, the four members of the third class, and the one member of the fourth class such that a member of the Nth class has to be preceded and followed by a member of the (N minus 1)th or (N plus 1)th class. Also the beginning and final member of the permutation must be of the first class. If we draw a line through each of the areas once and only once, starting and finishing at an outside area, then the areas will satisfy the above permutation but not conversely. The permutation is then said to be a necessary condition for the drawing of the line. To obtain sufficient conditions for the drawing of the line, we should have to admit the individuality of the members of the four classes of areas. The properties that each of the members has in addition to its being a member of a certain class would then have to be taken into consideration. So much for the first method of solution by means of permutations and combinations.

The second method appears more fertile. Consider a line drawn through each of the areas in the manner described before. The unique history of the line can be represented by a permutation: 12*1*32123 . . . where a digit N means "into the Nth closed curve" and *N* means "out of the Nth closed curve." There is a one-to-one correspondence between these permutations and the possibilities of drawing a line through each area once and only once. Now a few of the permutations correspond to lines which, after going the route and are made into closed curves, exhibit differences from the normal lines heretofore unsuspected. This forces us to conclude that the drawing of a line through each area is merely a necessary condition for creating a Venn diagram in this manner.

The other method of drawing Venn diagrams must be done in a symmetric fashion. That is, in fig. 5 we would have a different diagram if, instead of inscribing the ten-sided figure symmetrically inside the five-sided figure, we had inscribed it so that all of its vertices touched one area. So we see that the method of drawing the diagram by means of Pascal's triangle and symmetry is a necessary and sufficient condition for the schematic representation of the generalized Venn diagram if proper cautions are taken as regards symmetry.

The properties which we were trying to preserve turn out to be these:

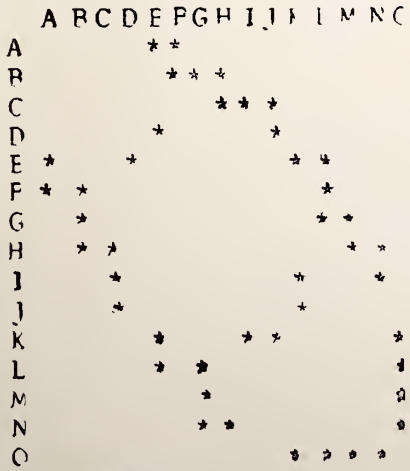
1. For a Venn diagram of N sets, there shall be A areas of the first class, B areas of the second class, C areas of the third class, . . .

2. The number A shall represent the number of combinations of N things taken one at a time, the number B the number of combinations of N things taken two at a time, . . .

3. Each of the members of the ith class shall touch, but not be adjacent to, two other members of the ith class.

These properties then fully characterize a Venn diagram of N sets, schematically represented in Euclidean two - space. This definition of a Venn diagram suffices for much more general spaces, but not for all.

In general, any set of simply or multiply connected domains in the Euclidean plane can be represented by a relation chart. Also the partitions of a set can be represented by a relation chart. The relation is adjacency and the elements are the domains which are connected or the subsets of the partitioned set. A domain or set is considered as not being adjacent to itself on the grounds that in order to enter it, entrance must be made from without and cannot be made from within. This is, of course, an intuitive argument and bases the notion of adjacency on that of direct entrance and departure. For this reason, a more thoroughgoing study of the other properties and implications of adjacency is necessary. Below is a chart of relations of adjacency on the set of ordered pairs of elements of the set of areas in a Venn diagram of four sets.



Notice that the chart is symmetric. This is so because if an area i is adjacent to an area j, then the area is adjacent to the area i. This chart fully describes the Venn diagram of four sets in the Euclidean plane.

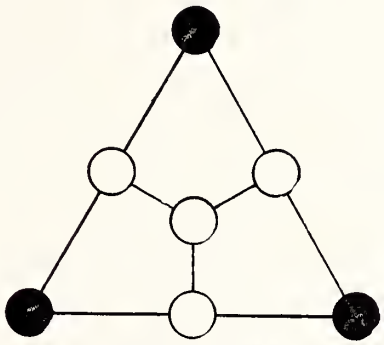


Fig. 4

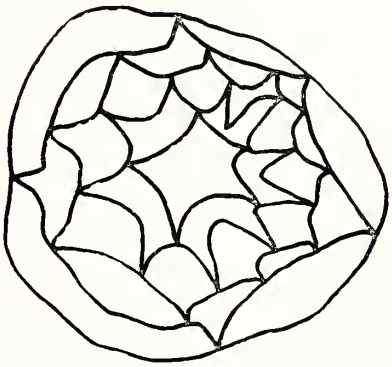


Fig. 5

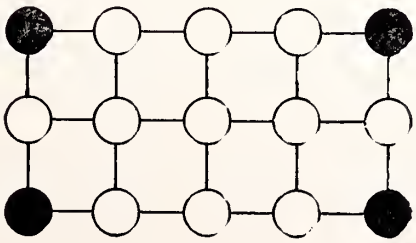


Fig. 6

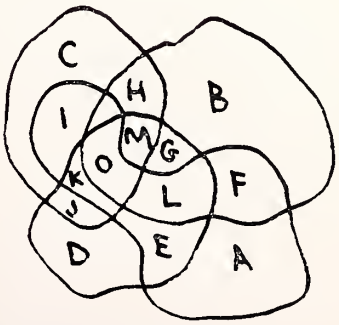


Fig. 7

This is so because if an area is ad-

Anyone having any comments or questions about the intent or purpose of this treatise will please either see me on the campus or in my office. Room 9, Greene Hall.

HULA-HOOPS MUST GO, SAYS CONGRESSMAN

(U.P.)—In a two-hour harangue before Congress today, John Bludstoe (R.-N.H.) said that Hula-Hoops must go. They are, he said, an outrage and a menace to the morals of American youth. "Indecent and obscene is the best word to describe the movements and gestures in this mania sweeping the country," Congressman Bloodstoe continued; "the manufacturers of this contrivance should be jailed."

"Bigger than Davy Crockett, bigger than Zorro, bigger than spit balls," screams *Life*.

According to Janie McMartin, 12
the directions are simple:

Hug the hoop to the backside . . .
push hard with the right hand . . .
now rock, man, rock! . . .
don't twist . . .
swing it . . .
sway it . . .
YOU GOT IT!

To Dr. Peyton P. Rogues, the directions are even simpler:

exert a carefully regulated impulse
(the product of force x time) . . .
allowing your hypersensitive sacroiliac . . .
to impinge on interior periphery . . .
of hoop (apply with discretion).
This impulse changes angular momentum . . .

RESULT: there is a small vertical component of this momentum opposing the force of gravity acting uniformly and resulting horizontal motion is maintained . . .

and Carol Brockman's bloomers fell around her feet in an Associated Press-copyrighted picture while she was Hula-Hooping

MAMIE CAN HULA-HOOP!

"It's easy," giggles First Lady.

NEWSREEL I

And His Eminence
Cardinal Spellman
hefted his bulk
into the pulpit
and wheezily
gasped that
Hula-Hoops
were the
worst things
to happen
to America
since
Baby Doll.

WHO IS HULA-HOOP CHAMPION?

Battle Still Rages in Court

when the telegram came that they had lost the caseincourt (and Aunt Maud was in the garden trying to decide if she had enough manure around her bachelor buttons) there was much weeping and Jack said but I know I did it more than 5,000 times without stopping and mother with a tear in her eye said it doesn't matter and then it was time to start dinner

PRESLEY AND NOW HULA-HOOPS!

(UPI) "It was just horrible," said Miss Minnie McCoy, 72, as she sat weeping in her deserted classroom. "I don't know what came over them. We were about to begin our study of the Cleansing of the Aegean Stables when the whole class started hula-hooping before my very eyes. Every last one of them was hula-hooping in the aisles! It was horrible. I can't imagine what came over them. I thought that with that horrid Presley character out of the way . . ."

And the simple little hoop that the children of Australia derived so much fun from made from polyethylene tubing formed into a circle held together by a wooden plug and staples was bringing fun to the American kids and consternation to parents, educators, and the ministry caused a leading psychologist to announce on "Face the Nation" that it was a manifestation of the instability of the present times—the people were getting rid of their pent-up emotions. Grandmother was blamed this time.

and the United Press penetrated the veil of mystery surrounding the Sacre Coeur convent in Oklahoma City to show Sister Pius, her skirts flying, hula-hooping.

Sister, really!

NEWSREEL II

and in
Chicago
a little
Negro girl
dashed
into the path
of an oncoming
train
to save her toy
and died
with a
Hula-Hoop
in her grubby fingers
and a smile
on her face

1958

— *after* —

John
Dos Passos

and
somewhere
in
the
great
metropolis
of
new york
a
rich
but
lonely
toy
manufacturer
went
to
his
window
overlooking
the
sprawling
city
and
thought
of
the
many
children
he
had
tried
to
make
happy
and
put
his
head
in
his
hands

and cried.

— *by* —

Wayne
Cunningham

Thought Control in South Carolina

by Charles Brockwell

This article is in no way thought to be a full treatment of its subject. Furthermore, it is not the result of any extended research. I am well aware that the opinions expressed are based on my experience. This is the reaction of one South Carolinian to what he thinks is the climate of his state concerning this one area of civil rights.

Ever since the 1954 Supreme Court racial discrimination decision, the South has been outdoing itself in finding ways to ossify its present social and educational structure. "We are not divided, all one body we. One in hope and doctrine, one in supremacy." However, I do not wish to discuss the matter of racial discrimination at this time.

The thing which has come lately to concern me even more than the problem of racial discrimination is that of the present threat to our freedom of thought and expression in South Carolina. Of course such a threat is always a sinister possiblity among a people. And it is times such as these which test our seriousness about free thought and expression. It is easy to be amiable and tolerant when there is no controversy going on. This, then, is what I wish to convey to you: a growing concern that our frantic attempts to keep the Negro in his "place" are resulting in our loosing upon ourselves the scourge of an inquisition of thought and witch hunt psychology.

The person of liberal tendencies in South Carolina finds no tradition of liberality to which he can attach himself. In fact, he finds the most powerful forces in the state arrayed against him. State government, the press and fundamentalist religion all vociferously defy any change from within or without.

Now no one is denying any of the above named institutions their right to hide bound conservatism. However, of late we find that these and other elements of South Carolina life to be more than actively conservative. They are actively anti-liberal in such a manner as to deny others the right to opinions which differ from theirs. This is now a more basic concern than whether a people are to be forever sacrificed to the Baal of white supremacy.

Several events within the past year or two have contributed to my feelings on this subject. For instance, a band instructor from Camden was beaten by several men because it was alleged that he had expressed pro-integration sentiments. In Gaffney (that hotbed of violence) a medical doctor's house was bombed because his wife had written an article expressing a moderate opinion on racial discrimination. When the case came to court the defendants were acquitted without ever presenting a case.

In Columbia the South Carolina Council of Human Rights had one of its meetings tape recorded by the Extension Division of the University of South Carolina. The next day Governor Timmerman had the tape taken from the offices of the Extension Division and brought to his office. The tape was returned some weeks later.

The Wofford College Student Christian Association was not allowed to have a Negro address one of its meetings.

It has been my contention for some time that the church in South Carolina will have to bear much of the brunt of the judgment that time will make on white South Carolina. I feel that this is true because the church, of all institutions, purports to be the representative of God among men. The church always stands under sharper judgment, and rightly so, than any other institution because it claims so much for itself.

And yet as I look around this state I find that some within the church are standing for human dignity and freedom of thought and expression. In 1955 the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church adopted a resolution condemning the economic pressure being brought to bear upon Negroes in certain areas by the White Citizens Councils. True, many objected because this was brought up on Saturday afternoon when many of the delegates had left the seat of the Conference. But this was not designed as a sneak measure and those who leave the Conference early have no one to blame but themselves. One

of the two minister sponsors of this resolution was forced to move several weeks later.

Several months ago five young ministers in our Low Country compiled and had printed a little book entitled *South Carolinians Speak*. The group sent an advance copy to the Governor, asking him not to announce its release until such time as the book was ready to go on sale. Mr. Timmerman condemned the ministers as a self-appointed few and released the book in disregard of their request. One of the authors for *South Carolinians Speak* was the lady whose house was the object of the Gaffney bombing.

In all fairness it should be said that another of the contributors was later elected to our General Assembly. However his statement hardly went further than saying that he is thankful that he is a white man. This seems nebulous enough for a South Carolina legislator.

Of the five ministers sponsoring *South Carolinians Speak* one left shortly after its publication for a foreign post which he had been seeking for some time. Each of the other four men has had reprisals made against him.

Another example of loose talk by a responsible official is that of Congressman Ashmore's recent statement that many Protestant ministers have Communistic leanings. Two ministers from Greenville demanded that Mr. Ashmore produce evidence for such a statement.

The most recent and widely publicized case of churchmen taking an open stand against bigotry is in connection with the recent Billy Graham rally in Columbia. Our Governor's first far-fetched reason for opposing the rally on the Statehouse grounds was that this might be taken as endorsement of Graham's position on racial discrimination. This was kindly ignored by our people. Then came the totally unfounded "separation of church and state" statement. It was the South Carolina Christian Action Council which made reply to this inane expression. Mr. Timmerman's rebuttal took the characteristic form of yelling "Nigger lover" at the Council. The Columbia press is to be commended for its fairness in this matter. The Council was made aware of the Governor's rebuttal and allowed to reply to the misconceptions strewn throughout it. Both statements appeared in *The State* on the same page and with about equal space. It should be said to the credit of our people that Mr. Timmerman seems to be standing virtually alone this time.

I am well aware that these things do not represent any concentrated action on the part of the church in our state. But I do think that it is significant that these spokesmen for moderation have come from within the ranks of the church. Admittedly the church is not doing enough, but it is doing more than any other person or group in South Carolina to insure freedom of thought and the right to disagree.

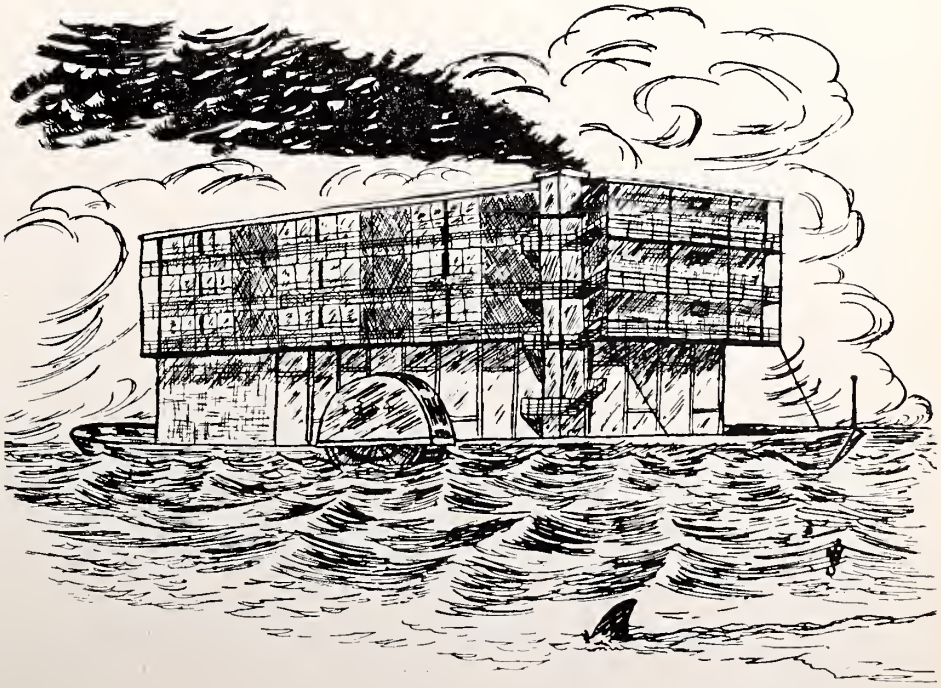
Nevertheless I am convinced that we are at a danger point when fear labels are put on people and associations because they do not conform to the Southern outlook as defined by the conservatives and reactionaries. We seem to be fast approaching the time when accusation will be tantamount to guilt in the minds of our people. And as long as our elected officials use this unfair means to insure their popularity with the voters we can count on great difficulty in upholding the individual's freedom of thought and expression in South Carolina.

Journal Financial Report—1957-58

RECEIPTS	
Student Activities Fee	$1,341.18
Subscription	1.25
Advertising	382.06
Total Receipts	$1,724.09
EXPENDITURES	
Printing Journal	$1,247.52
Editor's Salary	85.00
Business Manager's Salary	70.00
Engraving	119.73
Photography	59.50
Bohemian	48.50
South Carolina Press Association	18.00
Stationery, Stamps, etc.	13.69
Editor's Expenses	7.63
Business Manager's Expenses	20.00
Total Expenditures	$1,689.57
Balance at end of year	$ 34.92

THOS. F. WRIGHT, III, *Editor*
JOHN JENRETTE, *Bus. Mgr.*

Wofford College
August, 1958



The RING

— *by* —

George Martin

The window was dirty, not really dirty, just smudged with finger prints. Eddie peeked in at the diamond ring resting there, noting its sparkle as the sun's rays struck it. It was a simple stone, not very large, set plainly, silver band, but beyond his experience with rings. Right then Eddie thought that was probably the most beautiful ring in the world, and the only one like it. He wished it was his. Maybe he could buy it—no, he remembered he only had five one dollar bills to his name, and such a ring as that would cost fifty times that. Mary would like that ring. She always wanted one, so badly, and he had never bought one. He remembered the time when they were first married and he had saved the money to buy a ring then had bet it all at the races, the time he had drunk up all her inheritance, and now she was dying. His Mary was dying, and never having worn his ring. It was bad for Mary to die without something of his. He hadn't ever given her anything. He suddenly felt very ashamed.

He turned from the window and began to walk down the street. He was a small man, thin, large boned, with worn trousers that hung too low in the crotch and a dirty old sport coat that scarcely kept out the autumn chill. His face and features were worn, forty years of drinking, running around, gambling had scarred him, leaving him beaten, old and ashamed.

Where did the years go, he wondered. Once they were both so young, life was so good. She fussed seldom, always smiled, knowing that he was a wild young man and loving him for it. For these years they had been happy. He had a job, a good job, she had little Eddie, a good kid, and—.

The thought of little Eddie made him stop. It was with little Eddie that it had all ended and, despair began. He remembered the car, the wreck, the broken frame of the kid, the look on Mary's face when he told her, the years afterward. His own kid, and he had killed him, driving drunk with his only son in the car—a wet place in the road and death came to the youngest, forgetting the elder, leaving the job half finished and half a man who could never really live again.

Was he sad when it happened? He liked to think so, to believe that he really cared for the kid; but it wasn't the kid that really mattered. No, it was the despair in Mary's eyes, the hurt, the deadness; the way she spoke as if to no one, just talking in a low voice, sobbing softly. And she had forgiven him too. Yes, she had forgiven, and that was what made it so bad—to live with her, talking to her, seeing her hurt so badly, and not hating him. If only she had hated him, but no, she had even tried to comfort him, to say nice things. So much worse. And he had begun to drink and drink and drink until he lost his job, and then she took in washing so that he could drink some more. All for him who had given her but one thing and had taken that back.

And God died for him there too, religion was lost, there was almost

a hatred for it. There was no good within him, nothing strong, nothing nice, just evil and dirt that wouldn't wash off. And he hadn't really cared because what is good but the absence of bad? And when a man is so full of bad there is no room for good. Everything he touched seemed to smear and wither just like Mary, who was lying in the ward of a charity hospital dying slowly, never having anything of his. He wanted that ring for his Mary. Just one chance to give her something good before it was too late.

All day long he fretted about his Mary, afraid to go see her lest he hurt her more. He couldn't go see his Mary without something for her—something she could touch and know was there and say, here is something from my Eddie.

Then the day suddenly turned to night. The street lights were on, people drove their cars with their headlights bright, the night sounds came. Eddie found himself back at the store looking at the ring. He saw a brick-bat at the base of the building, picked it up and broke the glass. The ring sat there within his grasp, so he reached in and got it. He didn't even look to see if anyone saw him.

He walked up the steps of the hospital, having left the scene of his crime without any rush. He just didn't care.

His Mary was in the bed in the ward asleep, her hands crossed over her breast. She was worn and ragged looking, her face moist, almost greasy. He placed the ring on her finger carefully, not wanting to awaken her for fear she would see his eyes.

"It's going to be all right Mary," he said softly. "You will see."

He believed she smiled, and Mary hadn't done that in years.

The night passed and Mary died, never uttering a word, the ring on her finger. And he buried her.

Then he left and went down to the court house, saw the sheriff, was put in jail and was happy. His Mary had her ring. But life is not so simple nor justice so kind, because the man who owned the store came and told him the ring was only worth one-dollar and a half and they let him go.

He pleaded for them to keep him, to let him pay, just one time let him do wrong and be punished. Let one pain be dissolved by the salve of justice, but none such salve was given.

Journal on the Town

(Continued from page 2)

casual interest in modern jazz every Saturday at 7:05 p.m.

"Invitation to Learning"—Featuring Lyman Bryson as narrator to a panel of experts who discuss literary works including Greek drama, writings of Plato, and works by familiar English writers every Sunday at 10:05 a.m.

"Sunday Classics"—Featuring Joe Carter . . . Wofford student. Mr. Carter plays recordings of famous classical works. Several of Beethoven's symphonies were recently features of the program.

At the time of publication, the Fine Films Committee had no definite dates for the following prospective titles:

Albert Schweitzer—A documentary film biography in color. Narrated by Frederic March and Burgess Meredith.

Smallest Show on Earth—A comedy, starring Bill Travers and Margaret Rutherford. Filmed in unrivaled Upside Down Scope in glorious Black and White.

The Rising of the Moon—An American Arts Film.

Note: The PALMETTO THEATRE on Main Street plays the films chosen by the Spartanburg Fine Films Committee.

COMING ! ! !

Li'l Abner — A sparkling musical comedy which has played on Broadway for the past several seasons. At the Spartanburg Memorial Auditorium.

Soon the Night

(Continued from page 11)

His legs felt a little stiff as he stood, and he walked over quickly to the door and took the key from his pocket. Through the bars of the little glassless window he saw Mark's face, the blade of a nose dividing the tan. No one else. His hands shook a little as he undid the big padlock. The door swung outward, and when Mark Key had stepped onto the roof, Grant closed it quickly and locked it again.

They stood looking at each other without speaking for a few seconds, communicating with their eyes, each feeling out the other. Then the younger lowered his head.

Finally Mark said, "You . . . what can I say to you, Grant? What is there I can say?"

Grant, without lifting his eyes, shook his head. "Nothing, Mark. There's nothing to say. You ought not to've come, you and Daddy."

"Don't talk crazy, boy." He sounded almost angry. Then more gently, "Don't be silly. You knew we'd come when we heard."

No answer from the boy.

"What did you think? That we'd say, 'I sure hate for the boy to kill hisself. Hope he'll change his mind.' Is that what you thought? Say, boy?"

"I'm not a boy," Grant said irrelevantly. "I don't know, Mark. I don't know."

"No, I guess you didn't think about us who'll be left . . . if you do this. I'm sorry, Grant. That's not so, I know."

"No. I've thought about the people I'll hurt—the few people. But everybody will forget before long . . . I've thought about all of it until . . . until my mind feels like it's been in an egg beater. I just—I just—."

IN WORDS OF ONE SOUND

OLD MAN AT DUSK

— *by* —

Gerald Gibson

He liked to watch the old man. When day had not quite gone, and the bugs in the grass made strange sounds, and a bat or two zipped and turned in the air, he liked to watch the old man sit so still, as he did now, and puff at the pipe and look out from his place on the porch at the trees, or the corn field, or the dull red that the sun left when it had just slipped back of the far-off blue hills. He liked to trace with his eyes the line in the old man's face, the deep lines that marked the slack cheeks, the high brow, the chin, and made the face seem tired; and he would touch his own child's cheeks smooth, and soft, and frown. It seemed as if the man did not know the child was there, as if he did not see him come from his play in the yard to sit on the edge of the top step with his legs drawn up and his eyes on the old face. It seemed that the old man was in his own world, which no one else could see, and from which he could see no one else; but the boy did not mind. When he sat like that, he did not speak, nor did the boy, though the two were the best of friends; and there was a look in the old brown eyes that made the boy sad; not much, but just a bit in a strange sort of way, the same way the first cold day made him sad. They would sit there on the porch, the two of them, and wait for dark. All at once then, when the red had left the sky, the old man would breathe quite hard, and he would push up out of the chair and go into the house, and leave the boy on the porch steps. The spell was at an end for now. What was in the old man's mind when he sat like that, so still, with the strange look in his eyes, the boy did not know, nor did he ask, nor would he; but once, just as the old man got up from the chair, he thought he saw, caught on a gray lash, a tear.

OF HILLS AND MEN

— *by* —

Henry Stone

There are hills as far as one can see. It is a long, long way to those that are the last in sight. They are not in the same world as the hills that stand near by. They are dark blue and a light blue veil shrouds them. The clouds that stand watch on them are shades of gray and mauve. Were it not for the blue, with their great stone hearts they would seem cold, numb, and hard. But they seem to sleep with a sense of calm.

The hills that lie quite near are in a blaze. Each tree speaks in tones of reds, browns, greens, golds, and tans. There are tints of rust, gild, brick, buff, and puce. The way the earth speaks of death is quite gay. All men should die in this way. They should give a glint of the fun, joy, and love that they have known. But most men die old and pale and worn. And thus must speak of all the grief, pain, and tears that they knew.

Some hills show the wear and tear of age. Their slopes are bare, rocks jut out where trees should be. One bluff can be seen. One knoll stands where a hill once stood. Some hills stand high with the pride of youth. Their peaks are sharp. Their slopes are steep.

Noon is long spent, and the sun will soon slip in the nest of the hills. There has just been a brief rain. The air smells fresh and clean and sweet. It is quiet save for the sound of a lone quail.

To the north there is a lake and far off a town. The lake is still. The town is a small one. It too seems still. But there are men and their wives and their young ones who stir through that town. These men are not still. They are born; they laugh, they cry; they love, they hate; they hope, they grieve; some few think, and then they die. And this is life. This is all they know of life. Their pain, grief, and death do not seem real up here. No one seems to care.

Like a brown leaf that falls from one of these trees, a man dies a death midst deaths. And as sure as spring will bring a new, green leaf for those that now lie on the ground, a mother will bring a new-born child for each man that now lies in the ground. And this is life—a flux of hues—of types of men. The flux will last and man will last. But man may not learn what or who brought the flux, and why the flux, and how long the flux, and if man lives when the flux is no more.

●

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Soon the Night

(Continued from page 21)

He shook his head again.

For perhaps a full minute Mark Key stood with his hands in his pockets, watching his nephew.

"Is it . . . is it the girl, Grant? Is that why?"

The young man glanced up. His lips twisted in a fleeting half-smile.

"Chrissie? Yes. . . . Yes, she's most of the reason, I guess. But that —losin' her, it wasn't that by itself. Just the last blow, I guess. If there was some kind of hope—."

He turned and stepped toward the parapet once more, and his uncle jerked his hands from his pockets and followed fearfully.

But at the parapet he stopped and gazed down at the crowd, and a rumble passed through the waiting throng at the sight of the reappearing face.

"You see them down there, Mark? All those faces? Lookin' up. What-'re they doin' here? Where'd they come from? Where're they all goin'? What's it all about?"

"What you mean, Grant?"

"Life. What's it all about? When I was a kid, I thought it'd be great to grow up and . . . now all at once here it all is starin' me in the face. The grown-up world. It's nothin' I'd thought it would be. Nothin'. It's a wild, insane, miserable, senseless, dark jungle with vines an' limbs that reach out an' get you tangled up an' trip you, an' stupid, clawing, savage animals crashin' around through the bushes, goin' nowhere." He shook his head sadly. "It all looked so pretty from back there, when I was a kid. What happens to you, Mark?"

The man breathed deeply. "I don't know, Grant. It's a stage we all go through, I guess. It's never easy, but I guess you've had it a little extra rough." He reached impulsively then and touched his nephew's arm and the boy turned and looked at him. "It'll pass, son," he said gently. "It'll pass. You'll look back some day an' laugh about it."

"No," Grant said. "I'll not laugh about it."

Mark's brow wrinkled in a swift frown. "You can't do this, Grant. You got too much to offer the world. Come on an' let's go back down an' forget about all this."

"Too much to offer? Why should I offer the world anything? Besides, I've got nothing."

"Well, anybody smart as you—you could be anything you wanted to."

"You know what I want, Mark? The only thing I really want? It's to be the—the most important person in the world to somebody. I want somebody to love me, to need me. If that's silly—well, I don't care. Maybe it's because I never had a mother. Maybe it's because I never had any real friends . . . or anybody. Maybe nobody else wants that, but I do. It's all I want, and I don't know the reason, but I know the only thing I really wanted was Chrissie and a home an' family. . . . Daddy never had time

(continued overleaf

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to spend with me. It wasn't his fault. That's just the way it was. You know, Mark, I've lived with him twenty years and I still don't know him. You're the only one I ever had to talk to . . . an' I guess I did more of that than I should've. Except for Chrissie—." The half-smile flitted across his lips. "An' God knows that didn't last long."

"I know, Grant. I know you've been by yourself a lot, but your time will come. There'll be somebody for you. Whatever's God's will for you."

"God's will? Mark — Mark, I've told you this, I know, but you know how I prayed about Chrissie. I believed. I really did. What did it get me? I still believe in God, but for me—I'm just confused and—an' tired of it all." He covered his face with his hands. "I don't mean to sound ungrateful for the good days. I'm not. Those days when Chrissie said she loved me—those days were . . . they were beautiful, wonderful days. But maybe the taste of joy only made what followed harder. . . ."

"I hate to hear you talk like that, Grant. I wish I had the answers for you," Mark said. "I was always fairly good at listenin', but I guess I'm not much with answers."

"It's no good, Mark. It's—I just plain don't want to live any more. I've thought about all of it. What good is life to me? Nothin' will ever be like I want it. There'll be the army, wasted years. There'll be a thousand empty faces that mean nothing. . . . There'll be a life alone full of loneliness, an' God knows I've had enough of that already. There'll just be one long string of days and nights of trouble an' heartache that wind up no matter what you've done, with death. So why shouldn't I die now? What's the difference?"

Then Grant looked up into the clouding sky, and with sudden fierceness screamed, "Why! Why! Why!"

He pressed his fists into his eyes.

They were quiet for a time.

Presently Mark said, "Grant, I'd give anything if God would tell me what to say to you. You know I've always lived by the Book. . . . But I just don't know—I want you to come back down with me."

Grant didn't answer for half a minute.

His chest heaved in a great sigh.

"It's no use, Mark. There's nothin' for me. I'm goin' to do it. I'm goin' to jump."

Some of the people in the crowd below had given up. They were leaving for shady, late afternoon porches, for home and family.

Soon the night.

* * * * *

Clarence sat uncomfortably on the hard wooden bench between the elevator and the stairs, glancing up occasionally at the silent, bent Tracy Key who sat across the corridor on a similar bench. Down at the end of the corridor, the bald hotel manager paced incessantly, and now and again one of the anxious reporters would stand at the foot of the stairway, looking up, then walk impatiently away. The half dozen, now-idle policemen stood in a bunch talking quietly. Clarence chewed nervously on his pipe stem.

"Mr. Barlow?"

"Hmm?"

"What . . . what time is it?"

Clarence glanced at his wrist watch. "Six. It's six o'clock."

"I don't understand it," Tracy Key said. "Why? I've tried to give him the things I never had. I sent him to school. I did all I could. What happened? What happened, Mr. Barlow?"

"Well—," Clarence cleared his throat. "Well . . . you know how young folks are. I mean, he probably won't jump. Mark, he'll talk him out of it."

"Maybe. I hope so. Mark always could do anything with Grant. He . . . I hope so . . . I don't understand

(Continued on page 26)

The Fine Art Of Dating

We recommend to all our readers an unusual book which we first saw a few days ago. "The Art of Dating" contains vital information for every red-blooded male and female on campus who likes to date, and we assume that is most of us.

Even the most socially happy and adaptable members of our campus have at some time experienced moments of awkwardness, sadness or general tribulation because of the opposite sex.

This book tackles every aspect of the man-woman relationship, from social manners to the large problems of religions, differences in economic backgrounds, and sex. Some subjects covered are: blind dating, pick-ups, overcoming shyness, how to be popular, the much older fellow, when the woman is older, problems in interfaith dating, crossing lines of nationality or race, getting into another social class, the bad reputation, when the girl says "no," is he or she too popular, breaking dates, parking and petting, drinking and sex, unrequited love, what is infatuation, recovering from an infatuation, back in circulation, dating security, breaking off the affair, getting married while still in school, when he's off to the service, etc.

Whether you are short, tall, fat, thin, poor or rich, in fact if you are just single, male or female, you will find this book interesting and frank. The author of this book is Mrs. Joy Duvall, who has written numerous other novels. This book is available in a specially prepared paper-bound edition at your local Keepsake Diamond Ring jeweler for $.50, a substantial reduction from the $2.50 price for the hard-cover edition sold elsewhere.

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SOON THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 24)

it." He came over and sat by Clarence.

The two men sat for a while in, for Clarence, awkward silence. He wished Mark would come back down. He'd been up there a long time.

As if in answer to his silent wish, he heard steps on the stairs, and in a moment Mark Key stood in the corridor, his head bowed briefly. Everyone in the corridor turned toward him, and Tracy jumped to his feet.

"Mark . . .?

"He wouldn't come, Tracy. I'm—."

"Oh, my God! Has he—?"

"No, not yet. There's still one last slight chance," Mark said.

"Anything, Mark. Anything. We can't let him jump. We can't!"

"Maybe," Mark said, "if a stranger, somebody he didn't know so good talked to him, I thought maybe that could convince him."

Tracy shook his head. "He won't let anybody out there but you."

"I got him to promise to let Clarence come out an' talk to him."

"Me?" Clarence looked up incredulously from the bench. "But—but I don't even know the boy, Mark."

"You gotta try, Clarence. I think I almost had him once or twice. Maybe you know—maybe you could say somethin' I didn't that would make him see. I promised him you wouldn't try anything. That you'd just talk. He said he'd let you talk to him for a few minutes."

"But I don't know what to say. I—."

"Please, Clarence. You gotta try."

How did I get into this? Clarence asked himself. I should leave. That's what I should do. I should just turn around and get on the elevator and leave and forget about the whole thing. He's got no right to ask me to do such a thing. No right.

But he said, "Well, Mark . . . I'll try."

With wildly-beating heart pounding at his ribs, the salesman reluctantly mounted the stairs to the grey door with its little barred window. He hesitated before calling out.

Wild youth, why do I fear you? Why do I stand here trembling in terror? Why do you want to die? And in this foolish way. Disappear. Dissolve into the air.

All at once there he was. The door was open and the boy stood there, not at all as Clarence had thought he looked, but a young man about his own height with ruffled, red-brown hair, and a delicate face, and dark, deep-set, sad-looking eyes.

The door was locked behind Clarence.

"I don't know what I can say," he began uncertainly, and followed Grant to the brick parapet. "They—your father and uncle—wanted me to talk to you. . . . You ought not to do this, you know. It's . . . look, why don't you tell me a little about, you know, why, an' everything?"

Clarence winced as Grant boosted himself onto the low wall and sat facing the salesman.

"There's no point," the boy replied. "But—if you want to hear it—. It's simple to me, but you won't understand. I'll make it short as I can. I don't have anyone. Oh, my daddy an' Mark, yes. But it's not enough. I want someone to share the rest of my life with. I thought I had someone. I lost her. I don't want to spend the rest of my life at some miserable job an' come home every night to some miserable little empty room somewhere. As for the rest of this thing they call living, I see nothin' in it. You work an' sweat, but no matter what you accomplish, you've really accomplished nothin' when it's all over. . . . And whatever happens to you, no one really cares. They pretend, but no one ever really cares . . . unless you're very lucky. . . . Whatever death may be, it could scarcely be worse than a life alone."

Clarence cleared his throat. Suddenly he wasn't nervous at all. He looked back over twenty years of showing candy all day, twenty years of passing acquaintances, twenty years of coming home to emptiness. He looked back a little farther to a happiness that almost was, but now seemed but a nebulous bright spot

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that flickered fleetingly in the shadows of memory. He looked back, and he felt a kinship with this lonely youth.

But he said, "There'll be someone else, son. You think now there could never be, but there will. I know. I've been through all this myself. . . . Now why don't you come back with me?"

Grant Key slid back onto the roof from the parapet. He looked the salesman full in the face. A half-smile flitted across his lips. His eyes looked tired.

"Why do you all want me to live so much?" he asked wearily. "Don't you see how miserable I am? Why don't you all go away and let me get this over with. I'm so tired of it all." He turned his eyes toward the crowd.

Then Clarence did a very strange thing. He saw the bitter, weary determination in the deep-set eyes, and he remembered the terrible look of helplessness in those of the old man downstairs. And Clarence J. Barlow, who had never lifted his hand in violence in his entire life, abruptly, without warning, swung with all his might.

The blow caught Grant just below his right temple, and he slumped limply to the roof.

For a moment after the thing was done Clarence stood staring down dazedly at the figure at his feet. Then he rushed to the barred window and called down to the men in the corridor at the foot of the stairs. He went back over to where the boy lay and took the key from Grant's pocket. His hands trembled as he unlocked the door.

Mark was the first through the door, followed closely by Tracy and the hotel manager, the police and reporters.

"What happened to him?" Mark hastened to the crumpled figure and knelt down. The others gathered around them in a circle.

"He's unconscious, I think," Clarence said. "I guess—I knocked him out. You can take him down now."

The hotel manager seemed very relieved.

"Oh, thank God!" Tracy said. "Thank God!" And he knelt down beside his brother.

With his big farmer's hands he awkwardly raised his son's head from the tarred roof top. Tears ran unashamedly down the sun-browned face.

"I'll send down for a stretcher," the hotel manager said.

Clarence was very much a hero. Downstairs a great reception awaited them. "Here's the man that saved my boy," Tracy Key would say, and the people would pump his arm and crush his hand, and the reporters asked for his name and how he did it and a thousand other questions. Flashbulbs.

The ambulance sent for by the hotel manager arrived, and two men in white coats put Grant Key, still unconscious, into it.

Before he and Mark got into the ambulance with Grant, Tracy Key grasped Clarence's soft hand in his own hard, calloused one.

"I couldn't ever tell you, Mr. Barlow, how I feel. God bless you for what you've done for us."

"Good-bye, Clarence," Mark said. "See you next week."

"Yes," the salesman answered. "See you next week."

He watched the ambulance pull away.

It was over.

The crowd was rapidly breaking up as it had formed, in little groups and bunches, and disappearing up the streets.

Clarence passed the statue in the square and his long shadow followed him slowly up Main Street.

Soon the night. ●

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COMMENT

IN DEFENSE OF PUBLICATIONS . . .

This is an opinion. As such, and as an editorial for this magazine it must be presented with a certain amount of implicitness, for we are not lacking in cases where explicitness has meant exodus. So in an effort, perhaps a vain one, to eschew such inconveniences, the following statement is clothed, if not shrouded, in an aura of words which do not completely convey our sentiments. Unfortunately this declaration is made from a point of view which the more sedate will label the brash, immature undergraduate attitude. But we make no apologies; we have only one vantage point from which to make our observations, and, despite our efforts to the contrary, our thoughts continue to be influenced by what we think.

By definition a college campus publication (i. e, newspaper, magazine, or yearbook, as distinguished from college publications distributed off-campus, such as alumni bulletins or college catalogues.) is primarily the concern of the students. Such publications are generally prepared by students; they reflect the ideas, customs, mores, and opinions of the students; and, what is of paramount importance, students constitute almost the total readership of these publications. It it rather inane to assume that a person is more interested in campus publications and campus after graduation than during the four years which he spends on the campus.

The editors are the editors are the editors. This seems a somewhat presumptuous statement for us to make, not only for the obvious reason, but also because it is not necessarily true. But if we are to presume, we shall presume for the other editors as well and say that the editors of campus publications should have the right to control, at least to a reasonable extent, the inclusion or deletion of material in the publications. Since there is no censorship prior to publication, the editor has the right theoretically. The actual practice, however, is often a separate and different matter. Although the editors have the responsibility of deciding what should be printed and what excluded, their criteria extend far beyond their own standards and judgment. They are expected to be omniscient—they must be able to judge what is acceptable also to the standards of countless others who have varying backgrounds, ideas, and religious beliefs; then they must judge a potential article on the basis of several nebulous, variously interpreted rules as they will be interpreted by several different officials, committees, and persons; also they must constantly concern themselves with the question of whether some article by mention of certain things and people will offend any person, family, group, organization, etc. Admittedly, this widens the outlook of the editor, but while he enjoys the repast of his experience, the fatal sword is hanging above his head ready to fall at the first mistake.

Among its various purposes the college campus publication has the task of criticism. It is here that the voice of the students (whatever that is) should be sounded, to include their grievances as well as their adulation. Along with our modern false modesty, the "aw, shucks, it was nothing" line, has come to belittle ourselves in front of others. When we try to carry this hollow hypocrisy over to what we really think of ourselves, problems naturally arise. From this sham of self-belittlement has come a trend toward self-criticism and an absence of criticism of others. This attitude is epitomized by the pithy maxim: "don't criticize if you can't do any better." Here there is neither place nor space for a full discussion of self-criticism, but there is one point which should be made in regards to criticism of others. There is no reason why we should not criticize when the matter in question is relevant or detrimental to us or when it encroaches upon our rights.

There is still a difference between disagreeing and *argumentum ad hominum.*

—J. C.

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The JOURNAL

DUPLICATE

WOFFORD COLLEGE —:— December, 1958

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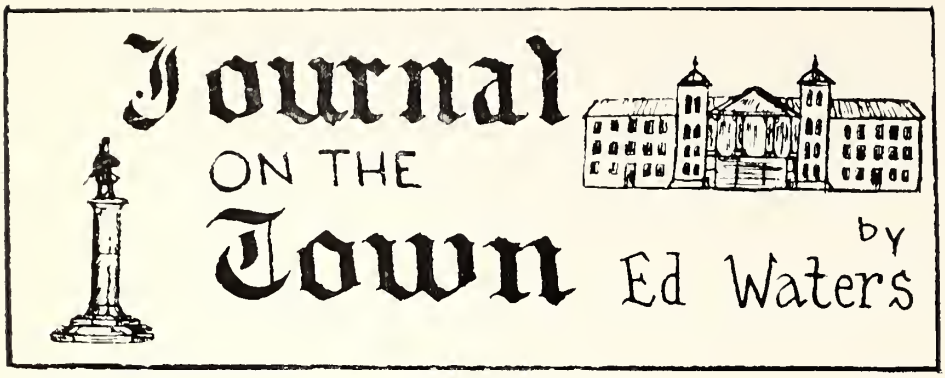


PLAYS AND SPEAKERS—

Dec. 16

Everyman—The best known example of the "morality play," a definite historical type which has as its primary purpose the teaching of a lesson. College Chapel, 10:30 a.m. Of unknown authorship and uncertain date though generally thought to belong to the late fifteenth century. Characteristic plot was based on a conflict of the Virtures and the Vices for the Soul of Man.

Feb. 2

Reverend John Baillie, former longtime president of the University of Edinburgh and distinguished Anglican clergyman.

MUSICALS—

Feb. 3

Li'l Abner—A Broadway musical, based on the comic-strip characters created by Al Capp. Lyrics by Johnny Mercer; music by Gene de Paul. The songs, such as "Jubilation T. Cornpone," "The Country's in the Very Best of Hands," the characters, such as Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae, and the choreography go together to make a delightful evening of delightful entertainment. Highly recommended. At the Spartanburg Memorial Auditorium at 8:00 p. m.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS—

Jan. 9

John Drummond, of Woodruff, S. C., will give a Senior Piano Recital in Twitchell Auditorium, Converse College at 8:00 p. m. He will play selections by Schumann, Ravel, and Khatchaturian.

Jan. 26

Thomas Brockman, of Greer, will be presented in a Town Hall Recital in Twitchell Auditorium in a Goodfellows Benefit Program. Mr. Brockman has given concerts in many foreign capitals and has played to many distinguished audiences.

MOVIES—

Dec. 18-20

The Girl in the Bikini—With Brigitte Bardot, at the Palmetto Theater.

Dec. 25-Jan. 8

The Buccaners—With Yul Brynner and Charlton Heston. A Paramount color film directed by Cecil B. DeMille. At the Palmetto Theater. The world premire of this film will be in New Orleans on December 11.

Dec. 22-24

The Blob, Monster From Outer Space—Of special interest to the Biology lab and scientific students. State Theater.

**Expected Fine Films for January include: *Albert Schweitzer* and *The Smallest Show on Earth*. These are the first in a series of unusual fine films to be shown at the Palmetto Theater in the succeeding months.

TV-WSPA—

Dec. 18

"*The Hasty Heart*"—By James Patrick. Adapted for TV by Robert Walston. The Dupont Show of the Month. Live, from New York. 9:30-11:00 p. m.

Dec. 25

"*The Nutcracker*"—The New York City Ballet dances the famed Christmas Ballet Pageant. Live TV, in color. 9:30-11:00 p. m.

Dec. 31

"*Where We Stand*"—Part 2. at 11:00 p. m. This is the second program in a series by CBS news correspondents, devoted to evaluate the comparative international postures of USA and USSR and various areas such as science, education and military offense and defense.

Jan. 4

"*Big News of* '58"—Kaleidoscopic review of the biggest news stories of 1958. 4:00-5.00 p.m.

"*Years of Crisis*: 1958"—The tenth annual broadcast in which CBS news correspondents report an analysis of the year's major developments. 5:00-6:00 p. m.

Jan. 7

"*Timex All Star Jazz Show*"— Major artists in a new hour long jazz special. 8:00-9:00 p. m.

Jan. 11 and 18

"*20th Century Presents the Delinquents*"—A two part documentary on juvenile delinquency, its causes and its effects. 6:30-7:00 p.m.

Jan. 19

"*High Adventure with Lowell Thomas*"—This is the first rocket observation of a solar eclipse. Color T V. 10:00-11:00 p. m.

Jan. 25

New York Philharmonic Concert—Leonard Bernstein, conductor. 4:30-5:00 p. m.

Jan. 28

"*What Every Woman Knows*"—By Sir James Barrie. Famed comedy-drama. 9:30-11:00 p. m. Dupont Show of the Month.

RADIO—WSPA

"Stereophonic Sound"—on Sundays beginning at 2:00 p. m. and lasting two hours. After January 5, there will be an increase in the stereo program.

(Continued on page 23)

WILD OATS

by

Wayne Cunningham

Life does not agree with philosophy: there is no happiness without idleness and only the useless is pleasurable.
—Chekov

There was Sandy and Pete, Bernd and Shinko, Anneke and myself, and the Carleton. Sandy was from Florida, Pete from North Carolina, Shinko from Japan, Bernd from the Netherlands, Anneke from the Netherlands, and myself from South Carolina, and the Carleton was the café where we formed our own little United Nations.

Sandy was plain, but very talented as an artist; Pete wanted to be a pianist in a nightclub, a la Brubeck, and was being psychoanalyzed; Bernd had been a plantation manager for Albert Schweitzer and was an atheist; Shinko was naive and beautiful in an unforgettable way; Anneke could speak seven languages, and wore her wooden shoes in wet weather; I wanted to be a writer.

We could discuss at random, and did, everything from Dylan Thomas, Existentialism, "The Rites of Spring," Kafka, Beckett, Picasso's latest mistress, contrasts between Jung and Freud—anything, in short, that we thought the other students wouldn't be able to talk about. We were a clique that was snobbish, insatiably curious, eager, scorned, ludicrous, and wild. We laughed like fools, smoked incessantly, necked publicly, cut classes at will, wouldn't be caught dead at chapel, broke every rule and more of the college, and fluctuated between boredom and unhappiness.

Saturday morning we sat in the Carleton with nothing to do but plan the evening's entertainment.

Pete was in a bad mood and we were trying to pacify him. "I get so sick of this puritanical college I could puke," he said to no one in particular.

"If you're going to be a grouch," said Anneke, "go to your dorm and get drunk."

"You're a ——," said Pete unemotionally.

(Continued overleaf

Anneke picked up her glass of water and slowly anointed Pete, who took what was left of Sandy's coke and proceeded to return the honor to Anneke, who only smiled at him with contempt.

"For —— sake, let's all get drunk or *something*," said Sandy, and the motion prevailed.

The six of us pooled every cent we had, bought enough vodka for twelve and headed for Silver Creek, a small off-limits branch about a mile below the college.

We crossed the small bridge and made our way down the bank into the undergrowth beside the stream. We scrambled over the rocks, crossing and recrossing the water until we found a secluded spot that suited everyone. We sat in darkness on an old wet log that threatened to roll into the water at any moment, and slowly sipped our first drink. Pete was still in his mood and conversation was strained. I felt the rest of us should leave him to his brooding, but he was my friend, so I stayed and said nothing.

We heard a noise down stream. "It's probably Charon," I said, "coming with his ferry to carry the six of us to hell." Pete laughed like mad and everything was all right. The party was underway.

"What did you bring to eat?" Sandy asked Bernd.

Bernd opened a paper bag and brought out bananas, salami, Dutch cheese and Dutch chocolate. Have you ever tried vodka and salami before?

Suddenly we heard a string of expletives from Bernd and saw that he had turned his drink over. He was so furious with himself he insisted on leaving, although there was plenty more to drink. He and Shinko left then—taking our only flashlight.

Sandy began boasting of a preschool party, when she had drunk a staggering amount and caught h—— from her mother when she got home. Anneke remarked that she really preferred wine to hard liquor and that Americans had lost the art of good wine drinking. The talk went on and on, from liquor and sex to hate and rebellion until I became disgusted with the whole affair.

I gradually began to see then the complete picture of the life we were leading. It was a farce. There was no fun in this existence. We were only tempting the college authorities to expel us and inviting the rest of the student body to ostracize us—when actually we needed the supervision of the college and the friendship of our classmates very much. Where was there any fun or freedom in this wild escapade? For a brief moment I believe I gained an insight into the minds of my friends. I felt sure the factor that had drawn the six of us together was the same factor alienating us from comradeship with others. No one else would be able to tolerate our foolishness. Only with others of our kind could we find companionship, and that in itself was baseless. The others must have been thinking the same thing; the vodka party was a complete failure.

The group was not the same after that night. Bernd and Shinko went their way (Bernd later got into serious trouble with the college over his extreme views), Sandy and Pete found new interests, and Anneke, I soon found out, was on my side. We both saw the futility in this life and together sought mutual understandings.

We smoked and drank Screwdrivers and Anneke got sick from the ungodly combinations of food and drink and puked in the bushes. Pete was trying to get very intimate with Sandy and before we knew it, it was 10:45 and the girls had to be in their dorm at eleven or were locked out for the night and subsequently expelled.

We went stumbling madly through the bushes, sliding and falling and cursing, until some lights came on nearby and dogs started barking. I took the initiative and led the way blindly through the weeds—into the cornfield of a farmer who stood in his kitchen door with a shotgun and stared dumbly at the four drunk fools blundering through his backyard. We found the road at last, and ran for the college.

We stood in the shadows before the girls' dormitory and Sandy cried uncontrollably.

"You act like you've never been drunk before," Pete said scornfully.

"I haven't," said Sandy. "I was lying to you. I've never been drunk before in all my life! I keep saying there's no god, but there is, I know there is! Oh, God don't let me get caught this time. I'll never get drunk again!"

Pete and I watched as the girls made their way bravely across the lawn toward the door, both trying to walk very straight and erect. They made it inside just before the door was locked for the night. Pete went to his dorm to finish the vodka and I went to the Carleton for coffee.

Chekov is a lie.

Fool.

Fools.

Fooled. ●

Ideas on Irreverence

by

Larry Andrews

It would appear that everyone is anxious to reveal the main causal factor in every situation that arises. If the weather is bad, the "it's them bomb tests", or if the grades are not quite the equivalent of the combined aspiration of the faculty and parents, then Johnny has not applied himself. Inevitably it is the fault of some faraway thing that causes all troubles and makes more difficult the troubles that were already there.

Contributing our convictions, we could add that the trouble today is that every one does not want to accept responsibilities. I would say that the proverbial thorn in the student's side is his irreverence to just about everything in general. You are perhaps vexed at my placing irreverence above your own particular speculation, but perhaps you will see what I mean by the precedence that I give to irreverence.

The most popular meaning of irreverence can be observed during chapel on any Tuesday or Thursday of the year. Indeed the obvious implication that Wofford students act like an unorganized mass is too severe, for the apathetic participation is anything but unorganized. Could mass ennui strive so healthily without some organization? Of course there is no formal organization for the irreverence in chapel, but there is little need with the present system doing so well.

Often the comment is that the chapel programs are not intellectual, and that they are uninteresting. The most sound sleep, the most vigorous study, and the most far-reaching mental fugues are all products of the intellectual type chapel. If the chapel program is too long, then self-discipline topples and falls. If the program is religious in nature, then not even the sober-faced faculty can evoke an atmosphere conducive to meditation.

If by an unanticipated occurence a female appears in chapel who is under thirty-five and even bordering on the attractive, then it is understood that this chapel is a free cut religiously and only the most beguiling thoughts are entertained. Everyone can see that the unsuspecting female is more than the main attraction.

The brunt of irreverence in chapel is expressed by the upper-classmen, and indeed the speaker is aware of this overt demonstration of disrespect. Even before the chapel program begins to come to an end there is a mad rush to get outside. The program is more likely than not still going on, but the mass exeunt causes such a stir that little of the atmosphere can be retained through the last hymn.

When Chapel is finally over, then it is off to the races, or canteen, or nowhere. Where do the people go in such a hurry? Well, most of the people step just outside the chapel door and clutter up the steps of "Old Main". There is certainly no mad rush to the library.

The irreverence displayed in chapel is by no means the only irreverence known at Wofford. The mode of thinking that allows the student to rationalise his way through a study period, the disinterest toward study in general, and the irreverent manner in which the student goes about his tasks are all examples of irreverence.

Perhaps the most striking example of the irreverent student is the irrevent non-student. He is the person who has his residence at Wofford and attends classes there, but he is not a student.

Irreverence appears again and again on our campus in many shapes and forms. The hypocritical friendliness, the indifference to others and, an apathy toward anything constructive are all examples of irreverence.

A certain amount of irreverence is beneficial to the individual as well as society. Humor as well as the "lighter" things stem from a certain amount of irreverence. Without irreverence the days would seem longer and our existing would be serious indeed. Here you can see that there is a separation from the religious sense of the word. Essentially the fault of my discussion is concerned with the non-religious meaning, since it is this irreverence that is the more abundant as well as the more immediately important.

THE SHELL-MEN

by

Jerry O. Cook

"For others would a man shell his soul."

—Words spoken by a half-drunk, but very wise man.

I.

Ben tapped the pencil against the page of his English book: di-dah di-dah di-dah di-dah-di. Iambic, but with a feminine ending. At the front of the class stood the lithe figure of Miss Elizabeth Warren, 39, teacher of high school English and French. She was not pretty. Her slim, sallow face and her razor-thin nose did little to belie the gauntness of her English ancestry. Her copious dresses made even more grotesque her tooth-pick legs which hung from the spacious garments like thin tendrils protruding from a tulip. She was skinny; and her long hair and bell-like clothes exaggerated the fact so much that she reminded one of a broom in a huge barrel. She was but a space removed from ugliness. But when she spoke, thought Ben, the voice was as comforting as an angel's

She spoke: "Longfellow is my favorite poet. He is the poet of the little children and children of all ages. One rarely finds such a beautiful description of a rainy day as this:

" '*The day is cold and dark and dreary;*
It rains and the wind is never weary.
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall.'

"Just think," she continued, "how wonderfully he sees his own feelings reflected in nature. The day reminds him of his own life. 'My life is cold and dark and dreary.' And he, like the vine, is clinging to the things of the past. The poet speaks so sweetly to all of us."

Ben stood in the doorway after class. Miss Waren pulled a paper bag from her desk and, setting an apple from it on one side of the desk, began munching daintily on a sandwich. Ben stared at her.

—Longfellow is so wonderful, he thought. He will always be my favorite poet.

He turned toward the hallway, then glanced again at Miss Warren.

"She is beautiful," he murmured softly.

* * * * *

II.

"Mother, please be careful tonight! Now you know how Sammy is. Four years of college have changed him a lot."

"Bennie, what's got the matter with you lately? You act ashamed of your own family, like you was afraid we might embarrass you or somethinng."

"Aw, Mother, it's not that. It's just that Sammy's not like he was when he used to live next door to us. He's got sort o' where he things he's too good to show any feelings, and I'm afraid he'll not think too much of it if we do."

"You don't mean *we*, son. You mean your old, sentimental mother, don't you?"

"Mother, that's not what I meant at all. You just don't understand. People just don't act all 'gooey' like they did when you were my age."

"Well, I don't know just exactly what you mean by 'gooey,' but I know I got to act like I am."

"All right, Mother. We all have to do that."

"You don't no more, Bennie, not since you went off to college a year."

* * * * *

"Bennie's father is still as work, so we'll just go on and eat now."

Sammy sat across the table, ill at ease in his superiority.

"Oh?" he said, unfolding his napkin and spreading it across his lap.

Ben looked questioningly at his mother—grace?

"At our home we always have a devotional before meals. Good religion begins at home, I always say." She looked at Sammy. "I hope you don't mind."

"No, ma'am." A patronizing air.

"I've got this little devotional book here," she continued as she took an *Upper Room* and a Bible from a side-table. "A thought, a verse, and a prayer for every day . . ."

Ben glanced uneasily at Sammy.

". . . This one is sent in by a missionary in China. She tells how one day as she was walking down the street in Peiping she looked at all the millions of faces and thought . . ."

—let's wash their grubby faces with Lysol, thought Sammy.

". . . how can a God who is way up in Heaven somewhere care for all these people? How can he know all their sins and thoughts? Why he'd have to be . . ."

—a great big watchbird, thought Sammy.

". . . in a billion places at once. And then that missionary thought of the verse of Scripture which says: . . ."

—look at me, I'm a talking verse, thought Sammy.

". . . that God, who cares for the birds of the air and the grass of the field, must surely care for us as well. It's like the poet says: 'he who guides the waterfowl from night to night will guide my steps all right.' That's a lovely thought; don't you think so, Sammy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

—yes, ma'am, I don't think so, thought Sammy.

"Let us pray. We thank Thee for the bread and meat, we thank Thee for Thy blessings sweet."

—We thank Thee for the power to eat, thought Sammy.

She passed the chicken to Sammy.

"Bennie tells me you're studying English at college. I like poetry myself. There's not any poet as good as Tennyson. You know he predicted the World War in 'Locksley Hall.'"

"Really? Well, how did he do that?"

—Tell me, thought Sammy. Since I haven't heard it but about a million times, as you would say, already. Tell me.

* * * * *

Ben and Sammy stood on the porch.

"I've got to go, Ben. I'll miss the bus if I don't hurry."

"Sammy, I'm sorry. I suppose Mother ruined the whole week-end at supper."

"Oh, that's all right, Ben. I understand. Besides, I admire your mother's fundamentalism. It's very inspiring."

—A wonderful boy, thought Ben.

* * * * *

III.

Ben stirred in his bed. He looked through the window at the campus. It was a cloudy day. He stretched his arms over his head and thought of the clouds and the day:

—I've always liked rainy days even better now where is my umbrella $3.95 just like the others everybody has one the day everybody who is somebody my soul communes with the day i like rainy days something from the past cant go homagin that umbrella blackpushbutton abracadabre open sesame good cloudy weather like rain umbrella . . .

* * * * *

IV.

The scene: the college canteen

The time: night

(Three students seated at a table, drinking coffee. It is obvious that they are upper-classmen. They are dressed variously, but all with some reserve—crewneck sweaters, bucklebacks, blazers, etc.)

(Ben enters from the left. He is whistling an old hymn tune: "We are weak, but He is strong. Jesus keep us from all. . ." He stops the tune

(Continued overleaf

abruptly.)

First student (loudly): What're you whistling there, Benjamin?

Second student (in same tone): Yeah, Bennigh! Where'd you get that jingle, the Salvation Army?

First: Don't tell me you're forsaking Tschaikovsky for the Blackwood Brothers!

Ben (walking over to the table and assuming a defensive, but annoyed tone): And what's wrong with Tschaikovsky?

Second (in mock surprise): What! You're not defending the Blackwood Brothers?

First (imitating Ben's question): What's wrong with Tschaikovsky? Do you know what his name sounds like to me?

Ben (trying, somewhat unsuccessfully, to act unconcerned): No, and I don't care.

Third student: Man, come off it! There's cool music in the air nowadays. We've got Dave Brubeck and Shostakovitch, Stravinsky, Bartok, and Gerry Mulligan. What's with this whistling hymns and "The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy" like they are the National Anthem and like that?

Ben: Well, what about the "Overture 1812?" You can't beat that!

First: Oh, really, Benjo! Everybody who knows anything at all knows that old Peter Ilyich T. hated that one himself, and he despised the "Nutcracker Suite." He hated it worse than Rachmaninoff hated his C-sharp minor prelude, and that's quite a bit.

Second (pointing with his coffee spoon): If you must listen to that old romanticist, why don't you take in his Sixth, or his Violin Concerto? (Don't touch that trite little piano concerto!) But for a *tour de force* you can't go wrong with his *Pathétique*.

First: Magnifique, mon ami! Chaque a son gout, though. I can't stomach anything that old buzzard wrote.

Ben: What was that about "goo?"

First (thumping the second student on the back): My heavens, have you ever heard of such provincialism?

Third (jubilantly): This green is way out, isn't he, man?

Ben: Well, what does it mean?

Second: Yeah, toss out a crumb for the rustic.

First (pleased with his wit): "Let him eat cake!"

Third (as the three of them roar): Come on, man. The lights. Maybe you can buzz that fog!

First (feeling very superior): Well, peon, *Chaque a son gout* means "shacking up too much will give you the gout."

(The three students begin to laugh mercilessly. The lights dim gradually until only Ben is seen, standing in a very faint green spotlight. The laughter increases as the light is diminished. Recordings of all sorts of hideous laughs are heard, growing into a climatic din.)

CURTAIN

* * * * *

V.

I AM BEN.

The room is dimly lit. We are standing in a circle, our hands placed on our faces. A man in the center of the circle is talking to us. On his head is a conical cap: yellow, orange, and red. Skin-tight are his trousers; they are vertically striped, green and black. His shirt is also close-fitting; it is yellow with red and green polka dots. His long, pointed shoes remind me of elongated ice cream cones. He looks us in the eye. He smiles sardonically.

He speaks:

"The truth is a lie. What is, is not. What has never been, will be. Do you believe that?"

We chant in answer: "Yes, yes. We believe!"

"Only the false is good. Do you accept that?"

"Yes, yes. We heartily accept it!"

"Solon is a fool; get thee behind me, Solon."

We applaud.

"A man should not *know* himself. The new creed is 'show thyself.' Do you promise to do so?"

"We do."

"Do you promise to hide your true feelings, show the world a false self, divorce all romantic, sentimental, or nostalgic thought, and henceforth to live only in that purity of thought based on cynicism, sophistication, and pseudo-everything?"

"We do."

"Do you believe in the falseness of all truth, the truth of all falseness?"

"We do." I remain silent.

"Do you promise this day to bury your romantic souls, to *assume* the form of a new man, and, if your departed sentimental souls should ever come to life again, to murder it, or, if you, because of your own weakness, can not do so, at least to hide it from the eyes of others?"

"We do." Everyone answers save me.

The leader turns to me.

"All accept our creed but you, proselyte-brother Ben. Why do you not affirm your belief?"

I am afraid to make reply, but more afraid not to answer.

"I can't. I . . . I can't be false to what I really am."

"Heresy!" the leader shouts. "Away with him!"

The door opens, and through the doorway shines a blinding rose-colored light. They place me in a gigantic *ostrakon*, a half-shell, and push me out the door.

* * * * *

VI.

YOU ARE BEN.

You are walking across the campus late in the evening.

You look toward the main lawn and through the crepuscular mist you see what appears to be a group of giant ten-pins.

You think: ten - pins on the lawn? Have I been asleep these twenty

years?

You draw closer. You see that they are not ten-pins at all.

A crowd of strange creatures are gathered there. There is much shouting and laughing. The creatures have the head of a man, but the bodies are giant egg-shells from which their heads, arms, legs, jut out. You see that each has in his left hand a teacup balanced on a saucer and in his right hand a black umbrella. Except for three metal buttons on the front and a huge buckle on the back, the shells are plain.

You see that they are crowding close to someone who looks different from them. One of the shell-men has a rope in his umbrella hand.

On all sides are heard cries of: "Hang him!"

You come even closer; and you see that the different creature in the center looks like you.

"He likes Longfellow!" screams one of the shell-men.

"Hang him!" they all cry.

"His mother likes Tennyson," yells another. The general cry is echoed.

"He likes rainy days. His soul communes with them."

"A fallacy!" judges one.

"A pathetic one," laughs another. They all laugh.

"*Pathétique!*" corrects another. More laughter.

"The rustic is rusty. Bathe him in Ruskin."

Laughter.

"Well done, Euphues," adds another. "Hi-Lyly, Ho-Lyly!" Resounding cackles and giggles.

"He whistles the 'Waltz of the Flowers!' "

"Hang his romantic soul!"

On one side of the group two of the shell-men suddenly begin arguing.

The one: "It is his *id! Id* is at fault! Put the blame on *id!*"

The other: "What's your trouble, bud? Are you inarticulate? Can you not say 'it?' " The group, now interested in the ridicule, burst out in paroxysms of laughter.

The one: "But I mean '*id.*' "

A struggle. They strike each other with umbrellas, and, at the first blow, their respective shells fall to the ground and disintegrate. Then you see that the creatures without their shells look exactly like you and like the condemned man. The crowd turns on them, but they flee into the night.

The group turns back to the victim. He struggles and tries to escape. They place the rope around his neck.

One creature yells again: "Hang his romantic soul!"

And they do.

You turn and walk away, thinking of your image swinging from the tree. You feel sick inside, as if you had lost a friend who would never return.

You start to whistle a theme from the "Overture 1812," but you change your mind.

You hate Longfellow. ●

Conscientious Objection

by

Bill McDaniel

Conscientious objection need not refer to war. Indeed, the term was used originally to designate scruples about many things—vaccination, for example. But the overwhelming impact of war on the modern world; the compulsion which the state has increasingly felt called upon to use to recruit its armed servants; the persistence of individuals who believe that war is immoral—all these factors have combined to narrow the application of "conscientious objectors" primarily to those who refuse in various degrees to conform to the state's and society's requirements with respect to war-making and military service. The conscientious objector is thus an individual whose scruples will not allow him to assist in the waging of war, and his refusal to assist inevitably leads to a clash between the conscientious claims that he supports and the demands of the state that professes to believe that it is fighting to protect social values and ideals.

Conscientious objection to war is very old in human history. Five hundred years before the birth of Christ the Chinese philosopher Lao-tze evolved a social theory that would easily incorporate the refusal of military service. Although we do not read of them in history, there were probably conscientious objectors in Europe prior to the rise of Christianity. Even before the Christian movement and message of love and brotherhood, man was seeking an answer to something he knew to be violently opposed to his moral composure. During the first two and a half centuries of the Christian era, Christians were almost without exception conscientious objectors. When the Church, after the conversion of Constantine, decreed the excommunication of Christians who threw away their arms in time of peace, religious objection to war in Europe became a minority current. In most generations, however, it was held by small groups—in the twelfth century, for example, by the Albigensians and in the sixteenth by many Anabaptists. With the break-up of medieval Christianity, the sects that had one time or another held to war objection became numerous; there were the Mennonites, the Quakers, the Christadelphians, the Church of the Brethren. And to the religious objectors were added those who, on "rational" grounds, took a similar position.

In the modern world there have been many examples of forced military service since the eighteenth century, but never had the systems of conscription been as universal and as effective as those patterned after the French revolutionary legislation.

Modern conscription arises with the modern "democratic" state, or, perhaps more accurately, with the "mass" state. Against the claims of the "mass" state the objector sets his own principles of moral obligation; and in opposing the "mass" state, he is made by legal and moral pressures to feel that he is attacking not merely a small ruling class but the vast majority of his right???-minded fellow citizens.

Today the words "conscientious objector" have become a taboo, dirty words not to be used in polite society. To refer to someone as a conscientious objector is to distinguish without the least amount of doubt a person who is a traitor, a religious fanatic, a fool who by nature of his beliefs demands our most bitter disrespect. The general attitude seems to be that of "He will serve his time —one way or the other."

Many people are not concerned about the plight or ideas or feelings of the conscientious objector. They close their ears to any such discussion and humbly and modestly and in all due respect let the Government do their thinking. "What must I do, Lord?"

"The Government has the answer." And when someone states that he believes the taking of a human life, a divine gift of God, even in war to be a direct, overt violation of all that Christ was and all that God represents, we immediately refer to him

as a Jehovah Witness and bless our souls that we have the true light. The only thing I learned, at least the thing most impressed upon my memory, during my days as a student in Military Science was that only Jehovah Witnesses were conscientious objectors. Recently, I learned that the Government deals more harshly with the Jehovah Witness than with conscientious objectors of other denominations. What is that echo out of history . . . "freedom of worship"—"liberty, justice, and equality for all?"

When a well known pacifist teaching at the Northwestern University remarked, on the morrow of Franklin Roosevelt's death, that the lat President might well be regarded as the "Judas Iscariot of his generation," he received a telephone call from the head of the department saying, "Schilipp, you are through." How intolerant we are—we who would be most tolerant in our search for the truth, regardless of how shocking the realism of that truth might be!

And so we call ourselves realists and throw out this question to one who would refuse to kill, even in war—"Do you mean you would let the Russians come over and kill your mother without lifting a finger?" How utterly ridiculous! How preposterous! How fanatical! O God!! When we have collected our thinking we listen again to what this weakling has to say. Perhaps he will say that he believes his relationship with and obedience to his Creator to be more important than love of family or support of government. Perhaps he will say that God is a God of Love; he demands peace and brotherhood. A violation of this belief would be a direct violation to his understanding of God and thus a damning action for his soul. Perhaps he will say "God's will before State's demand."

In utter disgust the common American citizen would turn, walk away cursing vilely under his breath knowing that he was to be found guilty on that great Judgment Day of having talked with an Idealistic Devil. What a pity! What a shame! What a disgrace!

What would his friends think??!!!

In order to justify his attitude of the necessity of war, the common, average American citizen very exuberantly quotes that much worn out phrase "war—a lesser of two evils." H. G. Wells has compared the world to a group of quarrelsome children placed in a play pen and given to play with bombs, corrosive fluids, and high explosives. The unavoidable question follows—Will these children grow up in time to prevent blowing themselves and the play pen to smithereens? The human race has progressed to a position that war might well mean its doom. And this is the lesser of two evils??? Then what be the greater??

During the First World War conscientious objectors sent to prisons were treated without mercy. They lived in the worst of conditions and tortures, such as hanging a man by his fingers with his feet dangling slightly above the floor surface. "To which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them a decent respect to the opinions of mankind . . ." (U.S. Declaration of Independence).

We in America today have a distorted conception of what is strength in a man. As in most everything else we can only see the outward appearance—the muscle power—how many people one can "beat-up." Strength is recognized by the common, ignorant man as masculinity in the sense of—how much liquor he can hold, how large his harem, how bold his personality. How ridiculous! The officer or sergeant or whatever have you is often selected on the merit of his "toughness," whether or not he can shout loud enough, appear harsh and brutal and such the like. Sometimes the results of this idea of strength is quite shocking as is evident in many of the stories that come out of our nation's "boot camps." Even on the Wofford campus this same idea is present. Henry David Thoreau writes in *Civil Disobedience:*

> "He who gives himself entirely to his fellow-men appears to them useless and selfish; but he who gives himself partially to them is pronounced a benefactor and philanthropist."

Perhaps—and I hope this will not sound too "mushy" to those of you who are advocates of the "brutal type" idea of strength — perhaps true strength is to be seen in the life and personality of Christ. Strong men of history are often those who are obedient in the presence of their Creator.

Is conscientious objection right or wrong? Who am I to answer such a question? It is an individual matter. But I do believe that the Government's policy and the general attitude of the American people toward those who would be conscientious objectors are a direct hindrance to man's search for truth. That man cannot act upon his beliefs, especially his religious beliefs, in a country which claims to promote and tolerate freedom of worship causes me to be a little scornful and less respectful of that to which I have been taught to bow down and worship.

If a man cannot think for himself, he cannot be an individual; and if a man cannot be an individual, then why does he call himself a man?

Our Eternal Monster

Two heads possess Society—
green eyes of envy burn
beneath the sea.

Sharp scales of critics,
while back be turned,
cut deep the flesh and
forever burn.

From its twisted tongue
flick seeds of ruin
that ne'er be killed,
once they are sown.

Charred flesh reeks
as brimstone burns
deep in man to his
concerns.

The tail, it moves in
delight, seeking
one who runs from
his own thinking.

The backfin rises in
speed, and fast
to those who come in sharp contrast.

Webbed claws that
cover all
who dare venture
into its hall. . . .

Sharp and pointed ears
that are enraptured,
by cries from those
it has captured. . . .

Jagged teeth stained
red with blood,
from ages past
since time of flood. . . .

by

Hal Jaques

Would You Rub My Back ?

by

Gerald Gibson

Albert rolled over onto his back and put on the sun glasses again. His entire body was wet with perspiration, and lying there on the blanket with the torrid brilliancy of the early afternoon sun striking him full in the face, he felt as if he were stewing in his own juice. He sighed with a touch of weariness.

A sea gull swooped down, almost touched a blue-green wave, then, as if suddenly remembering an overdue appointment, flapped madly down along the shore line in the direction of the pavilion.

Albert pushed up into a sitting position and leaned back on his elbows. The fat woman in the fire-engine red, inadequate bathing suit lying on the towel a few feet in front of him reminded him vaguely of a misshapen, overgrown lobster that had broiled a little too long. Without any warning, with a great deal of effort she heaved herself to her feet, gathered up her beach towel and paraphernalia, and lumbered past Albert like a gaudy walrus.

The beach was too crowded. It was always too crowded on Saturdays, and every week he vowed that *this* Saturday he would stay home or maybe go fishing with the boys from Milco Oil, where he worked; but when Saturday morning came around, he always packed his swim trunks, towel, and sun-tan oil, drove the twenty miles to Kelly's Beach in his '53 Chevy, and spent the greater part of the day there.

Just what there was about Kelly's Beach that attracted him, he was not exactly sure. Perhaps it was because of his interest in people; not that he particularly liked people, but he found them immensely interesting. And Kelly's was the perfect place for character study, for there one could sit for any length of time, and from behind the protective cover of sun glasses, scrutinize the countless types and species that on summer weekends swarmed onto the long, white strand of beach like so many insects, sitting and lying about in the quasi-modesty of bathing suits. One can never really determine the character of a person fully clothed.

For some time Albert sat watching from the corner of his left eye a big, beefy hairy-chested man who was stretched out indecently under an umbrella beside a peroxide blonde in a white, one-piece suit. The couple had arrived shortly after Albert had spread his blanket, and he had taken an instant dislike to the man; that

(Continued overleaf

type reminded him of a loud-mouthed, inferiority-complexed sergeant who had been Albert's personal enemy a few years previously. He did not deserve that blonde. Good looks, he had found, and good taste do not always have a high correlation coefficient.

A small mongrel dog tripped hurriedly down the beach, weaving in and out among the semi-nude bodies.

Albert shifted his gaze to a group of girls who had just arrived and were now, with little delicious sounds of laughter, spreading their towels and blankets in the spot vacated by the fat red woman. He had seen them often at Kelly's, and had discovered, by way of picking up stray bits of conversation (he disliked the term "eavesdropping"), that they came down frequently from Bryson College for Women some fifty miles away. Excluding the chubby redhead, all the half-dozen were quite attractive. Quite. Two of the young ladies donned bathing caps and tripped down to the surf; the others sat on their blankets and towels and began rubbing themselves with sun-tan oil.

He had watched them on several occasions, and was certain he had detected them, from time to time returning the gaze. And in a most friendly fashion, too. The small one in the tight black suit, he was quite sure, was most infatuated by him. It was not quite fair of him, he guessed, never to encourage her at all. He thought perhaps he would, sometime when he felt in the mood for a bit of frivolity, arrange an apparently accidental meeting and give the girl a thrill. Perhaps today, later.

"Albert," his mother had said to him just this morning for the thousandth time, "you should be thinking about getting married. You'll be twenty-five in September. Did you know, did you realize, Albert, that there are four women for every man?"

Albert was not sure that her statistics were correct but he said, "Yes, Mama. I know."

"Just think of all the poor girls just waiting, sitting around waiting for a nice boy like you to ask them out. It is not fair to them."

"Just leave him alone, Margaret," Albert's father interrupted. "He'll find a girl when he is ready. We must give him time to find the right one." And then he buried his face once more in the morning paper.

"But, George, he has never had girls like his friends have. He has never gone out with any girl more than twice. And for the last few years, he hasn't been going out at all. And that is not good for a boy. Every man needs to be married."

His father had not answered, but Albert thought that behind the paper he heard a strange, low, mysterious grunt.

And then she said it: "Albert is just too bashful—."

"I am not," Albert protested. "I am not bashful. It's just—it's just that I do not know anyone, yet, who particularly appeals to me. Marriage is not something that one—well, dives into blindly, Mama."

"I am not asking you to dive into anything blindly, Albert. I simply want you to find a nice girl and settle down. I want you to be happy like everyone else. Promise your Mama you will ask someone out."

"All right, Mama."

She still treats me as though I were a child, Albert thought, as he regarded the little brunette in the black suit. But I suppose she is right in a way.

I am not being quite fair to the girls, am I? Next weekend I think I will ask—who *will* I ask? Who *could* I ask? Let me see, now. . . . Christine, perhaps. She was quite nice. No—she is engaged now, I believe. Who—? Oh, well, there are plenty I could get if I really wanted them.

The brunette and the chubby redhead jumped up all at once and ran prettily down to the water, and Albert turned over and lay on his stomach and rested his head on one damp arm. The sun was hot on his back. He closed his eyes. The surf made a pleasant, soft roaring sound.

"Excuse me," a feminine-type voice said, and it sounded quite near.

"Excuse me," it said again after a moment and Albert twisted his neck and opened his eyes to determine the source, for this voice seemed to possess some strange intangible quality he had never before detected in any voice.

His gaze fell on a pair of straw beach sandals containing small, nicely-shaped feet, pointing toward him. He flipped over onto his back and looked up.

She was smiling at him. The most exquisite, perfectly-shaped, completely beautiful woman he had ever beheld stood looking down, smiling at him. She had long, shiny hair, in color somewhere between honey and ripe wheat straw, and dark brown eyes, and full, moist-red lips, and she wore a pale blue, snug-fitting swim suit.

For several seconds Albert lay braced on one elbow, staring in wide-eyed awe. Then realizing the awkwardness of his position, he sat up quickly.

"Do you mind if I spread my blanket beside yours?" she asked with a disarming smile. "There doesn't seem to be another place. . . ." Without looking away, she gestured slightly with one hand at the crowded beach.

"Oh—yes—I mean, no. I do not mind at all."

"Thank you," she said, smiling again very demurely, and proceeded to unfold a bright green blanket which she took from a large wicker basket.

Then, with studied gracefulness, as if conscious that her every movement was being followed, she sat down.

"My name is Andrea Taylor," she said. "What is yours?"

"Albert," he answered, and attemp-

ted a smile, but feared secretly that it seemed too artificial. She made him a little nervous in a pleasant sort of way.

"Albert. That's a nice name."

Albert shrugged in embarrassment. He wanted to say something terribly witty and charming, something that would make her say to herself: What a completely fascinating man! But for the life of him he could think of absolutely nothing. He brushed imaginary sand from his knees.

"There are an awfully lot of people here, aren't there?" she asked.

"Yes," Albert said. "There always are on the week-end. Kelly's Beach is a great and widely-known resort spot."

"Oh, do you live here? It must be fun to live at the beach the year round. I only get to come down once a year. Twice at the most. I'm a secretary—from New Galway."

"Oh, I don't live here," Albert explained. "I live in Archwood. But I do come to Kelly's practically every Saturday. A most fascinating place, this."

"That is quite wonderful!" she exclaimed, and Albert almost was convinced that living sufficiently near the Atlantic to visit Kelly's Beach weekly was some accomplishment.

"I love this sun," Andrea said. "Isn't it glorious?"

Albert admitted that it was.

"And you have such a beautiful tan!" said Andrea.

Albert very much feared that he was blushing, but perhaps through his beautiful tan it was not conspicuous. He was acutely aware of the profuseness of his perspiration. He smoothed some tiny wrinkles from his blanket.

"Some people tan so perfectly," she went on. "But I have never tanned well. Not since I was a child." She stretched out one slender, golden-tanned arm and regarded it critically, her lower lip extended in an enticing pout.

O graceful, glorious goddess! his heart exclaimed.

"Why, you have a lovely tan " Albert insisted. "I do not know any girl with a lovelier tan."

"Oh, thank you." She opened the wicker basket again and took out a small, canary-yellow portable radio. "Would you like some music?"

"Yes, I believe — that would be nice."

"You look as if you might be a musician," Andrea said as she turned the knob. "A—a pianist, perhaps? You have such artistic-looking hands."

Albert chuckled, pleased. "Oh, no. No, nothing like that." He looked at his hands, turning them over a couple of times, admiring them. "I work at an oil—at a petroleum terminal. In the office. Milco Oil Company."

"That must be terribly interesting."

Albert shrugged once more. "It's all right."

The portable was playing "Deep Purple."

"But I do appreciate music very much," he volunteered. "I have a hi-fi set with a woofer and a tweeter and six speakers and quite an extensive record collection. Mozart, Tschaikovsky, Domino, Gershwin . . . Classical and semiclassical mostly."

"How very thrilling!" said Andrea.

Albert had never thought of his record collection, though it *was* quite a good one, as being especially thrilling, but he did not say so. She had a way of making one accept a thing as true simply by stating it in her musically emphatic way. He was suddenly very proud of his collection. He had a fleeting vision of Andrea sitting in his room listening to "Some Enchanted Evening" as rendered by Mantovani and his orchestra; but dismissed it almost as soon as it popped into his mind.

He glanced at the college girls, who had returned from their romp in the surf, and were removing bathing caps and, tilting their heads, were fluffing their hair. He realized suddenly that they were not quite as attractive as they had seemed before. To compare them to Andrea was like comparing a scrubwoman to a princess, an ostrich to a swan, a bitterweed to a rose.

That solo trumpet was very good. When the *deep* purple falls . . .

But perhaps violins would be more appropriate . . .

For some few minutes Andrea and Albert sat listening to the music, not speaking. Albert felt his heart pounding, wilder than the surf, beneath his ribs. How can it be, he asked himself that this particular collection of molecules can hold such a powerful attraction? Could it be . . .?

She had dimples. He had not noticed that before. Strange that he had never noted how fascinating dimples were.

The big, beefy, hairy-chested man and the peroxide blonde were laughing uncontrollably about something, and Albert secretly conjectured that the former had told an off-color joke. That type would.

He racked his strangely whirling brain for some topic of conversation —anything—but still nothing came to mind, except some few inane little cogitations completely lacking in interest value, he was certain, to one such as Andrea. She *was* lovely! So lovely!

Andrea reached into the wicker basket and brought forth a sun-tan lotion bottle, unscrewed the cap, and holding out a palm, shook the inverted bottle vainly.

(Continued overleaf

"Oh, dear," she said. "My sun-tan lotion is out. And I simply must have some. I peel dreadfully if I don't. Do you—Albert, I wonder if I might please use some of yours? Do you mind?" She looked imploringly from beneath thick lashes.

O occult orbs! he thought. O glamorous glance!

"Oh, no," Albert replied. "No. Not at all. You are welcome to it. Quite welcome." He handed her his plastic squeeze bottle and she squeezed some liquid into one palm, and with delicate deliberateness, lotioned her gracile, gold-brown arms, then her legs. For some reason it embarrassed him to watch her.

"I wonder—" she said to Albert, "would it be too terribly presumptuous of me if I asked you to put some lotion on my back?"

Albert swallowed, doubting he had heard correctly. "I beg your pardon?"

"Would you rub my back with lotion, please?'

"You mean—do you mean you want me to rub—your back with lotion?"

The girl smiled, seemingly puzzled. "Yes. Would you—please?"

"Well, yes. Certainly."

And she returned the plastic bottle to him, then turned sidewise on the blanket, presenting to Albert her back, and with both hands raised her long lustrous hair above her shockingly shapely shoulders.

Albert squirted the cool lotion into his slightly trembling hand, but on regarding the frightening smoothness of her back, he hesitated.

"All right," Andrea said. "Now, please."

"Oh—yes."

Swiftly, on the right shoulder blade, Albert plopped down his palmful of sun-tan lotion. A tiny spasm shook his entire body for a fraction of a second as his hand touched her velvety skin. His knees, his whole being, but especially his knees, experienced a weird weakness.

O satiny softness! thought he. O foreign feel of feverish frenzy!

Albert faltered for an instant, in which time, with no little effort, he collected his disorganized wits. Now it seems, he reasoned swiftly, that this particular person possesses some uncanny attracting puissance where I am concerned. And taking all facets of this situation into consideration I must admit that the indications are that some force outside ourselves is drawing us together. If that be the case, what right have I, a mere mortal, to resist Fate? After all, que sera must sera. O Eros, thou deft darts . . .

Then slowly, even nonchalantly, as if he had done it a million times, he proceeded to spread the lotion over her back, taking, it must be confessed, a bit longer at the task than was actually needed. He began to feel quite bold and confident.

"Thank you ever so much," she said when he had finished. "You have a very soothing touch. You know, I was certain when I first saw you that you would be nice. You have a look about you."

He almost answered, You have a look about you, too, but thought better of it, realizing that it was not exactly the best thing to say. Instead he asked, "Do you read Edgar Guest?"

She smiled and nodded. "He is my favorite. That one person could write so many things of such profound nature is amazing."

"I am glad you appreciate his works," Albert said. "I must admit that initially I suspected you might be a modern poetry fan."

"Oh, Albert! Really!"

They laughed gaily, nonsensically.

Then abruptly he asked, doubting Fate for a moment, "You—you are not married—or anything?"

"Nooo. Not I. Are you?"

"Oh, dear me, no," Albert said, laughing a little. "No indeed. You—you may not believe it, but I don't even have a girl-friend—a steady one." He watched closely to see what her reaction would be.

"Oh, come now. An attractive man like you?"

"It's true," he insisted.

He could not purge from his consciousness the remembrance of that electrifying touch. For the first time in his life, he found himself incapable of segregating emotion from reason. Ah, well . . .

"Do you think, Andrea (it was the first time he had spoken her name), really, that I am truly—attractive?" He had always considered himself a bit on the skinny side, and was nearly positive that his nose was a trifle too long.

"Don't be silly. You know you are." Albert dropped his head modestly. "Am I keeping you from something, talking to you so much like this, Albert?"

"No. Heavens, no! Of course not. I—I don't know of anything I had rather do. . . . Would you like to go up to the pavilion for a while?"

Andrea leaned over and gently pressed Albert's hand. He hoped that she didn't detect the little spasm that shook his body anew at her touch. Never, never had he known anyone like this girl. "That would be fun," said she, smiling sweetly again. "You know, Albert—I—I like you. We hardly know each other, I am aware, but— I like you very much. You are nice. It would be fun, I think."

The remainder of that afternoon was like nothing Albert had ever known. They went to the pavilion, he and Andrea, and bought oddly wonderful, piquantly delicious hot dogs, exotic pistachio nuts, pepperly pungent pieces of pizza. So commonplace a thing as cold root-beer had an exciting new taste. And for the first time since childhood, Albert rode the ferris wheel, feeling very masculine and superior and peculiarly comfortable as Andrea squeezed his arm in mild terror when the big wheel stopped and left them swaying giddily on top. Afterward they went down to the pavilion dance floor, and to the groanings of a juke box, Andrea, thinking no less of him because of his incompetence, taught him the intri-

cacies of dancing, merely smiling with understanding when he trod clumsily on her toes.

What joy! What unforeseen ecstacy!

This is impossible, Albert told himself time and again; but he would turn his head and there was this beautiful creature, looking as if she had freshly stepped out of some dream left over from his short-lived quixotic youth. There was no denying it: he was *not* the same man who had driven from Archwood in the '53 Chevy a few hours ago. No indeed. The old Albert had vanished somewhere back on the beach.

But, as most things must, both bad and good, that historic afternoon came too soon to a close. They stood, the two of them, hand in hand, watching the last rays of the afternoon sun spill over the dunes and catch on the restless waves in splotches of gold.

Then Andrea, quite starry-eyed, looked up into his face.

"Dear Albert, I must go now," she said.

"Yes," said Albert. "I know, my darling. And so must I, for I am late for supper." He looked earnestly, with a sudden fear into her dark eyes. "I will see you again, won't I?"

"I return to New Galway tomorrow," she sighed sadly.

"But you will write to me? And I shall write to you."

"Of course, my dear."

"And I will come to see you in New Galway often. Every Saturday."

"Of course," she answered softly. "If you would like that."

"Oh, I would, my love! And soon we can get married."

That which transpired in the ensuing seconds in that salt-tinged never-to-be-surpassed twilight is the affair of none save Andrea and Albert . . . and a little nude cherub with a gilded quiver and a bow. . . .

After supper that night, Albert not having eaten, it must be owned with his usual heartiness, he and his father and mother went out and sat on the porch.

After a while his mother said, "Albert, you really should think about finding a girl and getting married."

"Yes, Mama," Albert said.

Oh, Mama, he thought, if you but knew the things that happened to your son this day! This Albert sitting here in this summer darkness is not the Albert you have known, but a new creature, who today met his Kismet. Today, Mama, your son walked through the door of Love; he stepped from Darkness into Light and found a world of pink cherry blossoms and sweet perfume of purple lilacs, a world of lilting song and laughter, a soft, bright world. I stepped this day, Mama, into Reality. And it is so much better than mere dreaming. The world is beautiful, Mama.

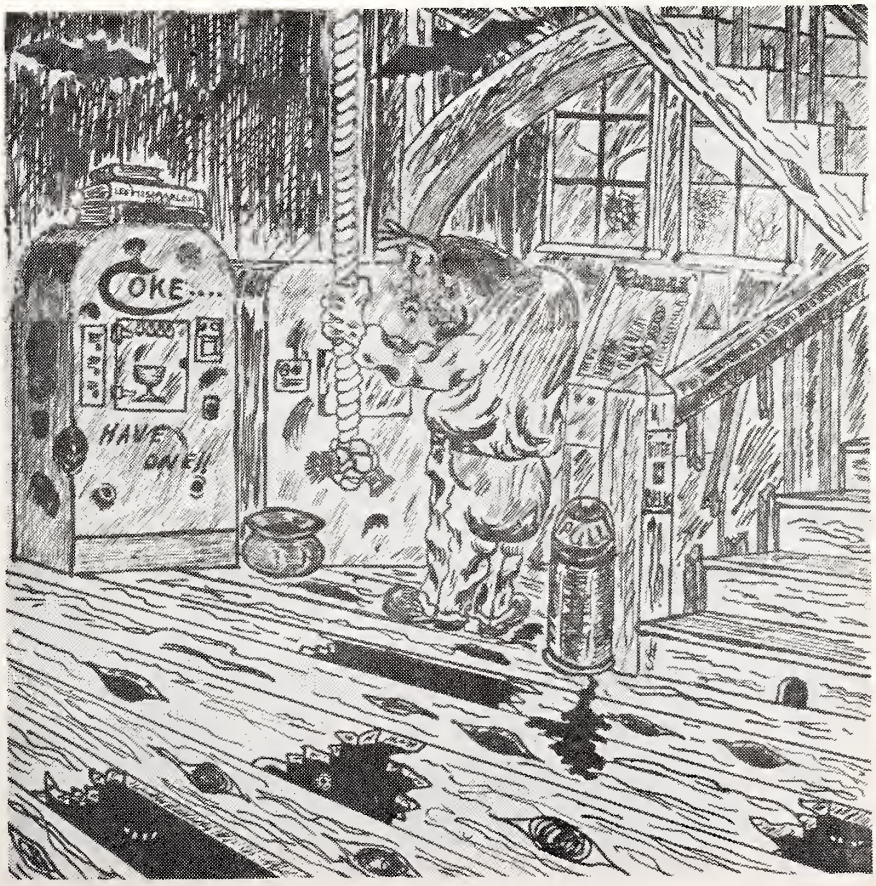
We shall have a little Cottage by the sea, my love and I, and children and a barbecue grill in the backyard and a rose trellis on the front lawn. And in the winter we shall sit before the fire and whisper sweet things. . . .

There is no mountain I would not climb, no river I would not gladly swim. . . .

He smiled contentedly to himself. And in the warm darkness his fingers closed around a plastic bottle.

Destiny, he observed, is a rather wonderful thing.

It awes one a little. ●



"10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . ."

BOOKS

by Charles Buckwell

Stride Toward Freedom: The Montgomery Story by Martin Luther King, Jr. (New York, Harper & Bros., 1958.) 230 pp.

Stride Toward Freedom is the story of the Negro boycott of the buses in Montgomery, Ala. during 1955 and 1956. It is written by the man who was the recognized leader of this action, the Rev. Dr. M. L. King, Jr., pastor of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery.

This book should become a classic for our generation in the South, but not because of the way that it is written. In the first place there seems to be too much of the first person singular in the book's story and outlook. One also gains the impression that Dr. King is anxious to establish himself as an educated person in the eyes of his readers. He throws in literary and philosophical allusions which really are not needed in order for him to make himself clear. Furthermore, these allusions at times lack relevance. Dr. King busys himself with metaphor in an attempt at poignant speech. The images which he employs are often hackneyed ones, and one feels that his attempts to soar to rhetorical heights never really clear the ground. However, this is often a common disease with preachers in both their speaking and writing. Finally, the reader will have to fortify himself against some sections which move as slowly as the minutes of the last meeting, or the genealogy sections of the Old Testament.

But these drawbacks are not sufficient cause for one to look unfavorably on Dr. King's work. This book ought to be read by the whole white community. Dr. King represents the "new Negro" in the South, and people like him are not to be denied equality with their neighbors of whatever race. The white supremacist has no answer to make to people who behave as the Montgomery Negroes did during this crisis. Not only was this a miracle of organization among a people characterized by acceptance of segregation as their way of life. It also gives the amazing story of their self-control when they had every provocation to strike back against the white community. Their greatest weapon was that devotion to nonviolent resistence. Mass arrests, unfair legislation, police harassment, bombing of private homes and churches. None of these pushed them into violence. Nor did any of these things frighten them into withdrawal of their protest. One of the most amusing parts of the story is the way in which the fear power of the Ku Klux Klan was proven to be impotent. People who used to leave home when they heard the Klan was riding, now went out on their porches and waved to the passing cavalcade. And one cold night a small Negro boy was seen warming his hands before a burning cross.

This book should become a handbook for Negro action in the South. One cannot help but wonder if Dr. King and his associates have not discovered the key which will open the doors of dignity and first-class citizenship to our Negro people. The spiritual force of this protest is the thing which carried it to success. Dr. King says," . . . Christ furnished the spirit and motivation, while Ghandi furnished the method."

RECORDS

by Don Griffin

In this review we will deal with the so-called cheaper, or less expensive records, usually found in drug, department and most recently, grocery stores.

The latter stores feature various series of classical collections, among which is the "Basic Library of the World's Greatest Music," carried by the Winn-Dixie chain.

One comment may be helpful to those of you who have invested in the initial album of the series: this album seems to be the dud in a group of otherwise good pieces of work. You need not be discouraged by its content and handling, as the subsequent efforts seem greatly improved.

This group contains selections from Bach to Sibelius,including most major composers. The recordings are fairly consistent in their engineering quality, and choice of material is unquestionably good. Each album includes an authoritative listener's guide and an illustrated biography of the composer along with the recording. Retail price is $1.37.

Other such recordings may be found in the pulp catalogues put out by such companies as Radio Shack and Olson. The Radio Shack Corporation recently purchased all surplus recordings from the Musical Masterpieces Record Club, which has been dissolved. These discs rate particularly high in quality and content having been recorded by excellent artists under skillful engineering. They retail for $1.50.

Also listed in these catalogues are Decca, London, Columbia, and other well-known labels, at half-price and sometimes less. For those of us who have champagne taste in music and the college student's habitual beer pocketbook, recordings of this nature are a real find.

NONFICTION

by

Bill

Holler

Years ago when I used to do a lot of travelling I once found myself forced, due to circumstances beyond my, etc., to spend a fortnight in the city of Bombay. Bombay is really a very lovely city and quite ordinary in a very many ways. But, as I am the only person in and around Wofford College who has ever been to this fabulous gateway to India, I feel a bit compelled to be fair and colour things up a tad. You know, it's a writer's duty to sort of spread the National Geographic smear over a far-off land. People want it that way.

Bombay was caught in the cloudy rumble of the forewarning of monsoon rains back at that time. It was in the middle days of June, a season of the year when the grayish puffy clouds roll around overhead all the day long, darkening up enough at four for a drizzle of rain during tea with a prompt sweaty sunshine beaming through the humidity at five. You could walk only a half a block away to argue the purchase of a decapitated coconut with a dirty little urchin and your white clothes would be soaked through with perspiration. But this little exercise was more than necessary activity to make one sweat. You sweated sitting in a wicker chair (chair, that's French for flesh; I always think of that.) And that eternally hot soup before meals with the hot, oh, so very hot, tea. Tea, tea, tea! The everlasting symbol of the British in India. Fan with a magazine, sweat, and drink that tea. They call it chi there and it tastes pretty much the same, but, of course, it's a little better.

I arrived in Bombay very dirty and hardly alive from an all-night train ride from Agra. If you don't know Agra, just remember that when I say Agra that means Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal is located at Agra. So is Di Albhag but don't many people know that. However, Bombay was always hot and humid. Toujours, toujours, toujours. On arrival I immediately got my wrangle with the rickshaw driver over . . . or perhaps it was a taxi. We decided on a price and I was swiftly on my way to the Red Shield House, one of those blessed outposts of Christianity dans les pays etrangers run by the Salvation Army. On arriving I told a nearby coolie, "No!" not to take my duffle bag upstairs for me; I could do it myself, that I wasn't a rich American. I went up and made the acquaintance of Col. Smith who was a woman and we arranged for me to sleep in the cheapest, let us say most economical, place she had—on a cot out on the upstairs veranda with the shaggy green of the upper half of a coconut palm hanging in. I later found this place to be one of the most comfortable I had in India. I could sit up in bed drinking cool water from my sari (a pottery pot that sweats but keeps the water cool) and look out over the balustrade and see the bustling city of Bombay. The porch was wide open, I tell you, so I could enjoy to the fullest those millions of sounds that make the Orient exotique. Strange that mosquitoes were no problem at all. Only the occasional bite of a bed bug. But, as a highly civi-

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lised Britisher might tell you, that sort of thing cannot be avoided. No matter how clean a place might be in Bombay, you still get bed bugs. They crawl in through the walls from the area next door which you can rest assured is as dirty as . . . Well, Bombay's no better than Calcutta.

At any rate, on learning that I had a place to stay under the protection of the Red Shield, I turned to go get my stuff only to learn that young mister helper had brought them upstairs. He stood there proudly holding out his grubby little hand. So I argued with him; threatened not to give him anything; paid him and turned into the dining room to join a distinguished old gentleman at his table for dinner. He *was* a distinguished old English gentleman. There he sat in the splendor of India eating his meat and potatoes, with silverware properly held reversed, and drinking his tea. His thin gray hair was twirled about from a continual mopping of the forehead. When I later found out that he was my roommate, or should I say verandamate, I learned that he was somewhat a particle of that lost generation that had gotten scattered over the surface of the world from the blasts of the First World War. He had lived in America two years; crossed our continent; dwelt in Australia, the Middle East and had returned to India for the second time to see what a mess the Indians had made of themselves since partition.

My other roommates were a sad Anglo-Indian who wrote poetry and was immigrating to Mother England and a German journalist who had cycled from home and was on his way to China. Being a 1936 baby I find that I am still just a little bit sensitive to things referring to Japs, Nazis, concentration camps, Heil Hitler, der Fuhrer, being burnt alive and human lamp shades. Therefore, one can understand my being slightly taken aback on learning that he had been a Nazi trooper and had been in an American prisoner of war camp. He was a much nicer guy than a lot of American soldiers I know. War *is* Hell, isn't it?

By and by, during my all too brief stay in Bombay, though I believe if I had had to stay much longer I would surely have died from heat exhaustion or amoebic dysentery. My acquaintance with Mr. Henty, the Englishman, led him to invite me and a funny little lady from Tasmania, who was also staying there at the Red Shield, to join him one Sunday afternoon in attending a local meeting of the Theosophical Society. We joined him, putting up with a continual apology that he was not trying to convert us and that we didn't have to go if we didn't want to. The meeting turned out to be quite stirring. A very educated Frenchwoman presided over it and told us the beautiful appealing story of how Lord Buddha denied himself the comforts of Nirvana and stayed on Earth in human form to suffer for mankind. After the meeting, having browsed around the grand library of the Theosophists and shaken the hands of many well dressed people, many of whom were Americans, with our hands full of tracts and booklets, we started on our way back to the Red Shield. Miss Flytton who hadn't impressed me as being any too intelligent from the very beginning turned to me as we stepped onto the sidewalk and said with her very lovely accent, "These Theosophists, or whatever they call themselves, they're Christians, a r e n ' t they?" I felt like patting her on her little powder puff head and telling her to never mind that; that we were almost late for tea.

The following day brought a spectacular ceremony in one of the great 19th century Buddhist meeting halls there in Bombay. We arrived on time; had a little ticket "Hello, my name is ——, how are you?" pinned on us; and we entered into the incensed sanctuary. At the far end of the cathedral-like hall on each side of the roster and altar sat two doubly-larger than life sized images of the sitting Buddha. These two images were pink, which Miss Flytton felt driven to comment upon. We were seated aloft in the balcony surrounded by a packed mass of Hindus, Sikhs, Buddhists and the like. Though, mind you, not one Moslem dared appear in such a gathering. It would be sheer image worship, an act among the most horrible of Mohammedan transgressions. All here had come in honor of the 4000th anniversary of the great Lord Buddha. This was the year of the Buddha-Jayanta celebrations in India.

We listened to fascinating chants, readings of ancient manuscripts, and various testimonials of the salvation that Lord Buddha offers, on the part of Westerners and Orientals alike. As we left this great hall and walked along the battery toward the hostel, I remember thinking to myself, "I wonder what the folks at home back at school are doing now?" Then, suddenly I realized, how stupid I was. They're doing nothing at home now, nothing at all. There's twelve hours difference between me and them. Everybody's sound asleep. And I thought to myself, "Isn't it funny, they're sound asleep, it's black, black night." And I turned to my companion and said to her, "It's the middle of the night where I come from, Miss Flytton. What is it in Tasmania?"

Within a very few days I left India. The ship slowly pulled away from Bombay, the gateway to the great subcontinent, while the monsoon rains that were in full force now fell continually. Gaining thirty minutes a day, or thereabouts, I slowly came back to America, to South Carolina, to Wofford. Often I think to myself as I am walking across the campus at night coming from the library or the fraternity house on my way to the room to try to get to bed before twelve, "It still strikes me as funny. Just think, it's broad daylight right now in Bombay." ●

Mr. Rinehardt continued his defense. "When I first met him last year, after he was hired by the school board, he looked like a young man who would cause some trouble. I've tried to keep my eyes on him as much as I could this year, but I just can't watch everything he does. If I had known he was teaching communism to his classes, I would have done something about it before now. But, you see, this is the first time I've heard anything about it. However, I agree with you fully, and I promise you that the proper measures will be taken to remedy this situation."

"We thought that you should know about this, Mr. Rinehardt, and that something should be done about it. We're glad to see that you agree with us, and since you do and will take care of the matter we won't use any more of your time. Good day." After the spokesman for the group finished speaking, she lifted her prominent nose into the air and left the principal's office with her entourage following.

Mr. Rinehardt bade the ladies a pleasant "good day" and settled back into his comfortable desk chair. After a moment's pause, he called in an office monitor and told him to take a message to Mr. Sharp. The message instructed Mr. Sharp to come to the principal's office after this class.

Nearly twenty minutes passed before Mr. Sharp knocked on the door and entered the principal's office. The ritual of greeting passed between the two men, and then they sat down facing each other. Mr. Rinehardt began.

"Mr. Sharp, I'm afraid that your teaching communism to your classes has caused some discontent among the mothers of your students. A group of mothers was in here today complaining about your teaching, threatening to take their complaints to higher authorities if I didn't do something about it. Now, if they were to do such a thing, Salem High School and all those connected with it, primarily you, would be in a pretty bad situation. Therefore, it is my unfortunate duty to act promptly and in the interest of everyone concerned. Mr. Sharp, I'm afraid that I shall have to ask for your resignation."

Mr. Sharp paused a long time before he finally spoke. "Mr. Rinehardt, I hardly know what to say."

"Yes, son; I realize that this has taken you somewhat by surprise," Mr. Rinehardt replied to the young teacher.

"You want me to resign for teaching something that you agreed should be taught. Do you remember when I explained to you at the beginning of the year that I would like to teach my classes something about the doctrines of communism. You said then that you thought it would be a good thing to do. Now, you want me to resign."

"Yes, I agreed that it would be a good thing to do, but I never agreed that you should teach communism at Salem High School. Teaching communism doesn't fit into the policy of Salem High School and this community."

"You mean that we should teach what this community wants their children to know and not what their hcildren to know and not what their chil- is a very good policy. If these students are not taught about communism, then they will grow up ignorant of a force which dominates half the world and which is opposed by this country."

"You're right, Mr. Sharp, but, as you know, Salem is an old community that will not make a sudden change. Eventually, these people will realize the importance of having their children know about communism. But they will revolt against you and anybody like you who is opposed to their ancient, traditional thought."

"You're trying to evade the issue, Mr. Rinehardt. This is an important issue that this community is going to have to face, and if men like you who realize the importance of the issue keep backing down, this community will reach a point where it can back down no further. Then the solution to the problem is going to be painful, and everyone is going to have to pay the consequences."

"Mr. Sharp, a person in my position has to be diplomatic. You can't understand the situation fully unless you've been around these people for a long time and know how they think and react. This is a delicate situation, and it must be handled carefully. I don't think that this is the right time to bring the issue to a point, and I still think that it would be better for everyone concerned for you to resign and leave Salem."

"If you insist on my resignation, then I have no choice. But I think you will find that you are going to have a hard time trying to find a new teacher who will fit into the policy of Salem High School." Mr. Sharp said nothing more and left the office.

●

On the Town

(Continued from page 2)

"Sunday Classic"—on that day at 1:05 p. m. Abbreviated 25 minute program during the Christmas season.

"Jazz is my Beat"—Mon. through Fri. at 8:35 p. m. This program will be terminated at the end of December.

"Jazz and its Styles"—featuring Rene Royards every Saturday at 7:05 p. m.

Metropolitan Opera Company—every Saturday at 2:00 p. m. On Dec. 20th the opera, *Otello*, by Guiseppi Verdi, will be featured.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra — Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Presenting a two-hour concert commencing at 8:30 p.m. on Saturdays.

NOTE: Converse Library will feature an art exhibit during the month of January. ●

OBIT OUT OF ORBIT

by

Wayne Cunningham

THE CHARGE: One of those idiots in the proofroom wasn't watching what he was doing and let a story marked for page eleven appear on page one.

THE FACT: The first edition of *The Whiton News* of July 17, 1958, carried an obituary on page one of Mrs. Annie Ruth Johnson, colored. Annie Ruth Johnson was 74; she was the mother of eight children, had died a natural death after eating a large fish supper, and had never done a thing in her life to merit an obituary on page one—although her mother did remember seeing Sherman march through Atlanta when she was just a little girl.

THE TESTIMONY

The Room: I smell. The proofreaders for *The Whiton Herald* always cook their supper on a hotplate in one of my corners and I stink until the *News* readers come on at seven.

May Bess ambled in at seven that day, sniffed me, and then exclaimed, "Gracious, Ben! When are those fools gonna stop cooking supper in here?"

Ben shifted his cigar to the opposite side of his mouth, bit hard on it, and drawled, "They gotta eat, too, May Bess."

The Walls: My surfaces are painted two shades of green: dark green at the bottom and light green from eye-level upward. I have seven Coca-Cola calendars adorning me; there are shoe marks all around my bottom.

The Chairs: When Alice and Frances came in, they immediately grabbed a hand - full of proofpaper and wiped us of the grease stains and the other traces of the home-cooked meal.

The people in the proofroom treat us badly. They are always leaning back on our hind legs and rocking back and forth. That morning, Sara stomped in, scowled at everyone, and sat down hard on one of us. She was heard to grumble to the table, "Had a bad night with mother: fell again."

The Windows: My partner and I are located way up at the top of the room. We let in very little fresh air and *all* the unpleasant odors. By the time the *News* readers have started work, we begin letting in the smells from the slaughter house down the street and the stench from the Marshy River. The odors have to fight

with Ben's cigar smoke but the Marshy usually wins out.

The Air Chute: I am really the most important thing in that dinky little room. I carry the copy from the editorial offices to the composing room and then to the proofroom, where I deposit my carriers with a thud that gets on everyone's nerves. I am frequently the object of amusement between the proofboy and the proofreaders. Sometimes, he doesn't put any carriers into me for 15 to 20 minutes; then he puts about a dozen into me and I carry them all to the proofroom at one time.

"Stupid-ass fool!" Audrey always shouts. I really don't mean to make her mad.

First Carrier: I carried the story on the death of Annie Ruth Johnson from the editorial offices to the composing room.

Second Carrier: I carried the proof to the proofroom, along with stories of the deaths of Mrs. Mannie T. Martin, Albert T. Greenway, Virgil Hancock, and Mrs. Mamie E. McCall, and landed on the desk with a thud. A hand reached for me, unbuttoned my end, and took out my contents.

The Reference Books: We reside in a snuggish cupboard beneath the air chute. I am *Webster's Unabridged* and my good friend is *Alphabetical Listings of Post Office Stations in the Continental United States*. The blacksheep of our domicile is *Webster's Abridged*, but, well, we tolerate him. We are seldom used except when operators Hegelmann or Camp disagree with the markings of the proofreaders. Mr. Hegelmann uses us more than anyone. He stomps in, seizes one of us, throws us open on a desk, thumbs through with his licked finger, soiling every page he comes to, until he finds what he wants. If we are right, and he is wrong, then he slams us shut and throws us back under the counter. But if we are right and the proofreaders are wrong, then he raises h— uh, excuse me, I almost forgot my upbringing—he raises pandemonium.

On the day in question he came stomping into the room, brandishing a proofsheet with the initial C in the corner of it.

"Who th'—— is C?" he bellowed.

Wayne meekly allowed that he was.

Hegelmann slammed the proof down on the desk.

"Would you *kindly* explain this mark?" he said.

Wayne explained that it was the mark for "equalize spacing." I felt he was proud of it because he didn't have many opportunities to use this mark.

"Would you *kindly* erase it?" the operator asked; Wayne did, and he stomped out.

"Stupid-ass fool," said Audrey.

The Wastebasket: We sit by each of the desks and are used for putting the original copy into. At the end of each day, we are cleaned out and our contents wrapped for filing. I refuse to say which basket held the story on Annie Ruth Johnson. I won't betray a friend. He treats me good and fills me up every day.

The Floor: I really take a beating; May Bess, Annete, Wayne, and Ben all drop ashes on me. I need painting. I didn't see a thing.

The Tables: We are very plain and hard. Our surfaces are scratched from the doodling everyone does on us—especially May Bess. We need painting.

(Continued on page 27)

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The Fine Art Of Dating

We recommend to all our readers an unusual book which we first saw a few days ago. "The Art of Dating" contains vital information for every red-blooded male and female on campus who likes to date, and we assume that is most of us.

Even the most socially happy and adaptable members of our campus have at some time experienced moments of awkwardness, sadness or general tribulation because of the opposite sex.

This book tackles every aspect of the man - woman relationship, from social manners to the large problems of religions, differences in economic backgrounds, and sex. Some subjects covered are: blind dating, pick-ups, overcoming shyness, how to be popular, the much older fellow, when the woman is older, problems in interfaith dating, crossing lines of nationality or race, getting into another social class, the bad reputation, when the girl says "no," is he or she too popular, breaking dates, parking and petting, drinking and sex, unrequited love, what is infatuation, recovering from an infatuation, back in circulation, dating security, breaking off the affair, getting married while still in school, when he's off to the service, etc.

Whether you are short, tall, fat, thin, poor or rich, in fact if you are just single, male or female, you will find this book interesting and frank. The author of this book is Mrs. Joy Duvall, who has written numerous other novels. This book is available in a specially prepared paper-bound edition at your local Keepsake Diamond Ring jeweler for $.50, a substantial reduction from the $2.50 price for the hardcover edition sold elsewhere.

(Advertisement.)

OBIT

(Continued from page 25)

The Copy-Supports: We are triangular-shaped and are used to support the copy and the proofsheet while they are being read. We are covered with green blotter paper. May Bess doodles on us. We held the copy and the proof on the death of Annie Ruth Johnson, I guess, but I don't remember who read the story.

The Clock: I saw everything. At 10:47 Ben sent Francis up town to buy some fertilizer for his pecan trees; at 10:54 May Bess and Alice went to the ladies' room to wash their hands for dinner; at 10:57 Sara called home to see whether her mother was all right; Ben was reading some baseball scores. There was only one active proofreader in the room when the carrier thudded down. It was picked up, opened, the contents spread out, a pencil poised.

"Obits," groaned Wayne.

First Edition Tear Sheets: Well, for goodness sakes! Right there on my front page! An obit of a nigger!

A Floor Mat: Somebody sure scuffed me up. I was lying there at my master's feet, when this big oaf came up and put an old crumpled proofsheet on his desk. He twisted around and shuffled his feet and polished his shoes on me, and mussed me up good; I thought he never would leave. ●

WALLACE D. DuPRE

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COMMENT

ON WRITING FOR THE MAGAZINE . . .

As we have stated before, the *Journal* purposes to be a vehicle of expression for the student body, and not for one group or clique of students alone. Despite this avowed purpose you will notice that several of the contributors in this issue also appeared in the previous issue. Granted that our inclusion of these writers is somewhat parallel with our estimation of them, still there remains the fact that we are impairing the stated purpose of the magazine by including so many works by any one writer. (For example, oue of our contributors in the first issue also has two works in this one.) But here the editor is in a strait. If a writer submits a promising manuscript, the editor , anxious to maintain a high level of material in the magazine, is quite naturally prone to accept it, regardless of how many other articles he has published by the same writer. And, when *only* regular contributors submit articles, the editor has only one course of action available.

We are *not* asking that our regular writers cease all production. This editorial is not intended as a slur of any sort on those who have already contributed to the magazine. On the contrary, the editorial staff is very pleased with the quality and amount of material that has been presented to us. What we *are* asking for is this: that more students with varying ideas and interests present prospective manuscripts to us; that freshmen and sophomores, as well as juniors and seniors, write for the magazine; that students with interests and majors in other departments show as much interest in writing for the magazine as the English majors.

If the desire to communicate and the enjoyment of seeing yourself in print are not incentive enough, there are also certain monetary rewards which present a more tangible reason for writing. The *Journal Short Story Contest* makes available prizes of twenty and fifteen dollars for the two best short stories appearing in the 1958-59 *Journal*. To be eligible for the contest your story *must* appear in the *Journal*. Even if your masterpiece sparkles with all the brilliancy of a Poe or a Maupassant, you will never touch that prize money unless it is printed in the *Journal*. And there are only three issues yet to come.

The second annual *Helmus Poetry Contest* offers prizes of twenty, fifteen and ten dollars for the three best poems submitted to the judges. The poems must be at least fourteen lines in length and previously unpublished; *except* that they may have been published in the *Journal*. The deadline is March 1st. And if you think your poem is good enough for the contest, you must consider it worthy of publication in the *Journal*. Incidentally, two of the four winners in these contests last year were science majors.

If you have an article (short story, poem, essay, etc.) that you would like considered for publication in the *Journal*, you may give it to any member of the staff, bring it by the *Journal* office (Room No. 3, Student Activities Building, Cleveland Street), or mail it to the *Journal*, Box 568, Wofford.

We pay the necessary postage on all manuscripts mailed to us from the Student Post Office.

—Jerry O. Cook

THE JOURNAL

Sixty-nine Years Deep in Wofford College Tradition

Established 1889 — Vol. LXXXII, No. 2

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Associate Editor — Gerald Gibson
Business Manager — Don La Torre
Feature Editor — Ed Waters
Humor Editor — Lonnie Stokes
Art Editor — Jim Sanders
Photographer — Robert Hopper

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The JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE —:— FEBRUARY, 1959

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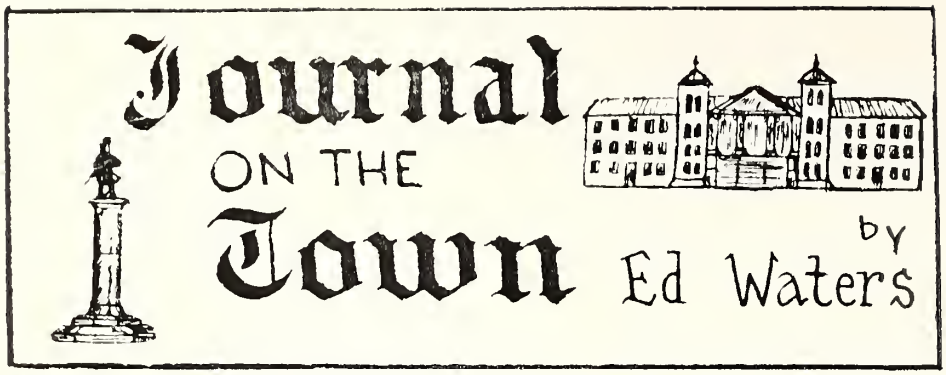

PLAYS, SPEAKERS & CONCERTS

February 25

Dr. James Morris, professor of Economics at the University of South Carolina, will speak on "Job Opportunities for College Graduates" in Twichell Auditorium at 12 noon until 1:00 p.m.

March 7

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, in concert at 8:00 p.m. in Twichell Auditorium, Antol Dorati, conducting. Sponsored by the Spartanburg Music Association.

March 12-15

Romeo and Juliet—a play by Will Shakespeare. To be presented in Converse Chapel Theatre at 8:00 p.m. each evening, sponsored by Winifred Harris. Prof. James Parker with Donna Sherman will head a cast that will include a number of interested Wofford students.

March 18

Henry Hull, actor, will read selections from the writings of Mark Twain, in Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Mr. Hull has distinguished himself through outstanding performances on Broadway, in movies and on radio and television.

March 20

Senior Music Recital — given by Donna Garland, piano and Mary Ann Medford, voice, in Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.

MOVIES

February 20-25

Separate Table—with Burt Lancaster, David Niven, Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr. United Artists Release. State Theater.

February 23-25

Me and The Colonel — starring Danny Kaye. Palmetto Theater.

February 23-25

The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw—with Jayne Mansfield, in color and scope. Carolina Theater.

Probable—week of March 1

Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys—starring Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. Based on the book by Max Schulman. Carolina Theater.

March 4-5

Albert Schweitzer—a documentary biographical film in color. Narrated by Frederic March and Burgess Meredith. Fine Film. Palmetto Theater.

March 25-26

Rising of the Moon—a trilogy of Irish stories; an American Arts film. Sponsored by Fine Film Committee. Palmetto Theater.

TV — WSPA

February 24

Hamlet—by William Shakespeare. John Neville and Barbara Jefford will head a cast from England's famed Ole Vic Company. 9:30-11:00 p.m. DuPont Show of the Month.

March 1

The Great Challenge: Is America anti-intellectual? This question will be discussed by R. Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago; John Galbreath, economist and author; George McGundy, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University. 2:30-3:30 p.m.

March 22

The Great Challenge: Can Democratic government respond to the challenges of the age of science? 2:30-3:30 p.m.

March 27

High Adventure with Lowell Thomas, 8:00-9:00 p.m.

March 29

The Great Challenge: Discussion of Mass Communication — including television, radio, newspaper, magazines, and America's International voice. 2:30-3.30 p.m.

TV — WFBC

Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly 9:30 P.M., Hallmark of Fame. Won Sylvania TV Award for outstanding performance in 1958.

CBS Network Programs Include:

World of Ideas—3:30 p.m. Sundays. Includes high level discussions on controversial topics. "Censorship of the Ants" was recently discussed.

Face the Nation—4:00 p.m. Sundays. News Analysts and commentators question controversial figures, usually Congressmen, in an unrehearsed discussion on current controversial topics of national concern.

Small World — 6:00 p.m. Sundays. An introduction to influential people from all over the world.

20th Century—6:30 p.m. This program recalls and recaptures significant events of our times.

TV — New Feature

The Big Idea—7:30 a.m. Tuesdays. Discussions ranging in subjects from Pogo to Plato, or vice-versa, narrated by Dean Philip Covington. The first topic concerns the "idea" of the liberal arts college. The panel will include Wofford faculty members.

RADIO — WSPA

Stereo Sound — 1:05-3:00 p.m. Sundays and 6:30-8:00 p.m. on Saturdays.

Nite Cap—9:05 to midnight. Monday thru Friday. Music of all kinds to study or not by.

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra—10:05-11:00 p.m. Sundays. Conducted by George Szell.

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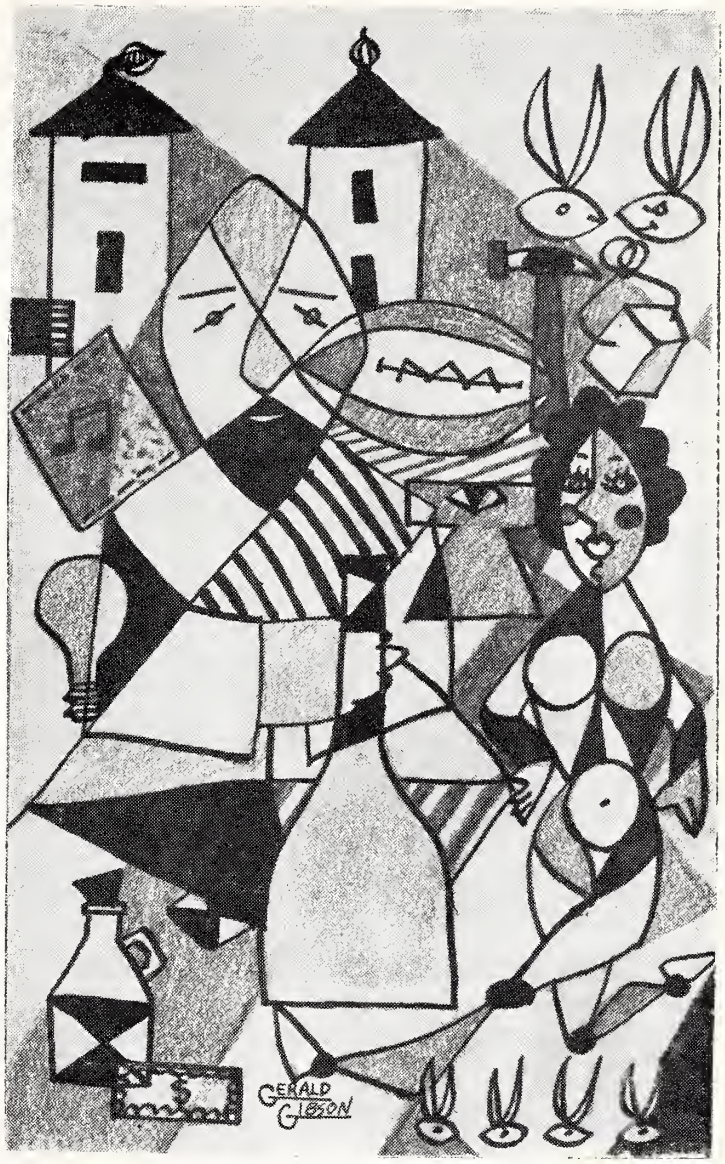
PICASSO

and the

PLAYMATE

by —
Franklyn
Sanders



The one lamp which lit the room was on top of a small antique cabinet. An old jug served as the base for the lamp, and the dim light which creeped forth from the weak bulb added a melancholic mood to the room. Inside the cabinet was a selective collection of records which included mostly works by Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Shostakovich, and other twentieth century composers. The music of Bartok's "Concerto for Orchestra" came from the component hi-fi set. Prints of Picasso and Dali plus an abstract original by the occupant of the room decorated the walls. Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* lay on top of a bookshelf which contained numerous paperbacks by such authors as O'Neill, Becket, and Huxley. Also on the bookshelf stood two nearly empty wine bottles.

Paul Layton sat in a large comfortable chair which was situated next to the old cabinet. His eyes were directed at the ceiling, but the glassy look in his eyes indicated that he wasn't looking at anything in particular. His face was marked by sharp features; a slender, pointed nose and a very distinct, angular chin. A thick but short beard protruded from his chin, and a close-cut mustache lined his upper lip. His long black hair was only partially combed.

Paul's father died when he was only six years old, and there was some question as to whether his death was an accident or suicide. The only incident Paul remembered distinctly about his father was the night he came home drunk and fell down at the feet of his mother and cried. Paul remembered that he, himself, cried at the sight of his father crumpled on the floor. He now regrets that he ever wept at such a scene.

After his father's death Paul's mother refused to send him to an orphanage and assumed the full responsibility of raising him. Paul abhorred the fact that he allowed himself to be dominated by his mother as much as he did. He realized that his dependence upon his mother brought about ridicule from the stu-

(Continued overleaf)

dents at the high school, and when he realized the cause of the ridicule, he decided to spend his college life far away from his mother.

He went to Europe during the summer between his sophomore and junior years in college to absorb some of the culture of the old world. A large part of his trip was spent in Paris on the left bank. He came back from Europe only because he wanted to return to college.

The social activities of the college held little interest for Paul. He always made an effort to attend such events as lectures, discussions, and concerts, but he seldom participated in the events when he was given the opportunity. Whenever he did speak up, he would always say something about the "fault of society." Occasionally a student would jokingly ask Paul his opinion about a certain matter, but no one really paid too much attention to what he said or did.

Once while visiting a bookstore not far from the college, he observed a rather attractive young girl also looking through the paperback section. She was tall and slender, and Paul noticed that her hair was nearly as dark as his. She had no outstanding physical attributes other than her attractive face. Paul didn't think about her too much until he saw her the following week in the same store. He then decided that if he were to see her a third time in the same situation, he would make an effort to learn something about her. His opportunity came on his third visit to the store.

"What do you think of O'Neill?" Paul asked, watching her peruse a copy of *The Iceman Cometh.* The girl jerked her head around and stared directly at Paul. He noticed her dark, penetrating eyes. A smile immediately replaced the stern expression on her face.

"Morbid," she replied.

"You must like morbidness," Paul said with a slight smile. "I've noticed you looking at morbid books for three weeks now."

"Yes, and I've noticed you doing the same," she returned.

"Well, it looks like we have something in common."

Paul found out that the girl's name was Margaret Simmons, that she was interested in dramatics, and that her father was one of the leading businessmen in the state. She told him that she was supposed to make her debut that year but that she was going to refuse to go through with all that nonsense. They agreed to meet at the book store as often as possible, and it wasn't too long before she was visiting Paul in his apartment off the campus.

A certain incident caused Paul to reject his association with Margaret. After three weeks he received a letter from her. One sentence from the letter continually invaded his thoughts: "I didn't think you were that kind of person." Paul figured that maybe if he had told her about his wonderful experiences in Paris, she would have been persuaded. But now he just sat with his eyes raised toward the ceiling while Bartok's music permeated the dim room.

Clothes were strewn all over the room. Amid the clothes were textbooks on economics and paperbacks of Mickey Spillane and the latest Shell Scott mystery. A ragged copy of *The Naked and the Dead* lay on the floor in some cigarette ashes next to one of the two beds. Three Playmates of the Month were taped to the wall. The music of Norrie Paramour eased from the portable record player. A few LP records by such vocalists as June Christy, Nat King Cole, and Roy Hamilton were leaning against the record player. The overhead light beamed its brightness throughout the room.

Jake Reynolds was lying fully clothed except for his black loafers on his side of the bed. His brown cotton pants were a shade darker than the sweater he wore. The white socks he was wearing stood out against the dark brown army blanket at the foot of his bed. His sandy-colored hair was cut close to his round head.

Jake's home was in the southern part of the state where his father was a successful automobile dealer. He had entered this particular college mainly because a number of his relatives, including his father, had been graduated from the school. Jake was majoring in business administration and planned to work for his father after he was graduated and had finished his army duty. He had recently pinned his girl, who attended an all-female college not far from his school.

A couple of times Jake was brought up before the discipline board of the college for drunkenness but escaped punishment both times. He knew the right place to get some beer and a good pizza. He was an all-star intramural football player and helped his fraternity win the intramural football championship. The past summer was spent out west working at one of the national parks.

During the recent football season Jake became one of the leading figures on campus because of an incident he was involved in at a football game. The game happened to be with his school's closest rival. Having been satisfied with watching his school win the game and feeling good with some beer inside him, he began to shout some uncomplimentary remarks about the losing school as he was leaving the stadium. Two students from the opposing school tried to shut him up, and a small fight ensued before it was stopped by students from both the schools. Among his close friends Jake was the "man of the hour," and most of the other students made an effort to tease him. The attention given to him pleased Jake, and he gladly joined in the joke-making concerning the fight.

Jake's roommate came into the room whistling and snapping his fingers. He went over to where Jake was lying and shook him.

"Hey, good buddy, it's four o'-

clock," he said.

Jake turned over on his back, rubbed his eyes, and then sat up on the edge of the bed.

"I guess if I plan to pass that Shakespeare test tomorrow, I oughtta go see that fellow with the beard," Jake said, slipping his feet into his shoes. "I don't know why I ever took that course. I always thought English courses were easy."

"Yeah, you sure made a mistake by taking that course," his roommate said. "You should've stuck to business and psychology."

"But I've taken all the business and psychology they'll let me take. Oh, well, I better do something about passing that Shakespeare so I can graduate in June."

The door was partially open so Jake just tapped on it and went in. Paul cast an insignificant glance at Jake as he entered the room.

"Say, I wonder if you wouldn't mind helping me out with this Shakespeare," Jake said, closing the door and walking toward Paul. "I'm lost."

"What do you want to know?" Paul's forehead wrinkled slightly as he spoke.

"I don't know," Jake said. "I thought maybe you could give me a few pointers on what you tthink we should know tomorrow."

"A few pointers on Shakespeare—by tomorrow?" Paul's dark eyes stared intensely at Jake. "Don't you know you can't study Shakespeare that way?"

"Now, wait a minute. Don't hand me none of your Bohemian mess," Jake retorted, raising his voice. "I just want you to help me with this Shakespeare. If you don't want to, that's all right with me, but just don't start in on all that crap about society being no good because they don't know nothing about literature."

"It's people like you that make up the rotten society," said Paul sharply. "You don't care about anything except to get out of here. You can't see the value in anything worthwhile, and you're going to sink deeper and deeper into the rottenness."

"And I guess you're going to save the world, sitting there on your intellectual tail, listening to that ridiculous music, hiding behind that fuzz on your face. If society is so bad, why don't you do something about it instead of hibernating all your life? You think you got the answer in all those books you got? What are you going to do—throw 'em at all the mean people? Now, you're right. I don't care about anything too much. But don't you go around acting like you're God Almighty because you're no better than me or anyone else. If I had known you were going to start all this, I wouldn't have bothered to come over. I would rather flunk Shakespeare than stay in this godforsaken hole listening to you." Jake finished speaking and started for the door.

"I'll tell you why I don't associate with people—particularly people like you." Paul sat on the front edge of the chair and glared at Jake. "I don't want to be contaminated by all your pettiness. I don't want to become swallowed up in this sick society. You ask what good it is to isolate myself from society? My father was so stupid as to let himself get involved in society, and he ended up collapsed on the floor, crying for release. He was stupid, stupid, stupid and sick, just like you and the rest of the world. And I don't want to have anything to do with this diseased world. What kind of life can you have in a society where everyone is trying to cut everyone else's throat? You become a part of it, and you never know when somebody's going to cut you down. And you end up on the floor with nothing — absolutely nothing." Paul leaned back in the chair, and his eyes wandered around the room.

Jake looked at Paul for a few seconds and then turned and opened the door. He paused and then turned around again to face Paul.

"I think you're the one that's sick," he said and left the room. ●

TALENTED?

Write for

The Journal

Next Deadline:

March 15th

2 SONNETS and A SONG

Sonnet IV

A prostrate nation lies in dust; its time
Of glory is long past. For many years
Its heroes have lain dead. With slow, sad rhyme
And hymn they're laid to rest. And with our tears
Did we remember them, not long ago.
Where are those tears today? Do not their deeds,
Their offices, their battles, high and low,
Merit remembrance? Graves o'ergrown with weeds,
Neglected, and forgotten; their reward.
Have we no tradition? We must not
Ignore our heritage! My voice, unheard,
Sounds empty; for the Cause has been forgot.
When heritage of nations thus is lost,
Its people, too, are coated with cold frost.

—Jim Sanders

Song

Why must I dream the nights away for fear,
That day's light hour will not be half so dear?
Am I but shadow's child in fine disguise,
Or was it meant for me to so despise
The day? In truth I see you not in day,
Nor has the twilight yet a glance or ray,
Bestowed. For sure I see you not at dawn,
As if you were a gentle scented fawn,
Who ran away the scent once surely found.
But for the night your visage would not shine,
Nor yet the thought of love I hold divine,
Without the dark our hands would never touch,
Nor would my life be nearly half as much,
In spite of what by day we are denied;
Our souls, our hearts, our hearts at night confide.

—Larry Andrews

Souvenir

The very young speak, starry-eyed, of love.
They think in blossom-trimmed, rose-tinted dreams
Of rapturous nights graced by full moon above,
Of blissful sun-steeped days by sylvan streams.
The very young long for a magic glance
That dooms to willing bondage eager hearts.
They fancy one sublime, endless romance,
Unwounded save by Cupid's well-placed darts.
The very young look ever to the dawn.
"Someday . . ." they say, "someday . . ." and feel no fear;
Place Aphrodite's son upon a throne,
Hear but his voice, believe his words sincere.
I pray Thee, God, deal gently with the young,
For to their rock, once I, unknowing, clung.

—Gerald Gibson

ALL ARE DROWNING

(A PLAY IN TWO SCENES)

By Jerry O. Cook

SCENE I

A portion of a street in a small Southern town. At the front of the stage is the street itself, running from one side to the other. A sidewalk about twelve feet wide runs parallel to the street and is located halfway downstage. At the back of the stage are the fronts of several stores; from left to right there are: a general merchandise and grocery store, a small cafe, and a drug store. Three or four of the local men are standing on the sidewalk in front of the cafe.

A small boy of ten or twelve enters from the left, running and panting. He brushes against one of the men standing in front of the cafe.

First man (turning toward the boy, and laying a hand on the boy's shoulder to slow him down): Whoa there, Little Sam! Where you goin' in such an all-fired hurry?

Little Sam (breathlessly): Over to O'Shea's lake. They say they's a boy drowned over there, an' they're tryin' to fish him out!

First man (as the others gather close to the boy): Well, who was it, son? Have they found him yet?

Little Sam (catching his breath a little): They don't know yet. Preacher Hunter's wife said she saw some boys down there playin' when she was out in the backyard hangin' out clothes this morning'. An' O'Shea went down at noon to open the fish camp, one o' his boats was floatin' free out in th' middle o' th' lake, an' when he got to th' boat he found a boy's hat and a fish pole in it. So he's called th' p'lice. An' they're all down there now tryin' to find th' body.

Second man: Oh, God! I knew it'd happen!

Third man (as other people begin to appear from the stores): We all told O'Shea he shouldn't build that lake so near the town.

Second man: He should've known that place would attract all th' town kids.

Enter lady emerging from the grocery store with a bag of merchandise. She looks from one face to another.

Lady: What's all the commotion about?

First man: Seems they's a boy drowned over at O'Shea's lake.

Lady (in a disturbed tone): Oh, Lord! And my Brucie ain't been home all day!

First man: Well, they don't know who it is yet. They're lookin' for th' body.

Lady: Oh, God! Don't let it be Brucie.

Second man (consolingly): Now, now. Let's don't count our worries before we get 'em. Chances are it's not Brucie at all.

First man: I think somethin' ought to be done to old man O'Shea.

Third man: Yeah! If somethin's happened to one o' our children, it's his fault to begin with for buildin' that lake.

First man: Th' Town Council ought to make him drain th' thing.

Second man (pensively): Th' poor little kid!

SCENE II

The same place. Four hours later. The same three men are standing in front of cafe.

First man: And just think how upset we got.

Third man: It's all this modern psychological way o' raisin' children. If they was more o' the rod and a little less o' this talk, things like this wouldn't happen.

Second man: Like I always say, these modern parents could cure a lot o' their problems if they would have less fairy tales and more spanked tails.

First man: Yeah! That's th' root o' th' whole problem. If they was a little more discipline and not so much of this TV and movie stuff.

Third man: Sure. Some parent not warning their kid about that lake is the very thing that caused the whole affair.

First man: An' besides all that, you know that boy didn't have no business over there at th' lake anyway.

Second man: Well, he probably knew O'Shea wouldn't let 'im out on th' lake during regular hours, an' that's why he sneaked over there before th' place opened.

First man: Yeah. It 'uz th' boy's fault. They can't be no doubt about that.

Third man: Sure. Some day them niggers 're gonna learn to keep their kids at home, where they belong. ●

CURTAIN

Trumpets and Drums

AND THE SOUNDS OF THE SLUMS . . .

THAT'S WHAT JAZZ IS MADE OF

(THE STORY OF DIXIELAND)

— *by* —
Tony Brooks

Back a few decades ago, down around New Orleans, there was a custom to which almost all of the Creoles subscribed. When one of these Creoles died, the funeral train to the cemetery was not composed of mourners, but rather was made up of musicians. These parades were usually led by an old wagon which carried the casket, and was followed by the musicans playing some form of the blues. The musicians in turn were followed by all the small children passed on the way. Now, it must be explained that everyone participating in one of these affairs held a certain amount of pride in all the proceedings, and believed that "sho'ly, this was the bestest funeral of all." Therefore an interesting situation occurred whenever the paths of two funeral parades crossed. Since the two guests of honor certainly could not argue it out as to whose was the best funeral, the marching musicians took it upon themselves to defend the honor of their respective parades.

At first, each side would simply attempt to drown the others out through use of very, very hi fi. This never gave one side a clear-cut victory, so the next try had to be at playing better than the others. Since playing a combination funeral march and blues did not offer much of a chance to exhibit skill, by a sort of mutual agreement, they started playing the kind of unrestricted, uninhibited music that they loved. It seemed to take quite a long time for someone to realize that all the musicians around New Orleans could just meet at some place and play together. However, at long last, one of the wiser Creoles did come up with this solution to the problem of a shortage of funerals. The first question that arose was, "Where to meet?" The place had to be well known, easily found, and have sufficient room. Well, the perfect answer was any one of the hundreds of places in Storyville, which was the infamous "red-light" district of New Orleans.

Of course, as to exactly where the first of these jam sessions took place, it is impossible to know. We do know that before very long there were dozens of musicians playing in several of the small houses in New Orleans. At first it was considered a favor to the musicians to allow them to practice in one of the houses, but soon the rich, influential customers and frequenters of the red-light district began to in-

sist on the presence of some sort of band at their favorite "place du plaisir."

It was unusual that this particular brand of music, characterized by heavily accented rhythm, and wild, unreserved instrumentation, had no name. When played on the piano, as was the case in the Storyville houses, it was called "Ragtime," but this term didnt seem to fit an entire band. No one knows who, when, where, or even why; but someone started to refer to this music as JAZZ. This unknown jazz fan contributed the name to one of the most popular and often written about subjects in the world today.

What is Jazz? These three simple words comprise a question that is almost impossible to answer. Most Jazz authorities launch themselves into a highly technical discussion on flatted fifths and major sevenths in a rather futile effort to explain jazz. Perhaps a good description of jazz would be, "Music that is controlled by the emotion of the performing artist. If he feels good, then he swings; if he is broke and still owes his rent and liquor bills, then he plays the blues." The interesting part about jazz documentation lies not in what it is, but in how it has been developed and evolved from its humble beginning to the point of immense popularity it holds today.

The history of jazz must necessarily be divided into at least two main chronological categories: first, from its start until the late 1930's, and second, from 1940 to the present. The broadest term that will include most jazz from the turn of the century until almost 1940 would be "Dixieland." It is to this type of jazz we shall limit our discussion in this article.

As the name "Dixieland" implies, New Orleans was not the only place that provided development for jazz. The entire Southland might be considered the birthplace of this music. Up until 1917, all the southern musicians journeyed to New Orleans, bringing with them different musical ideas. In 1917, the direction was reversed, and everyone seemed to be leaving New Orleans. It was that year that saw the federal decree which closed the Storyville area of legalized prostitution. This order left all the hundreds of jazz men that worked in the houses, jobless. In effect, it marked the end of more than one kind of era. No longer was New Orleans either the sin center or jazz capital of the United States. Due to the evident matter of necessity, jazz was now destined to spread out in as many directions as the artists that played it. A great many of these homeless musicians traveled up the Mississippi River, working on the river boats. Soon the word was sent back down the ole Miss for everyone to make it to Chicago, where jazz wasn't restricted to honky-tonks or red-light districts. Before many years had passed, Chicago was a new Mecca for jazz artists and enthusiasts.

Among the musicians that successfully made the transition north was a trumpeteer named King Oliver. After arriving in Chicago, he organized the King Oliver Creole Jazz Band. This was one of the most influential musical aggregations in jazz history. King Oliver's band made great contributions to jazz in two ways. He helped many of the young musicians make their way north, where their music was adjudged acceptable for night clubs. For example, in 1922 one of his youthful imitators from New Orleans was invited to join the band as second cornetist. He is known to the music world today as Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. The other, and possibly the more important way that King Oliver aided jazz was through his very strong influence on the original "second line" musicians. This term refers to the first of the jazz artists that were neither born nor bred in the original atmosphere of Dixieland jazz.

Located near Washington Boulevard and Central Avenue in Chicago, was Austin high school. A great number of the students from this school began to go down to Lincoln Gardens or Dreamland, and listen for hours to the fabulous horns of King and Louis. Among these youngsters were Jimmy Macpartland, Bud Freeman, Frank Teschemacher, Dave Tough, and others. The Austin High Gang were among the first of the young white musicians that succeeded in acquiring some of the drive and rhythm that characterized the old New Orleans brand of jazz. Soon, the Austin High boys expanded to include some of the other promising musicians that were in the Chicago area. Some of the ones that would often sit in with these second liners were Hoagy Carmichael, Bing Crosby, Eddie Condon, and two others who were destined to become firm steps in the annals of jazz: Benny Goodman and Bix Beiderbecke.

It was due to the development of these young musicans that the old New Orleans style was replaced by what is known as "Chicago Style." Chicago was still a form of Dixieland, but was played by musicians with a broader knowledge of written music.

We have seen how Dixieland jazz was split into two distinct styles, New Orleans and Chicago, so now let us look at its basic types. Since the loud, fast music which we generally associate with Dixieland would be one type, perhaps we can limit the discussion to the less familiar variety, the Blues. It was in the blues that all the pent-up emotions, caused by years of expression of the Negroes, found an outlet. Some of the original blues were actually songs of misery and woe passed down from slavery days. The type of blues which became most popular, however, was the work of one of the many excellent blues composers, W. C. Handy (St. Louis and Memphis Blues). In the case of these composed blues, which were not improvised, the success of the performance depended upon the ability of the artist to stir the listen-

(Continued overleaf)

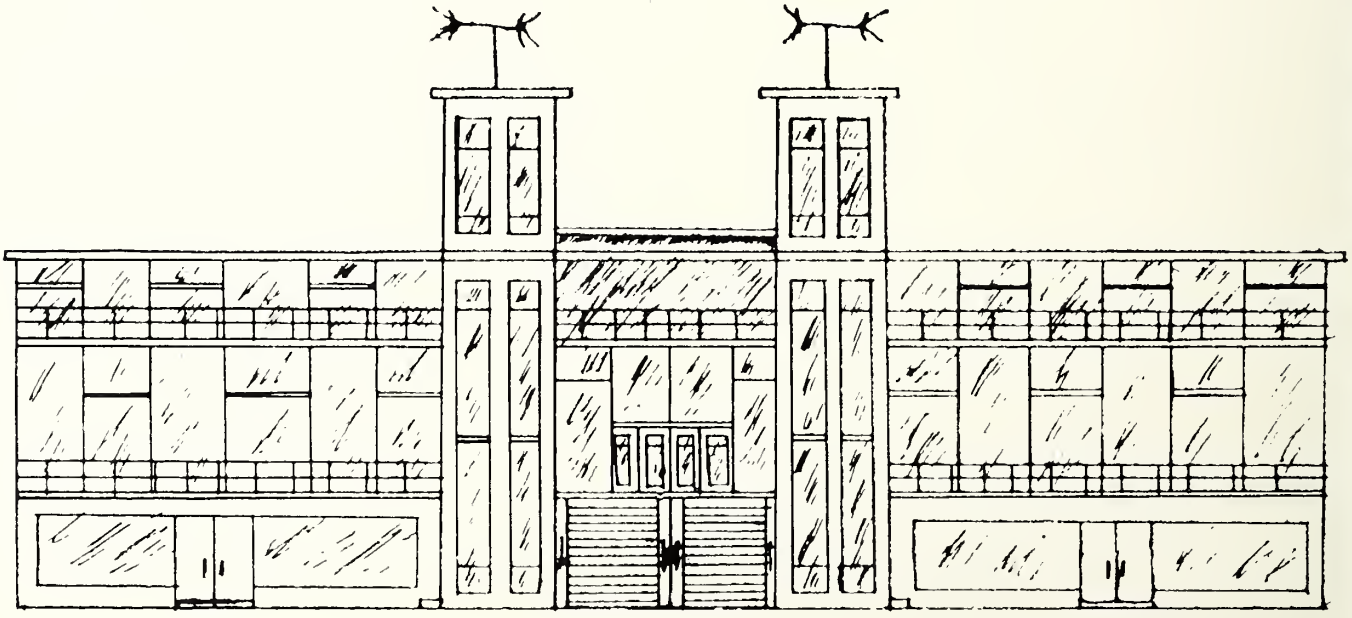
er's emotion. The two greatest blues singers of all time were Ma Rainey from Columbus, Ga., and Bessie Smith from Chattanooga, Tenn.

Now that we have Dixieland jazz torn down into its four basic components: Hot, Blues, New Orleans, and Chicago—the only thing left to do is listen and enjoy an example of each. For the most typical selections, may we suggest:

The Louis Armstrong Story—Columbia L.P.
The Chicagoans—Riverside L.P.
Ma Rainey (Vol. 3)—Riverside L.P.
The Bessie Smith Story (Vol. 4)—Columbia L.P.

If this article has succeeded in spurring your interest to know more about this fascinating subject, you can find hours of enjoyment in reading Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, published by Horizon Press, and *Hear Me Talking to Ya*, by Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro, which is published by Rhinehart & Company.

In our next article, we shall cover the music from the early 40's to the present time, and find out just what is progressive or cool about this jazz.



OUR ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF
PROPOSED RENOVATION OF OLD MAIN TO CREATE
ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY ON CAMPUS

ESTIMATED COST: $950 PER SEMESTER

SWINE SONG

—*by* Gerald Gibson

Midway up Mount Mare's southern slope,
Embraced by oak and pine,
A cabin sits where once there lived
A youth called Silas Swine.

Last-born of Paul and Sue Swine's brood,
The seventh son was he.
Most talented young Silas was,
Folks said in Sagawee.

He plowed and hunted, fished and fought,
With ease he splintered logs;
But most renowned was Silas for
His gift for calling hogs.

The mountain people loved that voice.
That beauteous clarion call
Reverberating through the hills
Had power to enthrall.

And then one day to Sagawee
To Plunker's General Store
Young Silas went to buy a nose-ring
For his prize Hampshire boar.

While at the store, Job Plunker asked,
As people always would,
That Silas give a Berkshire call
As none but Silas could.

So young Swine opened wide his mouth
And gave a tenor cry
That rattled cans on Plunker's shelves,
Cracked pickle jars nearby.

With screech of brakes a car pulled up
Before Job Plunker's store.
Two city fellows lept from it;
They burst through Plunker's door.

"Whose voice was that?" demanded they.
"Whence came that crazy note?"
" 'Twas mine," said Silas modestly,
And carefully cleared his throat.

"Why, man, you're great!" said one of them,
"The living, breathing end.
Go pack your duds and come with us.
You'll be a star, my friend!"

And so it was that Silas left
His Blue-Ridge mountainside,
His folks and neighbors, and his pigs,
For fame's luxurious ride.

Now all the world knows Silas Swine,
That great aesthetic soul,
Who gave up simple sylvan life
For lovely rock-and-roll.

The brass talk it over: Cadet Lt. Col. Joe Davis, Battle Group Executive Officer; Cadet Capt. David Smoak, Commander, Company B; and Cadet Col. Ronald Metcalf, Battle Group Commander.

Prepare. . . To Defend

— *by* —
Tommy Gasque

A clear, strong voice barking commands . . . a snappy band playing march music . . . the tramp-tramp-tramp of feet being set down, left-right left right, to the one-two beat of the bass drum . . . the voices of one hundred men shouting one-two-three-four in cadence count unison. These are the sounds that echo across the campus on every Monday afternoon. This is the Wofford College Reserve Officers Training Corps, founded in 1919, and dedicated to the principle of learning to fight to defend the freedom of America.

Every week the cadets go through a gruelling two hours of marching, manual of arms, and close-order drill. The first day the freshman military student sets foot on the drill field he begins to learn the fundamentals of drill. He learns that his left foot goes before his right, that he must stay alert to execute a By-The-Left-Flank, that he *will* attend drill every week, and that the FM 22-5 has the final word on drill procedure every time.

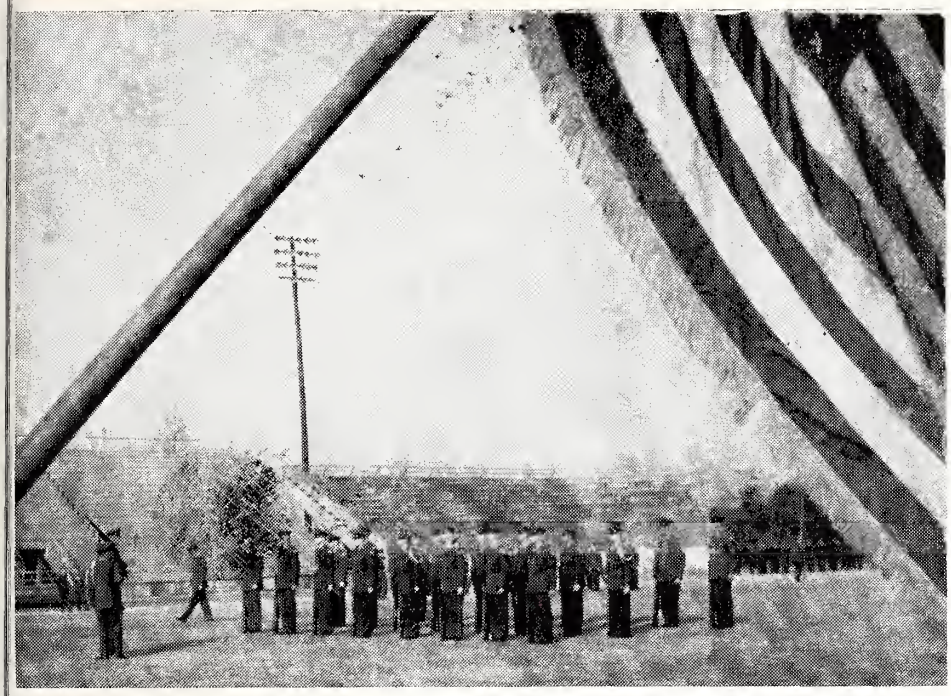
Later, the cadet is given a rifle, Caliber .30, M1. He must learn how to carry it, clean it, stack it, present it, order it, and get his thumb out of it before the bolt slams shut. Once the fundamentals are learned, the cadets drill in squads, platoons, companies, and finally, the battle group, in the colorful parade which climaxes a year of hard work.

But this weekly session of marching, manual of arms, and maneuver, is not without a purpose. No unit can be successful if it is made up of uncoordinated individual action.

Drilling with a group gives the cadet the chance to learn teamwork and the value of unified and coopera-

Present arms, a salute.

Cadence COUNT, The platoon sounds off.



Framed in the symbol of America's strength, the protectors of her freedom learn to defend.

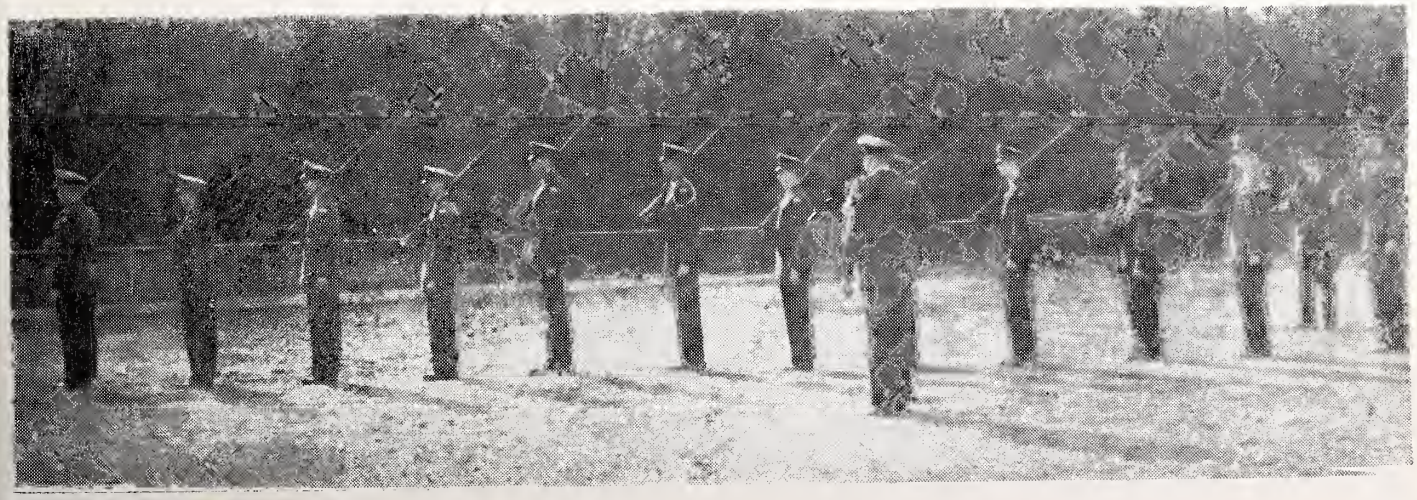
tive action, and to learn them so thoroughly that they may guide his later actions instinctively.

Secondly, drill gives cadets a chance to learn and practice leadership. Self-confidence and command voice are developed, and future military and civilian leaders learn the importance of having control over their subordinates in order that a mission may be accomplished.

This is what Wofford is contributing to the defense of her nation. The cadets are preparing to defend.

Dress right, DRESS, The squad lines up.

The long green line



A Voyage of Folly

— by —

Robert Hopper

We had been sailing for four days and yet it seemed like an eternity since we had last seen our native land. It was hard for me to remember just exactly how home was, because everything was so different on the ship. She was a small ship and though we were few in number we manned her well to be new on the ship. She was an old ship and her voyages had taken many young boys like ourselves to a new successful land.

With the exception of the captain and an old blind man, we were all young — most of us in our early twenties. We got a lot of pleasure out of talking with each other, we exchanged tales of all parts of the country. Certainly the most enjoyable part of the voyage was the stories that we shared with each other.

At first everyone took to his duties well. Responsibilities varied from person to person according to what his interests were. Of course some fellows seemed over-diligent in their tasks while others were more inclined to frolicking about the deck. Some of the fellows had made a game of attaching a rope from the topmost mast, and with it they would swing from the bow of the ship far out over the water and land again on the deck. It was not unusual for one of them to lose grasp of the rope and fall into the sea, and some even lost the force of their swing and came crashing back into the side of the boat. This only brought howls of laughter from the onlookers and perhaps a bit of hidden envy for the athlete's courage. I never tried the swinging myself. It seemed quite dangerous and I was sure that on my very first try the captain would be sure to spot me and I was sure that this folly did not meet with his approval. For some reason I did not feel quite at home with this jovial group of boys.

Of course there were others on the ship who had no interest at all in play. One fellow in particular was rarely seen on deck. Most of his time was spent on his bunk reading. He studied closely the course we were taking, and most of all he read about the place for which we were headed. Late at night his small lantern could be seen burning as he read. I talked with him on several occasions.

"I haven't quite decided what to

do once we get there," he said as he closed his book.

"I know how you feel," I replied. "I hear it's a place of many heartbreaks and failures and many chances to take."

"The chances and decisions, those are the things that I dread most. One inaccurate decision and you may be forced to start all over again. I was sure of what I wanted to do before I began this trip, but now the events of the journey have made me less sure."

"I know how you feel," I said. "Before the trip I was sure and felt safe, and now as I see the nature of our destination I'm not so sure that I should have taken the trip at all."

And so our conversations went, perhaps each time we talked growing a bit closer to more concrete answers about the nature of our destination and the purpose of our trip. There were others aboard who were concerned about our destination; and we all talked at times about what to expect.

At least there was one among us who had traveled the same course before. He was the old man, blind with his age. Often the young men would gather about him and listen as he spoke. His words were not encouraging always, and many times what he said was puzzling. But there was a glow on his face when he spoke of the experience that he had faced in this new destination that we were soon to encounter. I liked to glance about the small group as they listened and see the varied responses on their faces. There were some who wore grins of self-confidence, assured that they understood each word. Others had a puzzled look upon their faces. But the largest number were those that snickered at the blind man and said, "The old fool."

There were several strange encounters during the voyage. The first was in the form of a stow-away—a girl. It was early in the voyage when one of the young athletes was attending his usual chores in the hold of the ship. "Hey! you guys; come here," he cried. "I found a girl."

No one could believe the foolish cries, but the mere thought of such a pleasant occurrence brought everyone scuffling to the scene, except for the man at the wheel of the ship and the one book worm who was barely moved by the commotion. In an instant the entire crew was there; some in the hold, others lining the opening on deck. At first the girl was very frightened. She did not dare utter a sound. She was much younger than most of the crew. She was not attractive when compared to the memories most of the fellows had of the girls they had left, but she was on board and that went a long way toward making her appealing.

"Where you been hiding all this time?" one of the fellows asked.

The girl was still frightened as she looked about, but suddenly one of the boys laughed out, and a smile, at first very timid, appeared on her face.

"I've been moving around right under your little noses," she giggled. "You don't expect me to stay in one place, do you? And y'all just now found me."

"Hey, she's a doll!" one of the boys yelled.

"Ain't we gonna have fun!" another shouted.

And so all attenton was turned toward the new attraction of the ship. But as we came almost upon our destination, another discovery was made —wine. At first the discovery was passed along secretly to a chosen few. Only several of the boys knew of it's existence on the ship but soon it was known to all aboard. Even the old blind man knew.

"I have a fear for your safety," he shouted to those who barely paid attention to his words. "We're entering dangerous waters as we near the shore and you must be at your best. You must not be a bunch of drunken fools. Listen to me, be at your best."

But they only laughed at him. It was decided that they all should gather on the decks and have a party since it would not be long until they would be landing and they would not be in the company of each other again. So they planned their party. All the remaining kegs of wine were brought on deck. As the sun was setting, torches were lighted, and the frivolity began. The young girl was as gay as any of the others as she passed from one seaman to the next with glasses of wine. Everyone was singing save me and the captain and the old man. And let us not forget the young fellow downstairs who was not swayed from his reading and thinking by the gay times on deck.

I was somewhat puzzled at the whole affair. I grinned when one swaggering mate almost toppled overboard. There was some humor in the drunken actions of the party-goers, but I became afraid when I saw the captain running from man to man ordering him to his post. But he had lost control of his ship, and only the man at the wheel stayed at his station. Finally though the man at the wheel was overcome by the gay times being had by all but himself—and he too began to drink. Soon the wheel slipped from his grasp and he slumped drunkened to the deck. The ship lurched as it became free of its pilot, and we became hopelessly unguided on the sea.

The old man clung to the mast of the ship and shouted to those about him, "Beware of the rocks. Watch for the rocky shore. Don't miss your port."

But they only laughed at him and said, "The old blind fool."

IF . . .

Wise Olde Sayings Designed

DISHARMONY

If students seem unmanageable,
Just call them intangible.

LOVE

If you're ugly and rich and need a girl,
Cover your face with a checkbook.

INDIVIDUALISM

If you can't grow a beard,
Brush up your eyebrows.

FRIENDSHIP

If you didn't have any friends,
You'd be a complete stranger.

FOOD

If you don't like it,
Feel free to starve.

MONEY

If you're becoming a living endowment to the college,
Give yourself a scholarship.

CONFORMITY

If you can't get in a group,
Change your deodorant.

EDUCATION

If youse ain't larned nuttin',
Become a professor.

To Solve All College Problems

— *by* —

Martin Banks

FRATERNITIES

If you're not fraternity-minded,
Join a sorority.

ALCOHOL

If you've got to have it,
At least use an opaque container.

ROOMMATES

If you don't like him,
A bow and arrow won't wake the
housemother.

SLEEP

If you're not getting enough,
Ask the professor not to talk so loud.

RELIGION

If number 22 is missing from your
hymnal,
Sing 11 twice.

TRADITION

If you balk at tradition,
It's obviously admission
Of unwarranted sedition.
Your radical position
May result in dismission,
So drop your petition
And adjust to condition.

SEX

If you're preoccupied with sex . . .

Communism As A Religion

— *by* —

Joseph Davis

"Commnuism is the most dynamic political force in the world today. Science has undermined religious faith. Fascism is beaten. Social Democracy is split in rival groups. Monarchy is dead. Parliaments battle outdated procedures. Free enterprise is in retreat." [1]

Martin Ebon chose the preceding words as an introduction to his book, *World Communism Today*. They well point out what I consider the keynote to this paper. Communism is not only the most dynamic force in the world today—it is almost the only dynamic force left. While every other ideology seems to have met with decay, Communism goes on gathering power, prestige, and popularity in the world.

We quite readily recognize Communism as a political force. I do not believe that its success has been due to its political appeal, however. The intelligentsia may be swayed by the political implications of Marxism, but all Communists are not members of the intelligentsia. The vast majority who have pledged allegiance to Marxism have done so because it satisfies in them a void that traditional religion no longer fills.

Again I quote from Ebon:

"Communism today is less an economic school of thought than a modern cult. It has the characteristics of a religous movement. The strength of established religion today is much less than at any time in recent centuries. To a high degree, Communism has filled the vacuum of faith. It has replaced religious beliefs and patterns with counterbeliefs and counterpatterns. Even outwardly, the resemblance between communism and traditional religious practices is striking. There are scriptures that the initiated study. There are speeches and writings of prophets. There is a hierarchy, and there are missionaries. There is excommunication for heresy . . . and there is final salvation that will reward the sacrifices of the present." [2]

Concerning the failure of traditional religion in keeping pace with the demands of mankind, Charles S. Braden says:

"Religion has accommodated itself to capitalism. Protestantism with its individual emphasis was the religious expression of capitalism. The Church has become largely a capitalistic affair, but we are coming into the 'Age of the Common Man,' and religion, keeping pace with the changing age, must become meaningful for the Common Man if it is to survive. Communism is a profound challenge to religion at this point, not alone to Christianity, but to Buddhism as well. Owing to the desperate economic situation of the masses in Asia, there may be a drift toward Communism as in China unless Buddhism manages to keep pace with the demands of the age." [3]

In today's world, where everything is supposed to be explained, man finds it difficult to accept traditional concepts of religion. They are not scientifically explainable. Much depends on faith—which may be interpreted by some as superstition. Communism, on the other hand, appears to be quite realistic and compatible with modern scientific concepts held by the mass of common mankind. What I am saying is that man—generally speaking—is as confused concerning scientific methods as he is concerning "faith" and "belief," and if he "*thinks*" he understands science, and finds an ideology which fits his conceptions, then he will be willing to accept that ideology as his own. Communism has come on the scene at a time when it fits man's needs.

Not all of Marxism is based on science:

"It claims to be such a science, but Eastman concludes that it is itself founded on a gigantic act of 'religious faith', the dogma that history is working inevitably for the establishment of the classless society."[4]

This further points up the ignorance of those who claim to accept Communism because of its lack of abstractions.

Whereas the ordinary man may look upon religion which promises a better life in another world as being out of place with his orderly mind, he

accepts the premise of Marxism that man himself is capable of bringing to pass on this earth that better life which he longs for. Instead of a vague "heaven" he anticpiates a more conceivable "classless society", which would elevate his position in the world considerably.

A common assertion is that Communism thrives among discontent. This fact can be interpreted as saying that Communism is serving the same purpose today as the reformation served during its day. It is supplying a rebirth to people's energy. It is giving a creed that does not appear to be other-worldly nor based on abstractions.

A certain amount of popular appeal of Communism comes from the fact that it promises to "level down" a great segment of society. To the millions in China who must have thought the end of the world had come and gone, the prospects of a classless society must indeed be enticing. The spread of Communism in China proved to be largely due to the efforts of the peasants. These peasants were attracted to Communism through selfish motives and not political convictions.

It would be crediting the Chinese peasant with more knowledge, wisdom and rationality than we have attributed to him in centuries if we were to conclude that he helped to spread Communism because he considered it the better of two polictical systems. Rather, he has acted under the same motivation and toward the same ends as most people in America. Few will deny that the American belongs to his church because his parents did. Few will deny that he votes for his party for the same reason. If we in America do not cling to our convictions through any process of reasoning, we could not think that a Chinese peasant will.

It may be argued that Communism cannot be considered a religion because it is so Godless and ruthless. My contention is that these are only aspects of the religion itself. Of course it differs from traditional religion in a great many respects but there are differences even among traditional religions. For example, consider the pacifism advocated by true Christianity as compared with the fighting spirit of Islam. Communism is almost a completely new religion incorporating ideals of other religions as well as ideas considered heretical by those same groups. Times and needs change. Traditional religion has failed to keep pace with the needs and desires of the world's people and Communism has served notice that it is ready, willing and completely able to satisfy those needs.

Enter!

The Helmus Poetry Contest

●

Cash Prizes

●

Deadline: March 15th

In 1937 the Pope made a statement which indicated that he considered Communism to have a religious aspect:

"The Communism of today, more emphatically than similar movements in the past, conceals within itself a false messianic idea. A pseudo-ideal of justice, of equality and fraternity in labor impregnates all its doctrines and activity with a deceptive mysticism which communicates a zealous and contagious enthusiasm to the multitude entrapped by its delusive promises . . . In its doctrine there is no room for the idea of God; there is no difference between matter and spirit, soul and body; there is neither survival of the soul after death nor any hope of future life . . . Class struggle with its consequent violent hate and destruction, takes on the aspect of a crusade for the progress of humanity, and all other forces of whatever nature, if they resist such systematic violence, must be annihilated as hostile to the human race."[5]

The very fact that organized religion is disturbed indicates an awareness of a challenge for men's allegiance. Here is a statement from Alexander Miller which shows that in spite of Communism being anti-Christian it carries out the functions of a religion:

"Marxism and official Christianity are held to be opposite errors, each holding one aspect of a double truth which ought to be complementary. Christianity is true as to theory, Marxism as to practice. Christianity affirms that history is the sphere of God's rule but in fact is so yoked to vested interest and bemused by otherworldiness that it will not yield to God's demands. Marxism is busy about the actual carrying into effect of the will of God, but will not expressly acknowledge him. Official Christianity is like the son in the Gospel who said 'I go' and went not; but Communism is like the other son who said 'I go not' but went. Clearly Marxism has the advantage here . . ."[6]

Miller goes on to draw the following equation:

pre-socialist man equals unredeemed man
classless man equals redeemed man
classless society equals kingdom of God[7]

Religion supplies a code of ethics for man. Traditional religion as a general rule prescribes pacifist habits. Communism sets forth an ideal to be reached at any cost. If one must destroy something which hinders his attainment of the classless society, then it is acceptable to do so. Marxism say capitalism must be destroyed by violent means. The man who adopts Communism need feel no

(Continued overleaf)

qualms upon commiting violence. He may rationalize by saying he is "furthering the cause." Again he has the feeling that he is doing something useful—a rare enough experience in the modern man.

Ebon says that Communism helps to heal insecurity by giving an opportunity for everyone to appear to be doing something constructive. There are meetings at which the members may collect funds, draft a resolution, organize a strike or any number of similar activities. To further illustrate the religious atmosphere of a meeting, Ebon says, "There are others like him he believes, and in such unity lies strength. What such strength will be used for may be ignored in an atmosphere of mass intoxication through oratory and slogans."[8]

To quote H. B. Mayo from his book, *Democracy and Marxism:*

"Between Marxism and scientific methods there is, on the whole, very little in common except the use of the word science. But there is an illuminating parallel between Marxism and organized religions which is worth noting, not because of the exactness of the comparison at every point, but because of the insight it gives into the nature and attraction of Marxism.

"First, one is struck by the use of religious language in the very origins of the Marxist system. Marx and Engels at first considered calling the Communist Manifesto a creed, a catechism, or a confession of faith. Ever since then, no matter to which splinter group they belong, Marxists have used the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin exactly as devout and literal-minded persons use the Bible or the Koran.

"Second, Marxism may be regarded as a revelation, as a gospel of deliverance to the poor. The proletariat is a kind of Chosen People, who alone will possess the New Jerusalem.

"Third, it is useless to expect a change in the hardened hearts of the bourgeoisie, and thus the new order cannot come gradually; only a cataclysm, the revolution, can bring it about.

"Fourth, the struggle may be short or long, but beyond it there lies the millennium. Marx's millennium is of this earth: the classless society.

"Fifth . . . the Communist party is like a church hierarchy or priestly caste. The duty of obedience comes before everything else, and the party has built up throughout the world a remarkable reputation for enthusiasm, industry, and plain living. The party also has its saints and martyrs, and accords them an almost religious veneration. The cult of Lenin and Stalin is one of the features of Russian life . . .

"Sixth . . . the way in which Communist doctrines are held, interpreted, and enforced is astonishingly like the way in which some religious creeds are safeguarded.

"Seventh, there is in both Marxism and religion the idea of inevitability, the same belief in ultimate victory, which is guaranteed by the eternal laws of history and the universe. Yet in both there is also the awareness that man must play his part in furnishing the grand design, and so a complete fatalism is generally avoid-

"I don't care if you do hate your sister's guts, eat what's put before you!"

ed.

"Eighth, in Marxism as in religion, here is the same claim to universally valid truths. Marxism consists of the processes of history made conscious.' The theory is true, and there is no argument about it; he who is not with it is against it: there is no middle position.

"Ninth, Marxism is not only a social theory, it is also a point of view on the world, which like religious faith meets a deep craving in man, and enables him to integrate his life."[9]

"Marx and Engels developed systematically a political—social religion by combining belief in social perfectibility (taken over from utopian socialists), on historical—dialectical determinism learned from Hegel, a naturalistic—atheistic view of men, and scientific economic analysis."[10]

One of the most impressive displays of the success of Communism has occurred in China. In a country where many said Communism could not succeed because of the strength of the family unit, Communism has conquered practically everyone and everything. Old religions have been abandoned. Families have been destroyed as such. The youth of the nation are growing to maturity with intentions of seeing the final classless society in their lifetime. The slogans urging the people to surpass Britain within 15 years have been changed to read 5 years. Never before have the Chinese united their efforts to such a degree as now.

Recently *Time* and *Newsweek* carried similar articles describing the state of affairs in China. Both articles brought out the fact that industry had come to the individual home —so to speak. Families have been broken up and people placed in communes to perform labor as required. The family ownings have been confiscated. The people have developed so much energy that they seem to be nearly approaching fatigue. The only thing that keeps them going is the promise that if they consent to suffer now they will surely live happily ever after.

Truly, the fanaticism shown by the Chinese stems from a religious acceptance of Communism and its leaders.

Charles S. Braden states in his book *War, Communism and World Religions*, that Communist organizers try to stir the emotions of people by using slogans, parades and mass trials. He says that it is certainly not to the intellect that such devices are aimed. On his world tour Braden found that many people see a similarity between Communism and other traditional religions. Braden relates a conversation he had in Japan with a Shinto professor:

"Indeed, one Shinto professor pointed out that in that area Shinto and Communism had more in common than Christianity and Communism, for he regarded Christianity as more other-worldly in its emphasis than Shinto, which makes little of the future life, while Communism completely denies it."[11]

Braden further states that there exists in some people's minds a belief in similarity between Confucianism and Communism. There is the habit of self-examination in both. Two techniques used by Communism are the keeping of a diary, and the compulsory confession in which one is obliged to express in public his failure to follow the proper course of conduct.

Even Chinese Buddhism has a likeness with Communism. "Buddhism, in its more philosophical aspects, is less objectionable to Communists than other faiths, because at this level there is no belief in a personal god, or indeed any. Nor would it be too difficult to work out some likeness between the Buddhist doctrine of Karma and that of the inevitable working out of the dialectic materialism which is central in Communist ideology."[12]

Braden even sees Communists as being like Jehovah's Witnesses — which group might be considered non-religious by some unthinking individuals. He sees this resemblance in that Communists make great use of literature, lectures, films and posters.

Many people see a certain degree of victory for Communism. They anticipate a day when the goals of Communism will be achieved, but not in a ruthless manner. They hope for an awakening in Christianity which will lead it to achieve those values. One wonders if traditional religion has waited too late to enjoy a rebirth.

---

[1]Martin Ebon, *World Communism Today*, p. v.

[2]*Ibid.*, p. 435.

[3]Charles S. Braden, *War, Communism and World Religions*, p. 120.

[4]Alexander Miller, *The Christian Significance of Karl Marx*, p. 56.

[5]Braden, *op. cit.*, p. 262.

[6]Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

[7]*Ibid.*, p. 71.

[8]Ebon, *op. cit.*, p. 436.

[9]H. B. Mayo, *Democracy and Marxism*, pp. 221- 25.

[10]Waldemar Gurian, *Bolshevism: An Introduction to Soviet Communism*, p. 21.

[11]Braden, *op. cit.*, p. 47.

[12]*Ibid.*, p. 75.

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PLAYMATE

The *Playmate* which appeared in the last issue of *The Journal* was a copy of a creature which had previously appeared in various college magazines throughout the country. We are quite proud of Kirk Prouty's copy, but we must admit that it is only a *copy*.

SHADOW ON A POOL

— *by* —
David C. Johnson

We had camped there many times before, but this time it seemed different. There was something ominous about the atmosphere, and one time I caught a whiff of some peculiar scent I had never smelled there before. I could not decide what it was, though.

My two friends, Tom Felts and Herb Powell, and I had just reached the small clearing on the side of Mount Mitchell. We had camped at many places around the top of the mountain, but had decided on this place, about 800 feet from the top, because it was away from the tourists who visited the top by the hundreds. This place was hard to get to and was very secluded, even a little lonely.

The sun was setting as we sat down to rest before putting the tent up. The last rays of the sun were touching only the tops of the other peaks around us and I forgot for the moment the ominous feeling that had crept over me as I watched the beautiful colors of the landscape brought out by the setting sun.

"You and Tom put the tent up while I go get some firewood," said Herb.

"Just make sure the wood you find is dry enough to burn," I replied.

Tom stood looking out over the valley, which was by now half enveloped in dusk, and without turning around asked, "Do you smell anything peculiar?"

"I thought I did awhile ago, but I must have been mistaken," I replied. "We better put up that tent before it gets dark," I said hurriedly.

We started putting the tent up, and nothing more was said about the smell, nor did I mention the ominous feeling to Tom or Herb. Herb came back with the wood just as we finished setting up the tent. It was getting dark when we got the fire built, and its warmth felt good even in the middle of the summer, high up on the side of the tallest mountain in the eastern United States.

We talked, while we ate our supper, about many things, but especially about what we would do if we had a lot of money. The sky was clear and the first stars were becoming visible as the sun went further on its trip to the other side of the earth. As I ate I also looked around and took in every detail of the campsite. It was a small clearing, made almost as if someone had spooned a small hunk out of the mountainside. In front of the clearing was a large flat rock, which was actually the top of a high cliff that dropped off into the valley.

After we finished eating, Tom set up an antenna for a portable radio he had brought along. We listened to some music and then the 9 o'clock news came on. The announcer said searchers had still found no trace of a wealthy banker who had left home six days ago and had not been heard from since. We listened to some more music and then laid out sleeping bags on the rock, since it did not look as it if would rain. I lay there looking out over the valleys. The moon, which had just come up, bathed everything in a light that seemed to make things glow. Here and there a faraway farmhouse light showed and once in a while a car light would peep around a curve in the road far below. There had been a hard thunder-shower the night before and water could be heard trickling off a rock into a small pool below and to the right of us.

The moon had traveled over halfway across the sky when I awoke suddenly. I looked at my watch. It

was 3 o'clock. Then that ominous feeling came over me again. It struck me suddenly, almost like fear, and yet there was nothing to be afraid of. Herb and Tom were sleeping soundly only a few feet from me. I tried to forget the feeling, but instead it caused a cold sweat to pop out on me and a chill to run all over my body.

I crawled over to the edge of the rock to let a warm breeze from the valley blow into my face. Then I smelled the scent again. It was a sickening smell, like the scent that came from a barrel of old scrap-meat behind the butcher shop. It was probably a dead animal somewhere below us.

I lay there for a long time looking over the edge of the cliff. I looked around to the right and noticed the pool created by the rainwater dripping off the rocks about it. It was reflecting shows cast by the light of the moon on the surface of the water. The tree limbs made irregular, jerky movements in the reflections, but there was one of the shadows that had a steady, rhythmic swing to it.

I kept staring at the reflection in the water. It was too far away to be seen clearly in the moonlight, but the more I looked at it the more it looked like a body. I awoke Tom and Herb, who had a powerful flashlight with him. He pointed the beam of light at the pool, but we could see nothing except the shadow on the water.

"It does look like a body," said Tom.

"Well, I don't know about you two, but I can't sleep another wink until I find out for sure," Herb said.

"Let's try to find a way down there before the moon goes down," I said.

After a rigorous struggle to get down the mountainside, through the trees we saw the worst sight any of us had ever seen. Dangling from a rope was the lost banker.

He must have been awfully tired of living. ●

BOOKS

— *by* —

Gerald Gibson

On the Beach—by Nevil Shute. A tale well calculated to prod the complacent.

For any who are presently pretty well satisfied to give cold wars, H-bombs, and related topics only cursory consideration, and prefer to remain undisturbed, I suggest strongly that you avoid at all costs reading this book. In this novel, Shute has taken as a theme a topic usually left to the purple-people-eater - take-me-to-your-leader-type science fiction writer—the not-very-distant future destruction of our world. Many contrasts could be made between *On the Beach* and the majority of modern science - fiction, but probably the greatest contrast is that it is unnecessary that one possess an extraordinarily elastic imagination in order to accept as not at all unlikely the events which take place in this book. In Shute's story, the old globe doesn't collide with a wandering planet or fall into the sun, but its inhabitants (those who haven't been mercifully destroyed by cobalt bombs) are slowly killed off by radiation sickness, brought on by too much of a bad thing—radioactivity from a brief but violent nuclear world war.

Shute's bit of crystal gazing is, as a whole, well done. Though the story tends to drag slightly in places, and at times one gets the impression that it is being padded, the over-all result is that so many small details concerning the characters are given that the reader is drawn into and becomes intimately acquainted with their everyday lives. He feels the sense of helpless frustration as the predicted date for the end approaches. The progressive stages of the radiation sickness are described so exactly that the reader finds himself asking frequently, "What if—?" As one by one humanity's few remaining days slip away, the reader tends to believe with the people of the story, that somehow a last minute loophole will be found to save at least the main characters; and it is perhaps through this effect that Shute's book makes it greatest impact.

All in all, *On the Beach* makes for one of the most absorbing and undoubtedly most thought - provoking pieces of fiction around. But in case you have a phobia or something about books—I understand they're making *On the Beach* into a movie. ●

JOURNAL ON THE TOWN

(Continued from page 2)

Footnotes in Jazz — 11:00-12:00 p.m. Sundays.

Metropolitan Opera Company — 2 p.m. Saturdays.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra —8:30-10:30 p.m. Saturdays. Conducted by Leonard Bernstein.

Musical Trip to Europe—10:30-11:00 p.m. Saturdays. Includes selections familiar to European countries.

Invitation to Learning—8:30-9:00 p.m. Mondays.

ART EXHIBIT

By Al Fleck of Spartanburg in the Converse College Library, at present. In March, etchings by Miss Elizabeth White of Tryon, N. C., will be on exhibit. ●

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COMMENT

BAUBLES, BAGATELLES, AND BEARDS . . .

Each of us at one time or another is faced with the problem of writing extensively when we have absolutely nothing to say. From such a situation comes this chapter of *Comment*. Now that we have made a frank admission of the worthlessness of this editorial, we can proceed without any fear of censure.

Despite the fact that the editorial says nothing, there are many articles in this issue which we think say very much. Since we believe that a continuation of last year's *Entries* would spoil the pristine symmetry of our first page, we have eliminated that feature of the magazine. But with that infallible logic that one can find hereabouts, we shall mention on this last page several articles which make this issue different.

Probably the first thing which you noticed about this issue is that it contains more poetry than has been found in any issue during the past two years. One of our purposes in this issue is the promotion of the *Second Annual Helmus Poetry Contest*, and we believe that the poems appearing this month have, in addition to their intrinsic worth, a secondary value in that they exemplify various tones and styles which are common to poetry on this campus.

The cultists on campus will be particularly interested in Joe Davis' statements concerning Communism as a religion. Before we are accused of treason, let us say that we do not advocate, propose, or even dream of any scheme to trade religion in for Communism.

The Mukes and the Jukes clash in Franklyn Sanders' *Picasso and the Playmate* (anyone I know?). Variations on the same theme pervade Robert Hopper's tale of a foolish voyage. And, still on the Wofford scene, artist architect Jim Sanders achieves immortality of a sort with his proposed renovation of Old Main.

In an attempt to help stamp out rock-'n-roll, we printed in the first issue an introduction to Jazz by John Williams. In this issue Tony Brooks takes the series one step further with his *Trumpets and Drums—The Sound of the Slums*. Plans are now being made for articles on swing and progressive jazz to appear in the next two issues.

For our first picture story of the year Tommy Gasque presents some unique glimpses of drill. Now that we have seen that there is an artistic side to drill, we can only say: "Ah, life *can* be beautiful!"

* * * * *

The Italians have an old proverb which says: "The beard does not make the philosopher." And judging from the appearance of things at Wofford, it seems that we have about as many self-made Italians as self-made Continentals. The general opinion seems to be that the beard not only has no practical value, but that it is an evil much to be destroyed. The datribes against the bearded in the college newspaper, the anathemas hurled at them from all sections of the campus, and the threats of violence by razor-wielding mobs—all of these things indicate a mild antipathy toward the bearded on the Wofford campus, at least toward those who cultivate growths because of personal reasons completely aside from any group action. Since a defense from one of the bearded would be rather one-sided, we have stuck our nose into an affair which does not concern us; and the result is the following *Apologia pro Barba Sua:*

(1) It is very unkindly for us to cast aspersions upon those who are too poor to buy razor blades.

(2) Famous men throughout history have worn beards. Some of them are Da Vinci, Van Gogh, Havelock Ellis, Mitch Miller, Santa Claus, Robert E Lee, and Alfred E. Neuman.

(3) Growing a beard is a sign of masculinity commensurate with lifting bar-bells, wearing after-shave lotion, and singing "I'm a Man." Although some bearded ladies have been noted in side-shows, they are more freakish than bearded men; and their existence may be discounted.

(4) Beards are handy for catching spilled peanuts, popcorn, chili.

(5) Individuals do have some personal rights. If someone gets the power to tell another when to shave, next he will be dictating how one should comb his hair and what one can and cannot wear.

(6) Beards are not radical; they are as reactionary as crew-neck sweaters and English tab shirts. Just consider how many of Wofford's first professors wore beards.

(7) The localized aversion to hirsute growths is simply a tangible manifestation of a subliminal tendency toward blame-transference, or scape-goatism, as any uncommonly astute psychology student will tell you. Or, as one of the persecuted said recently: "Why's evabody always pickin' on me?"

—Jerry O. Cook

THE JOURNAL

Sixty-nine Years Deep in Wofford College Tradition

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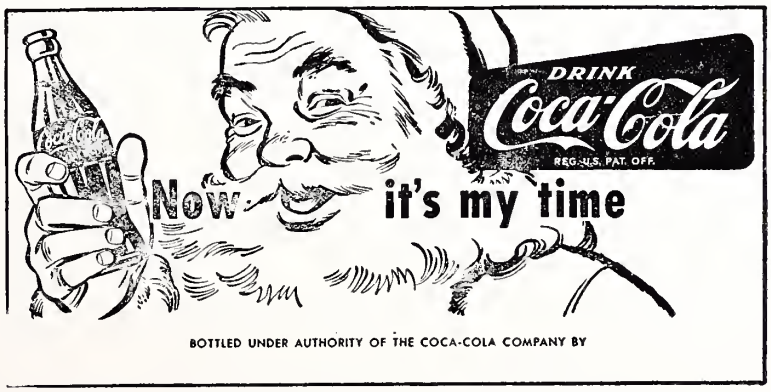

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THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE —::— APRIL, 1959

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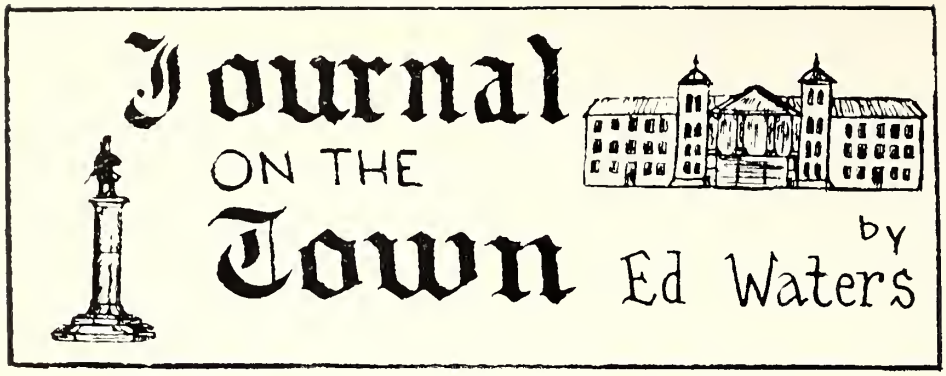


PLAYS, CONCERTS & SPEAKERS

April 7

Elizabeth Boatwright Coker, writer, will speak in Converse Twichell Auditorium at 10:30 a.m. Miss Coker will meet with students interested in writing in the afternoon.

April 10

Senior Recital — to be given by Ruth Junker, at the piano, and Jo Ellen Bryson, on the violin, in Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.

April 13

Graduate Recital—to be given by Katherine Cribb, at piano, in Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Miss Cribb will play selections of Schubert, Franck, Haydn, and Bach.

April 14-18

No Time for Sergeants—a farce. To be presented at Spartanburg Little Theatre each evening at 8:30 p.m. Directed by David Reid, with settings by Ed McGrath. The cast of 33 persons includes several Wofford students.

April 24-25

Hedda Gabler—a play by Henrik Ibsen. Converse Chapel Theatre at 8:00 p.m. Winifred Harris will play the title role in this play in modern translation, James Parker, director.

April 27

Jorge Bolet—pianist, guest artist in concert with the Spartanburg Symphony Orchestra, Henry Janiec, conductor. Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Sponsored by the Spartanburg Concert Series. Highlight of the evening will be Tchaikowsky's *Concerto No.* 1 in B flat minor.

May 1

The Bartered Bride—an opera by Czech-born Bedrich Smetana. At Twichell Auditorium at 8:00 p.m., John Richards McCrae, producer-director; Henry Janiec, musical director and conductor. Sponsored by CC Opera Workshop. The cast will include Mary Ann Medford, Headly Barnsly, Jewel Miller, David Penninger, and Wofford students: Pierce Arant, Frank Gore, and Bill Whetsell.

May 1-2

Arsenic and Old Lace—a play by J. B. Priestly. Spartanburg High School at 8:00 p.m. Directed by Wade Burley, sponsored by the Drama Department.

May 3

Spartanburg Civic Band—in concert, conducted by Gilbert Carp. Converse College Amphitheatre at 4:00 p.m.

MOVIES

April 8-9

Smallest Show on Earth—starring comical Bill Travers and Margaret Rutherford in unrivaled upside down scope and glorious black and white. Palmetto Theater. Fine Films presentation.

April 6-12

Rio Bravo—starring John Wayne and Ricky Nelson. Filmed in color in Africa. Carolina Theater.

April 16

Don Giovanni—an opera by Wolfgang Mozart. A replay of this excellent arts film in color. Carolina Theater.

April 20-21

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—starring Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman, from the play by Tennessee Williams. Color and Cinemascope. MGM replay. Palmetto Theater.

April 22-23

Gigi—starring Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. Color and Cinemascope. Palmetto Theater.

TV—WSPA

April 10

Swing into Spring—A variety show featuring Benny Goodman, among many other favorites. 9-10 p.m.

April 18

Hollywood Playhouse—CBS Network weekly feature, starting at 9 p.m.

April 23

Browning Version—a play. 9:30-11:00. DuPont Show of the Month.

April 24

Pontiac Special—featuring Gene Kelly. 9:30-10:30 p.m.

April 26

Meet Me in St. Louis—a musical comedy variety show, featuring Tab Hunter, Jane Powell, Ed Wynn, Myrna Loy. 9-11 p.m.

Special Feature

The Big Idea—Tuesdays at 7:30 a.m. Panel discussions led by Dean Philip Covington of the college.

RADIO—WSPA

Stereo Sound—1:05-3:00 p.m. on Saturdays.

Nite Cap—9:05 to midnight. Monday through Saturday. Music of all kinds.

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra—10:05-11 p.m. on Sundays. George Szell, conductor.

Footnotes in Jazz—11-12 p.m. on Sundays.

New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra—8:30-10:30 p.m. on Saturdays. Leonard Bernstein, conductor.

Invitation to Learning—8:30-9:00 p.m. on Mondays.

OF WOMEN AND FEMININITY

(A Lament in the Wilderness)

—— *by* ——

GERALD GIBSON

You remember when women used to be women? I mean real, honest-to-goodness *feminine-type* women?

Heck no, you don't. Not if you've lived in the good old U. S. for only a couple or three decades.

Back before that—well, I can't vouch for it, but I've heard a few old-timers tell tall tales about some kind of soft, affectionate, gentle, modest creature, whose greatest happiness lay in mastering the art of being a loving wife and help-mate for her spouse, and a good mother for a half dozen or so types. That's the way they tell it. Frankly, I'm a little dubious. I don't care what Darwin said I don't believe that any creature who fitted the old-timers' description could have evolved into present-day woman.

But it's a good thought—feminine women.

Of course "feminine" may have one meaning for you, and another for me,

and so on down the line until you run out of people. We could resort to a dictionary definition, but sometimes Webster tends to be long on definitions, but necessarily short on semantic shadings. He gives in this case such meanings as "characteristic of women," which could lead one to conclude that one good synonym for feminine might be "changeable" (that being about the only enduring female characteristic of which I, personally, am aware). It is highly improbable that anyone ever attempts to define exactly for himself so exclusive a concept as femininity. Nevertheless, most everyone has some sort of mental picture (at least, most men do) of—what shall we call it?—"an archetypal femininity." Actualy, there cannot be drawn any distinct demarcation separating the realm of things feminine from that of things masculine. The delimitation consists at best of a fairly wide strip of some neutral color, and those qualities that once dwelled exclusively in one realm or the other, seem to be constantly discovering themselves to be denizens of this no-gender's land. Instead of my attempting to define femininity from my own point of view, let's probe into the edges of this neutral strip, and look at a couple of the qualities to be found there.

According to the old-timers, there are several traits that have grown increasingly predominant among American females of late. Even in my short span of years there have been gradual but quite obvous changes in the behavior of the "average" American woman, which would tend to give some support to the veracity of the old-timers.

Take smoking, for insance. It's an accepted fact, I think, that women's smoking has increased at an almost astronomical rate during the past score or so years. In the early 1900's about the only women who smoked were a few refined ladies from the less-populated portions of our country, such as the Ozark and Blue-Ridge mountains. (The art of corncob-pipe-making probably reached its apex with them.) Not so now. To find a non-smoker among the women of today is no small task.

Of course, to say that smoking—or *any* trait, habit, or the like—is in itself masculine or feminine would be absurd. However, it would seem that there are still a number of qualities which most of us associate with either femininity or masculinity. In a poll conducted among area college students, 70 per cent of all students questioned said that they associated the use of tobacco with masculinity; which doesn't *prove* anything particularly, but it would seem to imply that practically nobody considers smoking to be feminine (only 2 per cent said it to be feminine), and quite a few consider it to be a masculine trait, for whatever the majority opinion is worth. All other things being equal, I can't imagine why any man in his right mind would pick a non-smoker over a smoker for a wife. What can be more attractive than gracile, shapely, tobacco-stained fingers; what more intoxicating than the aroma of Channel No. 5 mingled with nicotine breath when a girl leans near to whisper sweet nothings in the ear of her fellow (or vice versa for that matter)?

Another little practice that is becoming more open if not actually more frequent, is the use of profanity by women. Men used to figure that for some reason they had a monopoly on the more vile expressions of the language. They know better today. After all, it's only just that women not be compelled to keep bottled up inside themselves all the slightly-less-than-beautiful interjections that are constantly being born in the modern problem-plagued mind, the interjections that have kept men so amazingly well-adjusted from time immemorial. And this belated turn toward self-expression without fear of reprimand for both sexes serves to eliminate potential awkward gaps in conversation, since any such are easily filled with any of an endless variety of jokes and anecdotes previously considered vulgar or lewd, which obviously take on much more charm when spoken softly by and punctuated with the lilting laughter of a lady.

One concept not included directly in the poll, but about which several students voluntarily commented, is that of the increased independence of modern woman. Back in 1848, when Mrs. Mott started all this stuff about equal rights for American women, I doubt that her intent was to start women on a road that would eventually lead to a society which, if judged by external appearances, might be mistaken for a monosexual society. She was probably more concerned with *equality* rather than *identity* with men, a distinction which seems to have escaped today's woman.

I don't doubt that any reasonable man will agree that his forefathers treated his fore-mothers a bit shabbily at times. He would not deny woman's basic "equality." Nor yet does he want her to become a loveable zombie who gladly obeys his every command. But the main male complaint seems to be that women have become so intent on *proving* "independence" that they have spent less and less time in perfecting the art of being a woman. To quote one Wofford junior: "I like a girl who's not so doggone independent. I'll admit it—I like a shy, retiring type of girl." This is not to say that a woman should be an opinionless, helpless mouse, but merely that she should leave the initiative-taking to the man to some extent. Perhaps this shy, retiring type is not every man's ideal, but I don't find it such an undesirable one myself. Though I wouldn't go so far as to suggest that American women become back-scrubbers a la *Sayonara* for their husbands, there are a few pointers that the occidental woman could pick up from her oriental counterpart and not be hurt

by so doing. For some exclusive reason, Western woman prefers to be a completely independent woman's woman rather than a more dependent *man's* woman; she prefers the admiration of her fellow woman to the love of her fellow man.

Let's face it, men: we're becoming less and less necesary.

Well, there we have some examples of qualities that are now falling into the neutral zone; or rather some that are being placed there by those females who think that by decreasing the number of characteristics which have been labeled "masculine," they are gaining more rights for themselves and asserting their independence. And not only are they highly successful in convincing themselves that they are thereby obtaining these cherished goals, but they ore also apparently rapidly converting men to their mode of thinking.

Back to our example of smoking again. A little less than 28 per cent of the students questioned in the aforementioned poll (38.2 per cent of the women and 21.4 per cent of the men) considered the use of tobacco to be neither a masculine or feminine practice, or could not decide which it was, thereby placing it, for themselves at least, in the neutral strip of no-gender's land.

If smoking (still as an example) among women is now markedly less rare that in by-gone years, there must have been a time when the American female considered smoking to be definitely unfeminine, if not masculine; and there must also have been a time when she had to decide between giving up some degree of what was then considered femininity, and something obviously more important which would be gained by taking up a pre-American woman at some point *chose to appear less feminine.*

What prompted this decision? I suppose that the psychologists and sociologists and the other experts have some logical, scientific explanations, but I'm not familiar with them and anyway, all this is more in the nature of a complaint by one who realizes that the battle is already long lost rather than an endeavor to solve a problem. Nevertheless, it does set one wondering, since there is not a readily-apparent reason for this election to invade the man's world. There must be some tremendous advantage, if only we males weren't too blind to see it—or maybe some of you do.

About 45 per cent of the men students (and suprisngly, only 50 per cent of the female students) said they were completely satisfied with the present degree of femininity among women; they don't think women are becoming less feminine. But in questioning some of these men, I found that while man will settle for women as they are, he still, as one pollee put it, "always dreams of a perfect mate."

I set about getting some idea of what this dream includes, and briefly, while naturally everyone's dreams differ to some extent, there are several ideal qualities that were mentioned frequently—(1) dependence on men, (2) long hair, (3) modesty, (4) abstinence from smoking, drinking, and use of profanity, and (5) affectionateness, not necessarily in that order. These qualities we are forced to call "ideal" since practicaly no man any longer has the vaguest hope of actualy finding a mate with even a fraction of them. But are these unreasonable?

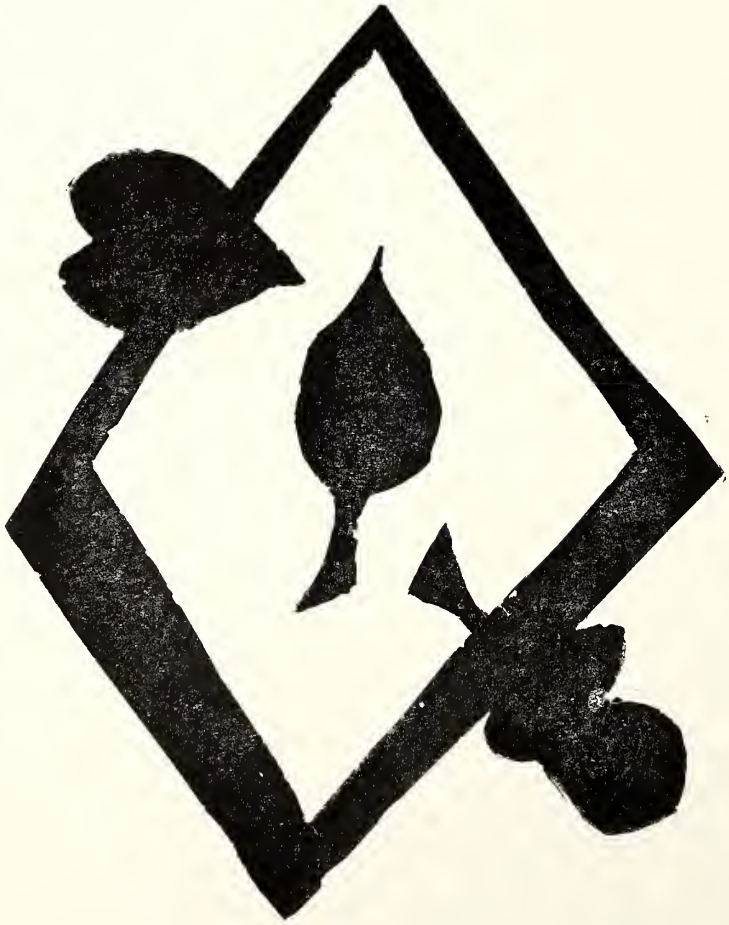
And let me emphasize again: men will settle for a lot less. They have no choice, and they know it.

Women have come a long way since Mrs. Mott started her war against descrimination against women in America. Whether or not it's been progress is a different matter. She is definitely more free to do as she pleases; the question now is, does she do as she does because she pleases, or does she do as she does to prove that she can do as she pleases? Oh, well, men have never understood the workings of a woman's mind; why try to understand them now?

So to you fools who still dream of finding a virtuous, modest, affectionate, softly-feminine creature who would be quite happy mothering your children and being a loving wife and help-mate for you—forget it. Times have changed. There are only a handful of that kind left (and to those I express my apologies and admiration), and you ain't got a chance.

But it's still a nice thought—feminine women.

GOODBYE MOTHER



—— *by* ——

George B. Martin

A small slit of light could be seen through the room door and its rays lined a small unfocused circle into the dark of the dormitory hallway. Faint sound of profanity and the rap of beer cans being placed on a table echoed lightly down the hall. The campus clock struck twice with distant clangs that rang clearly through the quiet of the hour.

Behind the door the Mouse stirred restlessly from his chair and left his position by the door to remove a beer can from the cooler by a blanket-covered-table's edge.

"Git back to that door, Mouse!" a drunken voice said and the Mouse quickly resumed his position at the door and peered out through the crack into the dark hallway. It was as he had left it with only the reflection of the latrine light glowing on the cream walls.

"Gimme three," the same voice said, and a slender spectacled youth dealt the cards expertly. Demands for more cards followed, and he dealt about the table to each demand with the same ease and unconcern. His face was void of expressiond as he leered across the table smuggly. He drank from a glass rather than a can. He studied his cards carefully and bet with the game. There was an insolent casualness in his movements.

Across the table from him, his face beaded with sweat and muttering oaths under his breath and holding a stump of a cigar between his teeth that he only removed in order to drink heavily from the Budweiser can before him, was the one they called the Big Moose. His movements were slow and clumsy. He seemed to get great pleasure from playing. His eyes followed the dealer contemptuously,

reflecting the intense hatred he had for the dealer's apparent lack of concern.

On his right was the one they called Jack. He laughed frequently and was quick with a remark. He rubbed his crew-cut and bet easily with a reserved air of caution calculated to create the impression of being a skillful player. He was conscious of every expression on every face at the table and adjusted his to fit the average. He had a moderate pile of chips before him.

Across the table from Jack was Big Joe McCravy toying with his chips and looking at his cards. He shifted his glance from face to face, nothing every flicker and movement. There was a smile faintly traced across his lips, and he spoke in a light commanding voice that carried over the noise in the room. He played every card and made every bet carefully and in businesslike movements. His glass before him was full. At every turn the attention of the table would pass to him, seeming to wait on his bet as if every player played against him. Aware of his position he would always bet early and with calculated amounts, knowing that no one would drop out. When someone raised him he would nod appreciatively if everybody stayed in the game. If somebody dropped he sneered at the raiser.

On his right, at Big Joe's elbow with his chair pushed back from the table, Timothy Craven sat, his eyes alive with excitement as he bet mentally with every play and lived with every turn of every card. He had neither cards nor beer before him, but he felt very much in the table's activity as his mind actively seized every movement and he mentally won and lost. A broad grin of satisfaction hung on his lips as Big Joe held his hand at an angle for him to see and turned his head slightly his way and winked before he bet. Big Joe's movements seemed almost protective and he felt drawn into the player's group and liked it.

It was good to be here with them, watching them play, feeling the excitement of the game, learning with every turn of the game. So much better than being out there with the others asleep in bed never knowing what they were missing. Why, wasn't Big Joe captain of the football team? And about Jack? Some said he had been with all the girls in the May Day. And then there was the dealer — he wrote for the school magazine and had been kicked out of school for using profanity in a short story. Some said he was going to be a good writer. He had read one of his stories and hadn't understood it. Must be good.

"Mouse!" the Moose said in his drunken voice. "What's all the noise out there in the hall? It ain't that sneaky dean, is it?"

"Just a square going to the head. What you worried about? Getting Caught?"

"Can it!" Big Joe said quietly and bet his cards. The dealer dealt more cards, the Moose continued to sweat, and Jack laughed lightly and dropped out.

Tim's attention returned to the cards, but the figure of the Mouse stayed with him. He wondered why they didn't let him play and why he took their abuse. He was glad he wasn't like the Mouse. They had asked him in to watch and had offered him a beer. Big Joe was a good fellow. Some said he was wild, but he knew it wasn't that. It was something about him. Something healthy and strong. It was in the way he played the cards, in the way he bet, in the way he spoke in that easy voice that left no room for argument and filled the unanswered void of every argument. What was it Big Joe said to him—"Do you play poker, Tim?" He didn't call him Timothy the way the rest did and he didn't have the usual trace of mockery in his voice that Tim had noted in the others. The Moose and the Mouse had sneered and laughed at Big Joe's words, but the look Big Joe gave them made him feel real proud and almost a part of Big Joe's existence.

When Tim had said he didn't play, Joe asked him to sit in and watch. "Might pick up something?" he said, and now he held his cards for him to see.

Be nice, when the kids from home spoke of Big Joe McCravy who was the captain of the football team, to say, "Sure, I know Big Joe. Played poker with him." And then Mary would say, "Oh Timothy, you didn't!" Her voice would hold approval and pride while she dutifullly reprimanded him.

And then maybe they would ask him to pledge their fraternity. Everybody knew and said that Pi Sig was the best you could pledge. His father would like that, although his mother wouldn't. She said they were evil things, but of course, she would say that. She thought everything that was fun was evil.

He fingered the seven wrinkled bills he had put in his pocket in case they asked him to play again. He knew it was better to have them there than to have them in his billfold where they could see his hands shaking. Seven dollars meant for a Mother's Day present. Seven dollars was a lot of money. But if he won? He hoped they would ask him to play and then maybe he could really have a lot. He thought he understood it now. The way Big Joe played and won. He glanced at the pile before Big Joe and covetously thought how he wished the money was his.

And then, if he won, they would like and respect him. It took somebody to have the respect of that bunch. And him a freshman! Why that was unheard of. Yes, he wanted to play more than anything else in the world. He almost asked, but fear of their laughter stopped him. Better to wait and see if they asked him and then—but what if they didn't ask him? Then he would never get to know what it

(Continued overleaf)

was and he would have to go back to standing on the edge of things the way he had in high school. There it was his mother who made him. Never letting him do anything, and all, but now college was here and it was different. He was really just like these fellows. No real difference. Some said the fellow dealing was an atheist, but he didn't hold that against him. He probably was just showing off. And what was wrong with drinking?

Big Joe held his hand for him to see. He saw the full house and caught Big Joe's wink and winked back. The Moose bet hastily, uttering a number of curse-words. He seemed awfully sure of his hand.

He watched Big Joe rake in his pot and heard him say:

"You bring me luck Tim. You don't want in, do you?"

Beads of sweat broke out on his brow, and his hands shook slightly. He didn't trust himself to speak, so he pulled the chair up to the table instead. He gave Joe the seven dollars and gathered his chips in to him. Nice pile to start with, he thought. Now if he could make it grow.

He looked up to the faces around him. The dealer's expression hadn't changed. Jack and the Moose sneared, and Jack said something about new blood, to which he smiled because he felt that Jack meant it the way he kidded Big Joe. The dealer dealt the cards slowly and said:

"Timothy, if you ever want to call the game or deal, just say so. We deal from one spot through a game. I get a chip from every pot for it."

To this Tim nodded. He knew it, but just as he knew it, he knew it had to be said. He nervously looked at his hand. He saw the three hearts and smiled. Now, if somebody could just open. Jack did-for a quarter. He called. It was as it should be. The Moose dropped out. Studying his cards carefully, he took two, and they were hearts. He held back a grin and his hand shook. Jack bet, he called and Big Joe raised him a half-dollar. He called again, while Jack and the dealer folded out. Joe layed down a straight and Tim won with his flush.

"Played them well, Tim," Big Joe said, and smiled as Tim raked in his pot. The Moose said something about beginner's luck. But it was all right just as he had known it would be. He felt some of the fear easing from him and he said:

"I think I would like a beer."

"Sure, Tim. Mouse git him a beer!" Big Joe said, and the cards began to fall again. He took the beer from the Mouse and drank slowly. He felt the tightness in his throat and almost grimaced, but instead he forced himself to smack his lips appreciatively. He almost ventured a comment but thought better of it.

His cards were fair and nobody could open. He anted with the rest and heard the Moose say:

"How about us playen Trips to win? Better than just Jacks or better since we got five playen."

All eyes went to Big Joe who nodded, and then they all echoed his nod. He wasn't sure how it was done, but he would see. Better not ask.

It took them three rounds to open and Big Joe won. He had lost almost all he had won in the other hand. He nervously counted his and felt ashamed for it. Better do it mentally next time he thought.

He won the next hand right off on three tens and got only a small pot. He drank heavily from the beer. It was beginning to taste better. He thought of asking the dealer for a cigarette and thought better of it. A little thing could mean so much right now.

And so it went. He drank two more beers and played recklessly. He finally found himself down to three dollars and some change. He thought of gathering his slender pile and leaving. But fear of objections stopped him, and he might win. The beer had taken the edge off of his fright and he felt comfortably at home. They had all begun to talk more and he even ven-

Write for . . .

THE JOURNAL

(A thinking Man's Magazine)

—::—

Next Deadline:

April 20

tured a wise crack to which they all laughed except Jack. He noticed that Big Joe's stack and the dealer's continued to grow while everybody else lost. But he felt good. He was a part of something and it was good to be so. The same kind of feeling swept through him that he had felt at his high school graduation. When all the people had told him how they would miss him. Just being a part. The same kind of part all the fellows at home were who went out to the roadhouse and those who shot pool were. His mother had said not to go to those places and he had often voiced his disapproval of those who did, thinking them dirty and wild. What a fool he had really been.

And then he got a good hand that he knew would win. The pot had grown from failures to draw three of a kind. He had three queens. He bet anxiously. Big Joe's face froze, the gentle expression fleeing from it leaving a hard, business-like expression that wasn't so noticeable before. He heard him raise him a half and he in turn raised Big Joe a half. Everybody else dropped out. He felt awfully tall right then. His hand shook and Big Joe raised again and he called. He took two cards and got a three and a four. He bet another half, Big Joe raised this a dollar and he hesitated. He looked down to the dwindling chips before him. It was a fast hand, much faster than he had realized it was. He looked again at his cards feeling a twinge of doubt He heard a snicker from the Moose.

"You bluffing Timothy or are you going to call?" he heard Jack say. He shook slightly and called and raised Big Joe his last half feeling sure that Big Joe would either call or fold. Big Joe raised this a dollar quickly and Timothy felt the confidence he had earlier felt slide out from under him. He looked again at his cards.

"You can draw light, Timothy," Big Joe said. Sweat boiled on Tim's head, his stomach grew tight and his eyes blurred up. Seven dollars gone and then debt. Mother's Day gift gone and, he shuddered slightly.

"Have to fold I guess," he answered and threw his hand in.

A calm fell over the room and the Moose swept out his hand to Big Joe's cards and said:

"A pair of three's and you with trip queens. Better learn to play cards kid."

He shivered slightly and rose from the table. A tear welled in his eyes and he said, swallowing:

"Well that cleans me." his voice was shakey and he hoped it was the right thing to say. He heaved a sigh and thought he heard Big Joe say, "Sorry, Kid," but he wasn't sure. Not sure enough to look at him. All he could do now was leave. He felt sick, very sick.

The Mouse let him out the door and he entered the dark hallway hearing the clock strike three times. His shoulders slumped and a tear ran down his cheek. "Almost," he said half aloud. It was as if he were someone else standing off observing the person he was and then he heard the sound of laughter and the word SUCKER came flowing out into the hallway seeming to hang there from what he thought to be the Mouse.

The room was dark and his roommate was asleep. He was glad it was Sunday and hoped he could go to Church in the morning. He undressed in the dark and crawled into bed. His head resting on his hands which were behind him on the pillow and staring up at the glow of the ceiling he prayed:

"Dear God, forgive me for losing that money. I'll try not to write another check or lose any more money. And then he slept for he was very tired and in the morning he could go to church and feel better — if only they wouldn't laugh at him. Maybe Big Joe wasn't really such a nice guy after all.

RECORDS

— *by* —

Don Griffin

Bizet: Carmen Suite, Columbia Masterworks, ML 5356

One of the few classical records at the new $4.98 price that college student can afford to buy. Thrilling melodies from the world's most popular opera are superbly performed by Ormandy and the the Philadelphia Orchastra.

The opera *Carmen* has been praised by men of music from the time of its premiere in 1875 until today. The delightful tunes that are recorded in this album are arranged and performed in a manner well worth a slot in anyone's record collection stamped "Good Listening."

Puccini: *La Boheme;* Antonietta Stella, M2L-401

Most musical selections contain some part or parts that seem to make them worth acclaim as classics. On the other hand, Puccini's *La Boheme* is a rare exception in that each aria, bar, or note is a thrilling musical experience in itself.

It is certainly a sin for any record company or artist to allow a performance to be recorded or even sold that doesn't do the work justice. This is the case with the Columbia release. Stella sings the most "un-warm" Mimi possible, the engineering is poor, and the recording is a general mess to the ear of a Puccini enthusiast. My suggestion is to leave the Columbia recording on the shelf and pick up the R.C.A. version.

SEPTUAGINT II

MASK

Here live I among a crowd
Which is itself the only right,
And now enmeshed in that dark
shroud
See black then bright then fading
light.

As darkness o'er my sight prevails,
I grope for some known resting place
But always knowing that entails
A hackneyed partnership with grace.

I long to view the light in vain,
For light is disillusionment.
But dark is fraught with irksome pain
Because of disenlightenment.

DIRECTION

There are those who live in fright
Of nescience or the loss of might,
While others stumble on their ways,
Victims of a gray malaise.

But I alone am one with all
And I alone am free from fall,
For falling needs an up and down
And have I none, a useless clown.

CAMP

To float
at night
in a
wooden boat
is liquidy
and dryfully wet.
As it severs
fluid and
splices it
pulpy lighted things
phosphorize
and also
the so-called
stars
drop eyefuls
of twinkle
downward
to our boat.
Then slowly
in rising
crescendo
cacophonous screechings
split the air
and horror all
and as we linger
in the moonlight
unwillingly listening
with no means
of escape
the appreciated
"in" bell rings.

—— *by* ——

A. M. Dupre

FLUID

As I am here
surrounded by
a sewered stream
and watch it slide
over an edge
I am struck
thoughtless
lost in nowhere.

The incessant
wordless noise
of the
small fall
sounds as everything
for there is
no else.
I yearn for
child-like
awareness
but as I am
here and now
for me
there is no else.

HAZARD

A man must
have a goal
And follow ideals
to gain respect
From his fellows.

A drifter
flows through life
Knowing any contact
with the bank
Impedes adventure.

SUBLIMITY

In our world
I strode a beach
And beheld a sun
Above glowing azure
And gazing downward
From a precipice
Toward chasmed fluid . . .
Felt ennui.

GOAL

Straight upward
to the summit—
a precarious position
and dangerous.

Rather aspire
to lowly depths
and delight in
depravation.

Trumpets and Drums

AND THE SOUND OF THE SLUMS . . . THAT'S WHAT JAZZ IS MADE OF

— *by* —
Tony Brooks

Part II:

In the Days

when Swing

Swung

Integrationary factors have had many and varied effects on the evolution of Jazz. Because the general public seemed to hold in disdain the association of Negro and white musicians, there was a fairly effective repression of "mixed" bands playing jazz during the early thirties. It is therefore logical that two reasonably distinct cultures evolved, referred to, strangely enough, as "white" and "Negro" jazz. Since more limitations naturally fell upon the Negro musician, it was not surprising that the next great advance in jazz was made by strictly white bands.

In 1934, two brothers from Shenandoah, Pa., joined their trombone and saxophone talents to form the original Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra. Up until the formation of their own band, Tommy and Jimmy had been doing free lance work with radio studio bands. A little later, in '34, another young studio musician began a series of revolutionary hour-long broadcasts over NBC, known as "Let's Dance (with Benny Goodman)." Goodman's band achieved a brand new sound by using the then curious combination of three trumpets, two trombone, four saxophones, and four rhythm instruments (piano, guitar, bass, and drums), which he utilized as a background for his fluid sounding clarinet. Benny's sound became a sensation across the nation, for he had assimulated a smooth ensemble sound without losing the foundation of good jazz.

Around this time Duke Ellington, a very prominent Negro leader and arranger, recorded his own song entitled "It Don't Mean a Thing if it Ain't Got That Swing," which proved not only to be a hit record, but also a very accurate prognostication. Listeners everywhere realized that music like that produced by Benny Goodman, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, and many more, actually did "swing." The secret of its immediate success was the jumping, bouncing syncopation which could only be said to swing. As the word gained popular usage it became a new term for jazz and instantaneously an entire new generation of jazzmen were swinging their way across the nation's bandstands.

The first momentous occasion in the new era of jazz was the first official "Swing Music Concert" at the Imperial Theater in New York on Sunday, May 24, 1936. Although the concert did not feature either "The King of Swing," Benny Goodman, or Duke Ellington, the personnel that did appear represented a cross section of the best in jazzdom. Bob Crosby the younger brother of crooner Bing, was there with his Bobcats, who made a rather futile attempt to blend swing and the old Dixieland sound. Tommy Dorsey had split with his brother and was there with his "Clambake Seven." The novelty groups were represented by violinist Stuff Smith, xylophonist

Red Norvo, and trumpeteer Bunny Berigan, all with their swing sextette. The large commercial bands were exemplified by Glenn Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, and members of both the Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong orchestras. Far down on the program was scheduled an appearance by "Arthur Shaw's String Ensemble." Shaw was at that time an unknown studio musician. Artie decided to advance an entirely new idea by backing his jazz clarinet with a lush string quartet. After they performed "Interlude in B Flat," Shaw was no longer an obscure musician, but was now the first serious threat to Benny Goodman's supremacy. The rivalry between Shaw and Goodman became much more intense when Shaw disbanded his string quartet and organized a conventional brass-backed band.

Shaw's contributions to jazz would have probably been much more significant if his personal life had not been such a constant state of confusion. In the late 1930's, he become puzzled by his intense popularity, and fled to Mexico. His numerous marriages probably contributed more to his reputation than his musical ability. Included among his nine wives wer such personalities as Lana Turner and Ava Gardner. Artie finally retired to have more time for his friends to tell him how much better he was than Benny and how he had really "put the King down."

The Negro bands made their contributions through their arrangements for the better known white bands, and by late at night radio-casts featuring such groups as Duke Ellington, Jimmy Lunceford, Teddy Hill, and a new group from Kansas City, the Count Basie band.

Count Basie used a simple, clear-cut piano style that was supported most effectively by the rhythm section featuring Freddie Greene on guitar, Jo Jones on drums, and Walter Paige on the bass. The Count Basie band was one of the most important in jazz history because of the foundation that it gave some of its young members who went on to exert important influences in the future formation and evolution of jazz.

The year 1936 gave vent to another jazz movement. The development of what grew to be popularly known as "Boogie-Woogie" piano. Ths term is generally applied to the rolling, rocking form of pianism that feature an eight-beats-to-the-left-hand rhythmic pattern. Ths entirely new trend was begun rather by accident when a recording executive named John Hammond heard an old record of "Honky Tonk Train Blues" and started a search for the artist that recorded it. He finally found the pianist, Meade Lux Lewis, washing cars in a Chicago garage, and gave him another start in the entertainment world by rerecording his rendition of "Honky Tonk Train Blues." The widespread popularity of this new type of music was enough to begin an influx of Boogie-Woogiests.

The immense popularity of both Swing and Boogie-Woogie ultimately led to the publication of the first periodicals dedicated strictly to jazz. Downbeat was not published until 1934, and Metronome up until that time was limited to strictly popular or commercial music.

The huge success of these new types of jazz also afforded the opportunities for many of the "sidemen," or members of the well known bands to break away and form new bands of their own. Harry James, Gene Krupa, Jonah Jones, Erskine Hawkins, and Glenn Miller were a few of the many to make the transtion from the background to the front of their own bands.

One of the most important contributors to music in general was Glenn Miller. Although he is not considered a jazz man in the strictest sense of the word, Glenn Miller affected almost every musician in America during the late thirties and early forties. The Miller sound, which featured a voicing reed section (clarinet over four saxes) provides the basis for such present day bands as Ralph Flanagan, Tex Beneke, and Ray Anthony.

Glenn Miller disappeared after taking off on a flight from England to France on December the sixth, 1944. It is rather interesting that his wife, who is still living, refuses to accept the fact that Glenn is dead, and sits in their home just waiting for the moment when her husband will return after his absence of fifteen years. Mr. Ray Starr, the original radio announcer on the Glenn Miller Broadcasts from Atlantic City, N.J., has prepared an hour long radio-cast entitled "Tribute to Glenn Miller," which is preserved in the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. This tape recording, along with the many phonograph recordings that Miller made, and a motion picture entitled "The Glenn Miller Story," has preserved permanent tribute to one of the greatest men on the music scene during the Swing Era.

The most important contribution made by the "Swing Era" was not in any technical advances toward the purification of jazz. The importance of this period was that it brought jazz to the attention of the general public, and made the word "jazz' a part of every American's vocabulary. Without this "popularizing" of American jazz, it would have been impossible for it to evolve to the point of perfection that it has today.

It was in this period of the late thirties and early forties that the roots were planted for the advancement of "bop" which was, of course, father to the contemporary jazz, popularly known as modern or progressive jazz. In the third and final part of this article, we hope to start with the very beginning of modern jazz, and find out just what makes this new form of music so controversial and popular. ●

A Plea for the Prodigal

—— *by* W. Clark Roof

Does one man have the authority to condemn another man to death? Is capital punishment contrary to the Christian concept of love for neighbor? What are the merits of the death penalty? Such questions as these were discussed in a recent meeting of the House Judiciary Committee in Columbia. Approximately fifty interested South Carolinians gathered together to consider the possibilities for the abolishment of capital punishment. Earlier in the week a bill of this nature was introduced in the House of Representatives.

It is always interesting to investigate the nature of the discussion, especially if it is relevant to human treatment. Few questions could penetrate more profoundly into the passions of humanity than a consideration of deliberate death. When dealing with the possible condemnation of man by man, the question of Divine approval enters into the discussion. In the recent meeting of the House Judiciary Committee this aspect of the discussion proved to be most disheartening.

Two parties with opposite aims used the Bible to support their arguments. A group of six men—four ministers, the Superintendent of the State Penitentiary, and a twice-condemned house painter—urged the legislators to abolish capital punishment immediately. Their opponents, defending the state's authority, consisted mainly of attorneys, sheriffs, and solons. Justifications for both arguments were cited from The Bible. References from The Bible were provided to indicate Divine approval and disapproval of the death penalty. One news commentator described such usage as "the New Testament pitted against the Old Testament." How can such opposite terms as life and death have Biblical justification? Either there is a basic contradiction between the Old Testament and the New Testament, or the message of The Bible is being disfigured by unintelligent usage.

It seems to me that the nature of this problem concerning capital punishment is basically one resulting from a misunderstood religious faith. Before an intelligent decision can be reached about the justification of this act, it is necessary to define the Christian faith. This is not a question of "rightness" and "wrongness" as much as it is a question of belief.

Before a code of Christian ethics can be established there must first be a rational understanding of Christianity. Results of the recent meeting in Columbia proved the contrary to be the case. A superb knowledge of religiousness was exhibited, but unfortunately there was a minute indication of Christian concepts. For example, the advocates of capital punishment cited the Biblical phrase, "an eye for an eye" for support of their stand. They have valid evidence in the Old Testament; this idea is written throughout the ancient manuscripts. According to ancient Hebrew theology, this doctrine provides a perfect parallel to the principles of capital punishment. To a Pharisee living twenty-five hundred years ago such an ethical stndard would be justified. Basically, this represents a definite adherence to religious customs and traditions. Supporters of this custom cannot be classified as irreligious; actually they are very religious. Thus a person who desires to be religious need not necessarily have the knowledge of the Risen Christ. The Ten Commandments (or any other code of ethics) is all that is needed.

Those who put their faith in written rules rooted in old Jewish laws often cite the Golden Rule as a basis for conduct and punishment. Again, this Biblical reference provides a perfect parallel to the principles of capital punishment. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Therefore, "take my life as I have taken another life." Another rule thus comes into existence for use by the religious man.

Those people who support capital punishment need not only look to the House of Representatives for advocates. Even the church (Christian?) usually takes her stand with religion. Sermons on social conduct and biased condemnations peel forth from pulpits every Sunday. Religious saints and near-perfect mortals walk the face of the earth condemning others for divergent beliefs. The alcoholic is condemned to Hell; those who dance are in danger of fire and brimstone; and

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the criminal faces death in the chair. This is religion - a system of customs and beliefs based upon ethical standards and prejudices. Capital punishment can hardly be abolished by such religious practices merely because the supporters have written evidence in the Rock of Deuteronomy.

To the narrow-minded individual who, like the Hebrews, pictures God as a Judge finding pleasure in striking his sinful children to the ground, such a faith built upon tradition might provide approval of capital punishment. But the person who has a reasonable understanding of the New Testament realizes that such criteria for judging morals is inadequate. There must be another basis for making these significant decisions.

The new basis is the essence of Christianity itself. It is necessary then to conclude that Christianity and religion are not synonymous. There is a profound difference. Religion dwells upon the present time for action, whereas Christianity is built upon past time. The Christian message is not built upon customs and traditional acts; it emphasizes what has been done. Conversely, religions are concerned with what you do at the present time. Paul Tillich says, "The message of Christianity is not Christianity but a new reality." A Christian then is a new creation and is in a sense free from laws and customs of religion. How then can a person professing Christianity condemn his fellow man to death? In Christ there is no written record of rules. Christianity is not a rulebook for daily living; it is a relationship which is free of rules.

The central theme in this new message is love as illustrated by the Greek word "philos." The best definition of this word is love for neighbor, which carries the connecton of equality among men before God. How hard it is for the righteous to think themselves equal to niggers, bums, and

(Continued on page 19)

BOOKS

—— *by* ——

Jerry O. Cook

Aldous Huxley, *Ape and Essence.*

When Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* came out several years ago, most readers grasped the main theme without any difficulty. Despite the subtleties, practically everyone could understand the sardonic attack on modern worship of external values without a parallel accent on spiritual and mental development. But even with such an obvious "moral" as this, there were many "scientifically-minded" persons who missed the point altogether and lauded the Huxleyan world and its clinically - controlled people.

Ape and Essence will mean nothing to those who could not fathom the direct and to-the-point theme of *Brave New World.* And it, will also present some problems of interpretation to the reader who may think that he understands the basic ideas in the earlier novel. It seems that somewhere between the writing of the two novels Huxley came under the influence of Joyce and some of the Imagist poets. Whereas *Brave New World* is open to only one main interpretation, the abundance and variety of images in *Ape and Essence* present one theme and idea after another, all superimposed on the main story and yet all possessing individual meaning.

At a casual glance the story seems to be just another science-fiction writer' attempt to describe life in the post-World War III era. But the various scenes and images contribute depth to the plot which allegory and theme cannot provide. For those who are interested in reading this futuristic tale of life in *our* times, these images are worth thinking about: the idea of

(Continued on page 19)

THE MORNING BEFORE THE WEDDING

The sun was almost high, its rays sifting through scattered flakes of clouds to the dew sprinkled earth that glistened. There was a freshness to the morning that moved sprightly in the slightly moist breeze.

Into the scene emerging from a scaley white frame house that reflected southern architecture entered a slender youth who moved gracelessly into the ragged grass carpeted yard. His face was thin and pale with sensitive features that were framed in a cobweb of greyish brown hair hanging riotously about his forehead. These mirrored a physical image of his nature—sensitive awareness clad in an untrained maze of external appearance. He stretched his bare arms in a familiar and almost worshipful gesture and breathed deeply, feeling the bite of the air.

About him was a familiar scene and the feeling of "always having been" rose in him. His gaze scanned the tattered yard and drifted out across the flat green freshly planted fields that glittered with the striking of the sun's rays as bright jewels about a beautiful lady's neck.

In it all was familiarity as his sight touched upon object after object filling his youngest soul with twinges of memory that rose to deep feelings whose dimensions he wanted to trace upon his rationality until they gave a word—a word rich with sound and meaning that would swell from his body and burst out into the stillness of morning to hang suspended in the atmosphere as he heard and looked giving name to emotion: name that was good to hear and know; name to be said and then heard and the balanced sound of utterance to trace itself on the hearer's soul giving him the understanding.

He touched a rose, red and full in bloom with faintly brown edges and speckled with droplets of dew. He thought of pretty girls crying at weddings.

All, the air, the feeling, the rose, the faint breeze took an almost visual existance becoming an undefinable span of reality holding a tempting air that drew him into it. The mood, the morning mood, the mood of sadness, rose in him and he became acutely aware of his sentimentality knowing just how valid and good it was.

He picked up a slender cane pole from beneath the house and smiled devilishly. Excuse! He entered from the yard a grey sandy road and walked north to a break in the woods where a pond was settled within a thickly wooded area. There at the wood's edge where a shrub-flanked ditch entered into the woods was a huge oak with large roots that ran high up the tree's trunk. He stopped

(Continued on page 18)

2 Short Short Stories

An Old Man & a Rabbit

— *by* —

GEORGE B. MARTIN

The sun warmed the back of his neck and he felt the gentle warmth of its rays flowing down through his tired body giving it new strength. He walked slowly down a narrow dirt road with parched grass growing in turfs in the middle forming a line of green that wandered off into the distance through oat-stubbled fields. At his heels, trailing closely behind him with his tongue hanging from the side of his mouth, was a slender black dog with specks of grey hair sprinkling his coat.

He was an old fat man, his skin grown parched and seemingly slashed with wrinkles of age and cluttered with patches of gray whiskers. He walked slowly, using a cane, and his breath came in gasps. He would stop occasionally and peer out across the fields and then would look back over his shoulder briefly at the sun and smile. Then he would continue to walk.

It was his sun. It had been his sun for sixty-eight years. His sun to rise to in the morning and greet as an old friend and to have leave hm in the evening when he was tired and wanted to sleep. Always the sun had hung there behind him, filling him with its warmth. Even as a sixteen-year-old boy when he had left the civil-war scarred hills of Georgia to go north into the northern country to build hmself a place in the web of activity, it had been this same sun that warmed his back.

And it was his way to build with the sun. It had always been his way and his father's before. They were land people seeing life as the earth was—to be tilled and worked and loved and fought until from its surface something new came and was; and this thing that came and was, came only because they were there and had put their labor into it. And this was to him as it should be.

He had little use for men, only the earth and animals. He knew men to be creatures of greed and selfishness serving ther own silly ends as they attached themselves to other men like leeches, each living from the other's creation and activity. Only the earth and the beings that worked it, whether in construction of roads or in farming (both of which he had done), mattered to him.

This was his way. He had never thought it or said it, he simply followed it. And it carried him to now when he stood looking out over fields that were once his but now belonged to his son-in-law and to the tractors. He had had to turn from this old expression of his needs through his labor to the easy chair and the T. V. they had given him and to bask in the new freedom his life had. Freedom to be dependent on someone else—his old

(Continued overleaf)

OLD MAN

(Continued from page 17)

woman and him both of the same body now.

Across the fields came the sound of the braying of a mule that was soon drowned out by the sound of the tractors. It had been his mule and had grown old—too old to work and too old to sell. His son-in-law spoke easily of the old mule saying he was waiting for him to die. He couldn't bring himself to kill him—he was too gentle to be kind.

The little black dog darted quickly from his side and ran off into the oat field. From beneath a small pile of straw he rooted a young rabbit that scurried off through the field. The little dog stopped and looked inquiringly at the old man.

The old man felt excitement sharpen in his chest, and he walked out across the field to the dog, keeping his eyes on the bounding rabbit. His breath came heavier and heavier as he walked, but it was a good feeling to him. Acros the field they went, the rabbit darting to and fro, the dog barking wildly and bounding after him from side to side rooting him out of piles of straw he sought security in, and the old man, walking as fast as he could, followed behind.

The rabbit ran and ran, and when he came near a thicket, the dog headed off and back into the field where the old man was. He never tried to catch him. Finally the rabbit came to a pile of straw where he went in. The dog danced about it barking until the old man came and reached into the pile and picked out the trembling rabbit who was too tired to run any more, as is the way of young rabbits.

"A good stew you'll make," the old man said and patted the dog who was still barking. The old man felt very proud and thought that maybe it wasn't such a bad morning after all and maybe he would give some of his rabbit to his grandsons who were very young. ●

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CONSTRUCTION

I built a
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And glutted it
with emptiness.
Wondering lookers
came to look
And were lost
In its vacuum.

—A. M. Dupre

MORNING BEFORE

(Continued from page 16)

and sat down at the oak's base.

Shifting himself around for comfort he lit a small battered pipe that was filled with rich odoriferous tobacco that emerged like spiraling belches as he puffed. It had been his first pipe —the one he had bought at the 5&10 store to take out behind the house to sit and smoke, the one that had come to lie forgotten in the bottom of his dresser drawer.

He thought of how when he had been just a kid he had given names to everything: names that were rich in definition and were filled with the imagery of sound and meaning. The pipe was Jack, the ditch bank Larimore, the tree Abner, the morning his latest passion.

Now she was a bright little lady with a provocative smile, emerging from the blackness of the woods to his rear to come and stand about him, drawing his emotions into her embrace, pushing him into romantic sentimentality that was as clean and fresh as if he had never felt it before. The need to wed himself with the dew spangled lady clad in the green and white of the very natural was strong with him, gnawing and pushing until he closed his eyes.

His pipe slowly burned dry and the sun rose higher, its rays getting hotter. He dozed slightly, his senses sharply aware of the morning and its passing, his rationality briefly dead as he wed the illusion of the beautiful lady. He felt strangely clean.

The distant sound of a dinner bell pealed in the distance and he knew the morning was dead as the hunger urge rose in his stomach moving him up from the tree and out again into the road. He relit his pipe and it tasted bad. He walked slowly, his shoulders slumped, the sun hot on the back of his neck. Sweat rose to his brow and sparkled in the sun. He noticed the dew was gone.

Feeling very tired and very lonely, dreading the coming afternoon, he softly said, "Ellen?" It was almost a plea, yet it echoed understanding. ●

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 15)

Christ bowing before Lublin, a Jewish movie producer, and asking him for a raise in salary; the two Einsteins who are led about on leashes by the apes; the sexual taboos in the form of "no, no, no" covering various parts of the anatomy of the Unholy Vessels; the once-a-year orgies in which men and women revert to the mating season of animals; and the machine which makes food out of the plays of Shakespeare and other literature of the past.

Huxley writes with ease on subjects from Mozart to medicine, and what he has to say in his analyses of our culture is worthy of a few hours' persual by any thinking man. If you are satisfied with the world and other people, then Huxley is the man to read, because he will "set you to thinking" about the way things really are; if you are dissatisfied, then he is still the man to read, for you have an ardent sympathizer. As Huxley said:

The leech's kiss, the squid's embrace,
The prurient ape's defiling touch.
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PLEA FOR PRODIGAL

(Continued from page 15)

criminals. However, by simple and logical deduction it is not difficult to realize that if every person is equal to a criminal in God's sight, then we must all be criminals. This is exactly the case. A Christian is one who admits that he is a sinner and considers twice his claims to righteousness. Is there such a thing as a "good" sinner and a "bad" sinner? Did Christ place limitations on sin? If He had done so, we might have the right to use the death penalty.

However, the New Testament message places emphasis upon relationship instead of act. Little concern was placed on the degree of sinfulness. Instead, one's acts were to be consequences from his relationship. Following from this deduction, it seems unchristian to judge another man's acts. The "wrongness" of one man might not be any worse than the "wrongness" of any other man. Ethics in this case become relative, depending upon circumstances. It seems to me that the Christian should practice his preaching by "turning the other cheek" and "going the second mile." Forgiveness is a vague term in some religions, but it is a key word in Christianity. The criminal, regardless how serious his crime may be, deserves forgiveness. Is it any worse to steal than to have intent to steal? The act of stealing is only an external indication of an internal motive. Let him among us who is free of internal motives cast the first stone. Give the prodigal a chance!

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COMMENT . . .

IN THIS ISSUE

George Martin leads our list of writers in this issue with three stories. *Goodbye Mother* is a story which adds a new twist to the "initiation into evil" theme, in that the initiate learns of the values and pains of group approval against a background of a rapidly moving poker game. The other two stories by George are grouped together under the title: *2 Short Short Stories*. There is not so much plot in these two stories as in the longer *Goodbye Mother*, but the story here is related through images. For example, in *The Morning Before the Wedding* the images tell the story; and the dew, the rose, the sun, the cane pole, the hunger pangs, the morning, and all the other *seemingly unimportant* things and events have meaning on several levels.

Gerald Gibson plays Dr. Gallup in his article: *Of Women and Femininity*. In preparing this revealing study of attitudes toward women Gerald questioned dozens of Wofford and Converse students. And, if you think the article is interesting, you should read the original questionnaires! Tony Brooks continues our history of Jazz with *Part Two: When Swing Swung*, which covers the period of the "big bands." The last installment in this series will appear in the May issue and will be concerned with contemporary jazz.

Art DuPre raised some eyebrows (as usual) four years ago when his *Septuagint* appeared in *The Journal*. This collection of seven poems showed a maturity of thought and expression which few upper-classmen possessed. Now, after four years in the little world of Wofford, Art offers to our readers *Septuagint II*, made up of several poems from the first collection and several new works as well.

In *A Plea for the Prodigal*, Clark Roof pleads for James Fulton Foster, Christianity, Paul Tillich, and reprobates in general. And, of course, our regular features, *Books*, *Records*, and *Journal on the Town* are here as usual with views on what to read, what to hear, and where to go. . . .

* * * * *

PLANS FOR THE MAY ISSUE

According to all signs (reports from the Bursar and our Business Manager) there is a good chance that we will be able to "go all out" in our last issue. The May issue of *The Journal* will appear on May 15, and we hope to put out an issue which will offer a few moments of *divertissement* for each student before the hot, sticky onslaughts of spring examinations. We have a good many plans to use every available talent in the school to insure our having a top-notch final issue. But above all this, we are dependent on one thing for a successful issue: YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS. We cannot go to press without material! We need various types of articles for this next issue so if you have a poem, sketch, short story, essay, or whatever, which you think has a chance of being printed, let us know about it. The deadline is April 20th.

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Cover by Kirk Prouty

RETALIATION

(A PLAY IN TWO SCENES)

— by —

Franklyn Sanders

Scene I

(A small barroom with the bar on the left and a door behind it. A number of tables with chairs around them are located around the center of the room. Another door is to the right. Two men—one young, the other middle-aged—sit at the left front table near the bar. Another man, barely distinguishable, sits at a rear middle table.)

Mr. Penman—Here, Bill, two more beers. Now, Alex, what is this idea you have in mind?

Alex—I was thinking that we could make a lot of money by buying up those cheap religious books and selling them at higher prices in the poor section of town.

Mr. Penman—Religious books, eh? Those poor people would really go for those. Yes, that sounds like a splendid idea, my boy.

Alex—Besides making money, we would be helping them. They have religion and want religious books. They get what they want, and we get what we want. That's fair enough.

Mr. Penman—Yes, fair enough, indeed. I hadn't thought of it quite that way. That works out fine. Now, how much do you think you will need?

Alex—I figure around five-hundred dollars ought to be enough to get started on.

Mr. Penman—Fine, I'll write you a check in the morning, and you can come by and pick it up. Religious books. That's a good idea. I don't know what I would do without your brains.

Alex—I don't know what I would do without your money.

Mr. Penman—Bill! Two more beers.

(Bill, the bartender, comes over to table with two beer cans.)

Bill—There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Penman.

Mr. Penman—Oh fine. Excuse me, my boy.

(Bill goes back to bar. Mr. Penman gets up and goes off stage left behind the bar. Man at rear table glances at Alex, then gets up and goes over and sits with Alex. His features reveal that he is about the same age as Alex.)

Mike—Hello, Alex.

Alex—Oh, hello, Mike.

Mike—Was that Mr. Penman that just left?

Alex—Yeah.

Mike—What do you have to do with him?

Alex—He's a good friend of mine.

Mike—Really? How did you become a friend of his?

Alex—Well, it's a long story.

Mike—I'd like to hear it.

Alex—There's nothing to tell really.

Mike—I just want to know how you became friends with a rich man.

Alex—Well, he heard that I needed money, and so he offered to help me.

Mike—What's the catch, Alex? Everyone knows Mr. Penman's reputation.

Alex—Actually, it's none of your business what my connection with Mr. Penman is.

Mike—Ah! You must be selling your soul to him for his money like all his other "friends" do.

Alex—Now wait a minute.

Mike—Well, isn't that what you're doing?

Alex—Why don't you shut your mouth.

Mike—Okay, Alex. I'm sorry. Don't get sore.

(Mr. Penman comes in from the left and walks over to the table where Alex and Mike are sitting.)

Mr. Penman—That was my wife, Alex. I'm going to have to go. Is this a friend of yours?

Alex—Yeah. This is Mike Allison.

Mr. Penman—How are you, my boy? Penman's my name.

Mike—Hello, Mr. Penman.

Mr. Penman—Well, I'll see you in the morning, Alex. Come by my office, and I'll give you the money for those books.

(Mr. Penman goes off stage through the door on the right.)

Mike—Books? You're not going to do what you were talking about last night at the party?

Alex—I was drunk last night.

Mike — You sure have a loose

tongue when you're drunk. Bill! How about two more beers over here, please?

Alex—Mike, you don't understand anything with your untarnished virtue. You're blind to what I'm trying to do.

Mike—I'm blind? Well, what are you trying to do?

Alex—I guess you know that I want to start a newspaper.

Mike—Yeah.

Alex—What this town needs is someone to stand up against the mayor and his little group of crooked politicians.

Mike—Admirable.

Alex—Well, I'm going to try to do it, but I need money to get started.

Mike—But why Penman?

Alex—Everyone else in this town who has any money is tied in with the mayor. Penman doesn't care about the mayor. He just wants to make money, and he will give me money if I help him make some.

Mike—Does he know what you want the money for?

Alex—I don't know. He probably doesn't. He wouldn't care anyway.

Mike—Did I hear him say he's going to write you a check for five-hundred dollars? (Alex just stares at Mike.) You don't need five hundred dollars for those books. What are you going to do with all that money left over?

Alex—Mike, Penman's filthy rich. He does nothing with his money but buy fancy cars and build a new mansion every year. I'm going to take some of his money from him and put it to good use. He's so stupid. He will never realize that I'm stealing his money—in a clever way, that is.

Mike—You're going to dirty up your reputation to do something good?

Alex—Everybody's reputation is dirty.

Mike—You think so?

Alex—Sure. Even you and your puritanical reputation is dirty, or if it's not, it will be soon. I mean, that's the way life is.

Mike—Maybe so. But a person ought to try to cleanse himself of the dirt—not get dirtier.

Alex—You mean "this corruptible must put on incorruption"? (smiling) That comes after you're dead. But you can't do it in this life—not if you're ever going to accomplish anything.

Mike—That's not true.

Alex—No? Wait until you want to put yourself in a position where you can really do some good. You'll see. Somewhere along the line you're going to have to do something a little off-color in order to get what you want.

Mike—Now, I don't believe that.

Alex—Well, it's true. A person has to have power first before he can really do anything, and in order to get power you have to corrupt yourself a little bit because you're dealing with people, and people are corrupt in one way or another.

Mike—Oh, so you think of it as a sacrifice. You sacrifice your good reputation so you can do something good.

Alex—As a matter of fact, it's just the opposite. It's a very selfish attitude. You exploit other people so you can get what you want. What do you think I'm doing to those poor stupid people with their idiotic religious fanaticism? Of course, they're so stupid, they deserve to be exploited.

Mike—But you're still exploiting them to do something good eventually. That's not entirely selfish.

Alex—I could use another beer.

Mike—Hey! Two more beers over here.

Alex—Mike, people do good deeds for purely selfish reasons. They just want other people to look at them

(Continued overleaf)

and say, "Look at the good things that man has done with his life." Everyone wants to impress everyone else.

Mike—I don't think that's necessarily true.

Alex—Why?

Mike—Because it's so difficult to do something really good, and only those people with unselfish motives will try to do something really difficult.

Alex—Oh, no. It's not difficult at all—especially if you have nothing else to do with your life. You know why I want to start this newspaper and strike up a war with the mayor?

Mike—No.

Alex—Because I want something exciting to do. I want to watch some people squirm and feel uncomfortable. It just so happens that I'm on the right side.

Mike—Are you serious?

Alex—What do you think?

Mike—I think you're a little high.

Alex—For once you're right.

Mike (smiling)—Well, at least I have no fear of being exploited by you tonight.

Alex—You're blind all right. Listen. I came here tonight to get high, and I got high without paying any money. Goodnight, friend Mike.

(Alex gets up and goes off stage right. Mike just sits there bewildered.)

SCENE II

(The same barroom on the following night. Alex comes in through the door on the right and walks over to the bar.)

Alex—Give me a beer, Bill. None of my friends are here tonight, so it looks like I'll have to pay for this myself. Such a shame.

(He drinks the beer at the bar. A man comes in through the door on the right and goes over to the bar.)

Mr. Lawson (with a big smile)—Well, well. Alex Marshall, Lakeview's foremost crusader.

Alex—You're Mr. Lawson of the city council, aren't you?

Mr. Lawson—That's right.

Alex—What do you mean, "Lakeview's foremost crusader?"

Mr. Lawson—I heard you were going to start a newspaper.

Alex—Who told you that?

Mr. Lawson—Oh, news gets around.

Alex—Seriously, Mr. Lawson, who told you that?

Mr. Lawson—Is it true?

Alex—You answer my question and I'll answer yours. And have a beer in the meantime.

Mr. Lawson—Oh, thanks.

Alex—Well?

Mr. Lawson—Well, he's a good friend of yours.

Alex—I have many friends. I wonder which one it could be.

Mr. Lawson—It's the rich friend.

Alex—The rich friend?

Mr. Lawson—That's right.

Alex—The rich friend, eh.

Mr. Lawson—Uh, huh.

Alex—I'm beginning to see now.

Mr. Lawson—You're a smart young man.

Alex—That low-down, double-crossing Penman. What measures did you use to get it out of him?

Mr. Lawson — Penman's a weak man for money. He didn't think he could get as much out of religious books as he could out of us.

Alex—You mean he told you about my plan?

Mr. Lawson—Yep. Now that we know how you would get your money we can ruin any attempt you might make to sound off against the city government. We can blow this issue up so big that people will want to run you out of town. I wouldn't advise stirring up any trouble.

Alex—Don't worry. I'm smart enough to know not to do anything radical, now.

Mr. Lawson—Why don't you think about getting on the right side?

Alex—The right side for me is always the exciting side. There's nothing exciting about your corruption. It's just there, and nobody does anything about it because they think nobody can do anything about it. And so your corruption is just accepted. But I'll think of another way to stir things up. I'll make you work for your corruption.

Mr. Lawson—Just don't go too far with your foolishness. We might have to take drastic measures.

Alex—I'll be careful.

Mr. Lawson—Goodnight.

Alex—So long.

(Mr. Lawson goes out through the door on the right.)

Alex—Another beer, Bill.

(Mike comes in through the door on the right and goes over to the bar.)

Mike—Alex, I've decided to help you.

Alex—Hello, Mike. You mean you've decided to help me with the newspaper?

Mike—Yeah. I thought about what you said last night, and I think you're right. So I've decided to get in on this excitement with you.

Alex—There'll be no newspaper.

Mike—No newspaper! What's the matter? Did you back down?

Alex—Penman sold out to the mayor's group, and now they can hold my exploitation plan over my head so that I can't do anything—for the time being.

Mike—Well, I'll be! Sold out by one of your own kind.

Alex—Yeah. By one of my own kind. But didn't I tell you that's the way things are.

Mike—What are you going to do now?

Alex—I'll think of some way to get back at Penman. Life's something like a game. Everyone has some kind of opposition that's always trying to defeat him. But the strong man never allows himself to get in a position where he thinks he is totally defeated. When you reach a point where you think you are incapable of retaliation, the game's over. I'll retaliate—and enjoy doing it. ●

ATLANTIS

"The sun will soon sleep—I must find a place to hide before the evils of night overtake me. This house of the dead will provide suitable lodging for tonight."

This man—called John by his people—is tall. By twentieth-century measurements, he is about six and a half feet tall. His bones are large and strong; his skin has become bronzed by continued exposure to the elements and ripples with the easy movement of his muscles as he walks. Around his waist is tied a calf's skin, and across his shoulder he carries a large pouch made of goat's skin. The blond, curly hair that falls upon his broad shoulders and lifts gently in the cool evening breeze resembles the flowing mane of a golden palomino stallion. A first glance into his deep blue eyes reveals a glint of steel, the harshness of a taskmaker, and the fury of a thousand hurricanes unleashed at once. However, a more careful examination uncovers the confident eyes of a great surgeon, the searching eyes of a sailor and scientist, and the soft, understanding eyes of a mother.

John enters the small stone building and examines the dark corners. Finding nothing, he seats himself upon a large, smooth stone that is situated in the center of the room. With materials from his pouch, he proceeds to ignite a pile of leaves and dried wood that lie in a corner.

"Why must I, a priest, flee to shelter when darkness approaches? It does not matter—I shall reach the River of Mists soon enough tomorrow. Across the river lies the forbidden Land of the Gods with its temples rising to the heavens. Although it is prohibited for mortals to cross the River of Mists, I must satisfy my hunger for knowledge—I cannot rest until I have learned all there is to know. Even if I anger the gods and bring their wrath upon me, death is better than this unbearable ignorance."

Darkness arrives quickly and with it come the quiet stillness—interrupted only by the occasional hunting cry of a wolfpack on the prowl. As the embers of his fire begin to cool, John pulls his robe closer and, thinking of the morrow's perils, falls asleep.

— by —

Robert McMeekin

With the first rays of dawn, John gathers his few possessions and, after praying to his gods, continues on his journey. He wisely avoids the trails, for on several occasions he narrowly escapes detection by hunting parties from the nearby villages of the Cave People. Finally, after emerging from the forest on the crest of a hill, John sights the mist hovering in deathly stillness above an emerald-green river.

"No one has entered the Land of the Gods since the Fiery Rain—the gods became angry with the increasing knowledge of mortals and brought death in the form of fire from the sky to show their displeasure. Possibly, the god's anger has been dissipated by many summers."

John slowly picks his way among the boulders down to the edge of the River of Mists. Upon arrival, he finds that the surface of the river is no longer serene—that great swells have arisen,that bolts of lightning are flashing across the sky, and that the mist hangs heavily around him—closing in as if to make each breath his last.

(Continued overleaf)

John falls many times, but each time he regains his footing, steadies himself, and renews his struggle against the current. As he begins turning blue from cold, John spies a log floating nearby and, with a final surge of energy, falls upon it. Exhausted from the battle, he gives a sigh of relief and succumbs to the will of the waves.

Much later, John awakens to find that the wind has blown him near the opposite shore and that the storm has abated. Casting off from the log, he swims quickly ashore. He easily finds a trail that seems to lead toward the city of the gods. Except for the sound of birds, all is quiet. John, who was afraid of encountering the gods at first, is now disturbed that they have not appeared.

"Where can they be? Here I find evidence of their existence—their trails, their machines, and in the distance I see the buildings of their city —yet, nowhere have I seen signs that a human has passed recently."

John's worry gradually turns to fear as he traverses the entire distance to the city without encountering the gods.

'Can it be that the gods have gods, also? In many places I have seen statutes. The most common appears to be that of a great bird with its wings spread. I will pray to the great bird —maybe this will please the gods."

After praying, John resumes the awful trek through the city. He sees many cats, but the gods do not appear. After overcoming the spell of wonderment that has been cast upon him by the city, he notices that many buildings are beginning to tumble, that everywhere there are signs of fire, and that spiders have built great webs in the doorways—signs of ruin are everywhere. Finally, being greatly depressed by what he has seen, John turns and enters a building that does not seem to be as dilapidated. Inside he finds a room large enough to house his entire tribe. After a period of inspection, John finds steps that lead upwards.

"Maybe the gods are at the top—there are stories that they live in great towers that reach to the sky."

John finds that no gods are waiting at the top of the steps—there is only a long room with many doors opening to it. Although four doors are sealed, the others are open, and their contents are mystifying to the primitive man. Having thoroughly searched the open rooms, John decides to force another to see what knowledge it hides. He leaps and crashes the door. Although his momentum carries him forward, John suddenly stops and falls to his knees. Theo, sitting at a table by the window, is one of the gods.

When the god does not respond to his entrance, John slowly rises to his feet and timidly crosses the room to the table at which the god is sitting.

"Surely he heard me!"

As he realizes that the god is dead, John's fear turns to pity. Although the god has perfect feautres, his hair has thinned and turned gray. He seems sad and lonely. His face is stained by tears that rolled down his cheeks as he watched the destruction of his city many years before. From this window high in the sky, the god sat and watched the buildings in all parts of the city tumble in flame.

John turns and with tears in his eyes, flees blindly from the building. He runs to the shore of the river, leaps in, and begins swimming. The fog, gray and ghostly, hangs all around, but John does not see it. He swims until he can swim no longer—then, he stops.

John is lying on a log when he awakens—he does not know how long he has been here. He walks up the riverbank, gathers his pouch and begins walking slowly up the hill towards the forest and home.

"It must have been a dream. The gods do not want us to cross the River of Mists."

John does not notice the scrap of paper in his hand. Nor does he notice the figures scrawled on it: $E=mc^2$.

RITUAL

I drew a circle
on the ground
and stepped inside
and spun around
three times
and found
some balls
afloating in
the air
and thence
commenced
to sing
of beauty and
the joy
of life.
I sang of God
I sang of love
I sang of the
fig-bearing
turtle dove.
And as I sang
I saw the sky
split open
up above
and a giant arm
with calloused
hands
and grubby
fingernails
reached down
and grabbed
me.
And then it went
from whence
it came
and left me
standing
there
joyless
songless . . .

* * * * *

—A. M. Dupre

'Tis the Season to be Jolly

The biting wind cut through the thin, threadbare jacket that, in a small way, shielded the body of Walter Riley from the Christmas Eve cold. Riley took the last possible draw from the cigarette stub held tightly between his lips and cast it aside. With an oath he jammed his battered hat tighter on his head, plunged both hands deeper into his pockets, and trudged on down the sidewalk covered with mushy, fallen snow.

"Whoo—it's cold! Cold! he muttered, "and getting colder—cough, cough!"

Riley paused in front of the gaily decorated glass window of Maxy's Department Store. The shoppers inside looked warm and happy as they hurried and scurried between the showcases. "Like so many ants," he said sourly but enviously.

A drop of rain on the back of his neck brought Riley's thoughts out of the store into the cold, winter night. "Another miserable night—raining, too!"

"A Merry Christmas to you, sir. Would you care to contribute to the Salvation Army's big Christmas party? Yes, sirree, it is a fine work they're doing," chanted the heavily wrapped Santa Claus in a seasonal tone.

Riley glanced down at the Santa's thick rubber boots and then glanced at his own torn, soggy shoes. With a look of scorn thrown at the sidewalk Santa, Riley passed without stopping.

The sub-freezing weather was beginning to have a definite effect on this social outcast as a fit of coughing wracked his body and left him weak. "Gotta get something to eat," murmured Riley as he made his way to the Corner Grill.

Upon entering Riley immediately became aware of the critical stare of the cook but paid it no heed.

"What'll it be, Mac?" snapped the cook.

"Two hot dogs and a cup of coffee," answered Riley as he moved to the rear of the room and stood near the stove gratefully absorbing its warming glow.

"Here you go," called the cook as he shoved the plate of greasy hot dogs down the counter. "Hurry up, it's about closing time!"

Walter Riley wolfed down the food and coffee hungrily, then reached into his pocket for his money. His hand closed around four coins as he slowly drew them from his pocket and silently offered the seventeen cents as payment.

"What! Listen here, you," yelled the cook as he hurriedly swung himself around the counter and grabbed Riley by the arm. "You owe me forty-five cents, and, by a long sight, you'd better pay up!"

"I don't have any more. I was hungry and cold. You seem like a decent sort of fellow and so I thought maybe—"

"Thought!" yelled the cook as he roughly shoved Riley against the wall. "That will teach me not to serve bums. Take your lousy money. Now, get out! Get out of here!" The cook seized Riley by the shoulder and sent him sprawling through the door onto the snow-covered sidewalk. "The idea of coming into my place of business and beating me out of money—and on Christmas Eve at that!" he yelled after his departed customer.

Riley was livid with rage as he rose to his knees in the freezing slush, grabbed a handful of ice and hurled it through the front window of the restaurant. With that act of violence he quickly rose to his feet and ran blindly into the street.

A loud screech of tires was heard as the last minute Christmas shoppers turned to see a truck skid out of control and smash into a man, who had run into the street.

A crowd gathered in seconds.

"O. K., make way, make way," ordered the sheriff as he and a deputy pushed their way to the victim. "Stand aside!"

The dead man lay in the snow at the sheriff's feet as a man picked up a battered hat and handed it to the officer. " I guess this was his."

"No identification on him, chief." reported the deputy. "Nothing at all but a good luck charm and seventeen cents."

"Poor guy. Looks like he's had it rough," mused the sheriff, "mmmm, and on Christmas Eve!"

— by Carroll Gray

Trumpets and Drums

AND THE SOUND OF THE SLUMS . . .

THAT'S WHAT JAZZ IS MADE OF

Part III

From Bop to Progressive

— by —

Tony

Brooks

In part two, we had neared the end of the Swing period in our chronological discourse on Jazz. All the bands were beginning to sound alike, with the only fresh sounds being donated by Duke Ellington and Count Basie. The big question for the musicians to face was, "What can we do to remove this state of musical stalemate?" This was solved slowly, and at times *not* very surely by many contributors.

From Oklahome came some unusual sounds from a guitar played by Charlie Christian. His solo work was neither hurried, nor particularly melodic; he simply phrased chords in a slow, deliberate style. The sound of solo tenor sax was radically varied by Lester Young's work in the Basie band. He also removed the drive and punch, substituting rhythm and restraint. Thelonius Monk was perfecting his style in New York at Minton's Play House, where he jammed after hours with other moderns, such as Dizzy Gillespie and Kenny Clark.

The real impetus, however, was a young man born in Kansas City in 1920, named Charlie "Yardbird" Parker. At the age of seventeen he began to play alto for Big Jay McShann's band. On one trip east, he stopped off at New York City. There he met other young musicians (mostly Minton's group) who were groping in the same direction. In 1941 and '42 he spent almost twelve months in Harlem jamming to develop his style. By 1946 he had become a legend among musicians and his style became the bible of boppers.

Playing trumpet in Bird's jam sessions was generally Dizzy Gillespie. Diz was born in Cheraw, S. C., in 1917. He studied music at Laurinburg Institute in North Carolina before moving to Philly and later to New York. As early as 1939, he was demonstrating something of the style later known as Bop.

The term Bop was originally Rebop, later Bebop, and finally just Bop. It was picked up from the "scat" singing that often accompanied it in which onomatapoetic phrases were repeated.

The music itself represented a complete revolution in Jazz. An overthrow of all standards of melody, harmony, and rhythm. This bop was a rather disjointed, scale-running freedom of expression. As a consequence it had a harsh, static sound that impaired its phonograph recording. Due to its many drawbacks, only a short time passed before bop was replaced by Progressive Jazz.

In actuality, Progressive was not a new form of Jazz. It was merely the adaptation of bop to big bands. It is true that the multiplicity of instruments affected the sound; that is why Bop and Progressive generally are never associated together. The most famous representative of Progressive Jazz is Stan Kenton's band. Since Mr. Kenton is a business man first and a musician second, he follows the trend and has therefore featured many different sounds over the years. It is his second phase band of the 1943-'47 period that exemplifies Progressive.

The final evolutionary step brings us to the present and covers the modern or cool school. It is to this class that the past periods of Jazz have made their accumulative contributions.

As the musicians began to come to New York with more and more formal musical training, it was only natural that the predominant form would feature more and more refinement. It must be remembered that jazz began years previous, played by completely untrained musicians. Then each generation made its contribution to the purification process. By the late 40's and early 50's, Jazz men with extensive classical training began to come to New York. These young men were able to express their musical ideas with complete freedom. They were neither restricted by formal composition as is a concert pianist, nor restricted by a lack of musical knowledge as were the earlier Jazz makers.

Along with the inclusion of classical overtones in Jazz experimentation came the attempts at the utilization of various instruments for Jazz.

String sections were added to back up a solo pianist or trumpeter. The tonic expression of a french horn was often added to the brass section for sharpness. The flute was introduced as a solo instrument by Herbie Mann, Bud Shank, and Moe Kaufman. Hammond Organs have been used for drive in the background or for swinging up-beat solos. The use of baritone sax, bass and drums was further developed to the point where even they can be used as solo instruments.

For the most typical "cool sound," I would suggest any of the various Miles Davis' trumpet-led groups, or the Dave Brubeck combo featuring the truly cool alto of Paul Desmond.

There are many hundreds of both well and little known musicians who are excellent artists in the modern manner and have each made certain contributions to the refinement of Jazz. Due to this proficiency of numbers, I hesitate to list any of them, as no fair cross-section could be offered without leaving out some important contributor. As a listener, one can usually be guided to good L.P.'s featuring modern sounds if you stick to the well known piano-led combos, such as Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, Oscar Peterson, etc.

The central contribution to the ever-changing pattern of jazz music (if, indeed, there is one) would seem to be the attitude of the younger generation of Americans in general. In this series of articles we've followed Jazz from the original New Orleans sound through the hot music of the roaring twenties, the swinging sound of the changing thirties, the complex, mixed-up bop sound of the forties, and now into the cool, subtle manner of the apathetical 50's. As for our opening question—"Where does all this Jazz stop" It can only be answered by time and will be dictated by the mental attitudes and emotions of our children, then their children, and so on——. Until that final solo is tooted by Uncle Gabriel—that is, if he makes the scene. ●

LA MORT

When death just lightly knocks we are alarmed,
We breathe contrived and hackneyed thanks unharmed,
But when our turn to answer its strong blow
Comes heavy to our ears, our hearts; we know
That near to death is not so near at all,
Not near so close as death's resounding call.

To look at life through young and wasted eyes,
Regarding death with some quite distant guise
Is cruel. Why should the young so young remain,
Ignoring death, denying death so vain?

The innocent, the wise, and all who claim
That they do not subscribe to either name,
Must die. To tell or warn of death's own day,
Is folly when the foolish heart is gay,
Another world—that realm of life and death,
Must sure appear, until the last full breath
Is taken in. He ceased to live that hour.
Not all is lost for here was sent a flower.

—Larry Adams

THE HELMUS

FIRST PRIZE:

Night Cry

The stars, the silent, everlasting stars,
Like pinpricks in a thin, black, day-backed dome,
Are strewn across the inky arch of sky
That with nocturnal umbra covers earth.
Their scintillating scant-light pierces dark,
And crossing void, stabs deep into the heart
Of him who stands on dew-damp-verdured hill
Alone, with upturned eyes, with thought-damned mind,
And feels a prayer defeated, never said
Save in the captive nonce words of the soul.

I hate you, Night, I hate your cursed spell,
Obscuring opiate forms that I may see
The vanity, futility of all;
Revealing the nugacity of trials,
Of efforts made in faith that came to naught;
Recalling to the day-drugged mind the brief
Too-happy scenes that come from depths within,
Scenes one would best forget perhaps, that taunt
And reave the plagued, tormented, lonely heart;
That snuff the last bright embers in the soul.

—Gerald Gibson

SECOND PRIZE:

The Swamp Virgin

Deep in a swamp, in wild repose,
There grew a fair, white virgin rose.
Upon her brow a crown of dew
Shone brightly, and each day was new.
She knew no honor but to grow;
She could not wander to and fro;
She had no way to find a mate;
But, still, she gloried in her fate.

Of loneliness she had no fear.
Her constant friends were birds and deer
And squirrels barking in the trees.
But most of all she loved the bees
That kissed her gentle, fragrant face
While humming to their busy pace.

By day, she watched the sunshine's rays
Glide softly through the ferny sprays;
By night, she heard the lonesome owl
Sing chorus to the panther's growl.
She waltzed in every lulling breeze
That sang crescendo through the trees.
And when refreshing rains came down,
She sparkled in her verdant gown.

Untouched, she reigned her whole life through
There in the black swamp where she grew.
And no man's eyes (but one's) has seen
The beauty of this Virgin Queen.

—Rubin Zach Farmer

POETRY AWARDS

THIRD PRIZE:

Young We Walked a Dusty Road

Young we walked a dusty road,
Flat to ground we gulped our fill.
Arm in arm alone we fled,
To seek our can't and lose our will.

Young we grasped it not at all,
Win, lose, rules, talk.
From common mold unlike we come,
Soon, late, run, walk.

Young we wed another they,
Fast we crept to nowhere place.
Side by side apart we ran,
And neither won a nothing race..

Young we left as old we came,
Gold, clay, spring, snow.
From apart together then,
First, last, yes, no.

—Lonnie L. Cook

FOURTH PRIZE:

A Sonnet for Tom Wolfe

O gaunt Tom Wolfe, O giant mountain-man,
So like the hills that are your Asheville's rim,
You cast your knowing gaze across the dim,
Foreboding mountain haze and took in scan
The world. And when you looked on fragile man
And pierced incisively the soul of him,
You saw each salient weakness, foolish whim,
And silent sin; and then your search began.
With lonely, fury-driven heart you went
From cradled mountain town to Europe's shore
To find the far unfound. But you, intent
On peace, found life an aching, open sore.
And yet, with twenty thousand days half-spent,
You saw your angel, found your far, lost door.

—Jerry O. Cook

HOW WOFFORD COLLEGE

WAS FOUNDED

and other FOLK LORE

by

Martin L. Banks

(Editor's note: This work is a sequel to Mr. Banks' best-seller *How the Leopard Got its Spots.* Any resemblance to actual colleges, living or dead, is purely intentional.)

Wofford College was founded in 1854. Despite popular belief this was not the most important happening during that year.

The college is located in Spartanburg, South Carolina, which is a unique town (from the Latin, "unus," meaning "one," and equus," meaning "horse"). This Southern city is noted for its trains, ambulances, and one-way streets. Situated in the South Carolina Piedmont, Spartanburg maintains weather throughout the year.

The college derived its name and $100,000 from a Methodist preacher named Benjamin. Benjy was a kindly old man who loved his mother, his wife, and his money. He was in the habit of money-lending but he also cherished what he had earned. Benjy was sort of a combination John Foster Dulles-Silas Marner.

Anticipating the inevitable, Benjy decided he ought to make out his will. He thought he would spread his money out over church societies, the NAACP, and Mickey Mouse Clubs. However, a good friend, Reverend H. A. C. Walker, advised him to the contrary.

"Like why not found a college, Benjy? You know, with books and profs and all like that. And, oh yes, students, too."

"Say, H. A. C., that ain't a bad idea. And could we buy a few towers for the buildings? I'm like hep on towers!"

"Sure, Benjy, and maybe throw in a few pigeons for good measure."

And so, on February 1, 1850, Benjamin Wofford allotted $100,000 for Wofford College (he was extremely vain) and his executors purchased two towers and thirty-six acres of intangible spirit. Thus Wofford College was born.

It was not an easy problem to settle these rough, raw thirty-six acres, for they were inhabited by a ferocious

tribe of squirrels. Not wishing to leave their tree-top homes, the little animals put up an admirable struggle against the intellectual intruders which lasted for a hundred years. This warfare has become known as the Hundred Years' War or the Great Squirrel War. As each freshman entered Wofford he was immediately drafted to fight the squirrels. This type of discipline, known as "squirreling," was the antecedent of present-day "ratting."

Finally, Wofford College signed a peace treaty with the squirrels. Among the stipulations are that the college should pay 500,000 nuts for the property and "never shall a student be allowed to kill a squirrel under threat of expulsion," for the tribe remained on the campus. The student body and the little animals maintained a peaceful co-existence until December, 1958, when the college began thinning out the squirrel population. Thousands were slaughtered during that bleak winter and the chief squirrel himself was fatally injured. As the venerable chief lay on his death bed, college officials gathered about him, intent upon his last words. The brave leader of his people slowly raised himself up and gasped, "Intaminatis Fulget Honoribus!" This has been the motto of Wofford College to this day.

With the successful suppression of the squirrels, work was soon begun on the Main Building, or "Old Main," as it is affectionately called. This edifice constituted the whole of the college for many years. Even today a student can go to Wofford for four years without going outdoors. Negro slave labor was used in its construction and since the NAACP was yet unborn, the slaves had no choice. The materials that went into the construction of "Old Main" were mainly soft bricks and ten-penny nails. No one had thought to discover mortar or cement at that time, so the workmen were forced to reinforce the building with tradition throughout.

No one knows exactly when tradition first came into popular use at Wofford. Some cite the construction of "Old Main," but still others note that the word was branded on the foreheads of entering freshmen as early as the 13th Century. A rather unsavory incident occurred in the early 1950's. The word, due to regional dialect and the influence of minority groups, had degenerated into a more shorter form—"sedition." The school was soon investigated by the McCarthy Committee and everyone was charged with subversive activity in violation of the Smith Act and also the Mann Act to make it more interesting. But the Trustees soon got off the hook by awarding McCarthy an honorary degree and all was forgiven.

Illustrative of Wofford's fight to preserve its tradition is the case of Reverend John C. Kilgo or the Reverend John C. Kilgo Case, if you prefer. Reverend Kilgo seemed to do everything wrong in the eyes of Wofford College. He left the college after finishing only his Sophomore year and nevertheless became a prominent preacher. He was forgiven for this and put on probation as assistant to the Financial Agent at Wofford. Kilgo, however, was a critical, aggressive person who continued to scoff at Tennyson, Browning, Shakespeare, Carlisle, and, what was worst of all, tradition. Moreover, he appreciated the power of money and was an energetic moneymaker. This was the last straw. The Trustees rapped him on the knuckles and as punishment sent him to North Carolina to found Duke University.

Greek letter fraternities were first introduced to Wofford in 1869. Everything went along all right until 1903 when several anti-fraternity men and even some fraternity men became disgusted with fraternity life. Acquiescing to the students' demands the Board of Trustees abolished fraternities in 1906 and established sororities. This slight misinterpretation by the college officials was overlooked by the students who tried to make the best of it.

The first faculty at Wofford consisted of professors. This practice is still adhered to. The college has had seven Presidents. Among other duties these men occupied the President's Home.

According to the college catalogue the Wofford Student Body is composed of small liberals. Generally speaking, the students are subjected to severe criticism and oppression. For instance, whenever anyone visits the campus he will invariably say that the students are "gentlemanly" or "friendly," or engage in other forms of name-calling.

The average Wofford student spends most of his college days going to chapel, combing the library with intellectual enthusiasm, feeding the pigeons, or gnawing away at tradition. Unlike most college students of today, the Wofford student is not actually lazy. He is merely over-compensating for a compulsion to work.

Wofford College owes much to the Methodist Church.

The future of Wofford College is yet unwritten, which seems logical. This small, liberal, bozart college—105 years-deep in Southern decadence—must be placed in the hand of future generations. However, these young heirs to fortune will always find strength and wisdom if they will only remember the immortal words of the founder of Wofford College: "I'm like hep on towers!"

PUPPET - LOVE

— by —

George B. Martin

The speaker's voice droned about him, the words fluttering emptily in the air and his ear tuned to their monotony. He closed his eyes briefly feeling the droplets of perspiration trickle along his brow tickling him. A fly lit on his nose and he smiled. He opened his eyes and looked at the dignity that surrounded him mirrored in the robed figures with their anxious faces and their blind stares turned to the speaker. And he was among them, his expression in tune to theirs, his eyes wandering blindly, his ears tuned to the same muteness. He felt apart from himself, his soul drifting aimlessly out across the span of sober faces laughing in its arrogance and tortured by its loneliness. Yet it was conscious of his physical presence there in the pew held to them by sameness of dress, the attentive ear filled with the same empty sound. And several rows behind him were his parents with eager, proud, maternal smiles listening. And with them clad in bright blue with the stern possessive eyes was Ellen, who sat confidently with the air of a satisfied hunter home from the woods with a bag full of game.

His wandering ceased with the movement of feet about him and he knew they were ready. Smiles flashed and then dimmed into mask of sobriety as the robed group rose and filed from their seats to the platform where they met and received their diplomas from the satisfied looking man. He felt his body moving with them in a line and he heard the sound of names —names he knew to be connected by some meaning with faces and bodies. He looked up to see them passing gratefully and he felt them to be strangers.

"Marion L. Ridge."

He moved across the platform conscious of his posture. With a blank smile he shook hands and received his parcel hearing them read the Latin after his degree and then the flutter of applause. He could almost hear his mother gasp and he felt Ellen's smile.

He quickly removed the robe and handed it to the administrator who was standing outside the door opening from the chapel, receiving them and shaking hands and congratulating them into the alumni association. He waited with his classmates hearing the repeated applause and soon the closing words of a solemn benediction. He hung his head condescendingly listening for the Amen and then the loud cheer he knew was to come. It was over, and figures shook his hand and their voices were full of cheer and well wishes as they pounded him on the back. He felt his body responding to them, and he heard the sound of his words repititiously blending into the sound and he wondered if he was really saying it.

"Well, boy, ready to go to work?" It was his father speaking. He gave the voice a weak smile and kissed his crying mother and put an arm around the blond figure of Ellen who was saying:

"I didn't know you were a Cum Laude or whatever you call it?"

"My baby, my baby," his mother was saying over and over with tears bright in her eyes inspite of the handkerchief she mopped them with.

"Well, ready to go?" he said, knowing it wasn't what he should say yet afraid of what his honesty might bite and hurt. He thought, "they are happy. All of them. Except me, and why not me? Four years and no pleasure in the last day. I feel nothing except loneliness."

Standing on the campus looking toward him with misty eyes was a chubby little man breathing deeply. He wore the academic robes of Ph.D. He approached the man with forced gaiety.

"Professor Stern, I want you to meet my parents. My mother, my father, and this is Ellen Curtis, whom you have met once before I believe."

He waited as the professor greeted them, each one humbly as he knew was the man's way.

"Marion, I have something here for you. The best graduation gift I can think of for you. Acceptance of your application for a fellowship."

He hurriedly opened the letter reading of his acceptance. He forced a look of surprise and excitement and said:

"Why thank you sir! Thank you very much."

His mother smiled amid her tears and said how much she and Mr. Ridge knew he had had to do with getting it and how grateful they were. Ellen's eyes flashed startedly, and she forced a smile and uttered an insincere congratulations.

"This kinda postpones your plans doesn't it, Ellen," he heard his mother say. 'But don't worry, it won't be long. You both are young and all that, and there is plenty of time for marriage. The rest of your lives."

Ellen was quiet, and he knew what she was thinking. His soul began to sing with its freedom, then with recognition of the look on his mother's face it died. A quiet feeling of desperation rose in him as he looked from the faces of the group to the paper, feeling the word of acceptance etching itself across his memory. He said the word to himself several times hearing it fade in meaning with each utterance until it became a meaningless phrase and he thought of the word envolvement.

"Be seeing you next year, Marion," the professor said. "I know you all have to be leaving."

"Thank you sir. Thank you very much," he said, wishing it were the right phrase. He added finally, "very much for everything."

Smiling sadly the chubby old man turned away, his robes stirring in the slight breeze, and began walking across the campus. The figure hung in his mind warmly bringing a gentle calm to his restlessness as he joined the family in their march across to the parked Buick Special.

"What about the job with American Oil?" he heard Ellen ask him with a defeated sound tone in her voice that sounded almost frantic in its appeal as they seated themselves in the back seat of the car. His mother was chatting something about the weather when he answered;

"Just have to wait I guess. This is a better opportunity. To study here at the University." His voice had a practical business like air that he knew stopped her as her use of reason always stopped him. He could feel her actively searching her mind for an opening.

"I think you are being wise, Marion. Very wise. You children have plenty of time." Her tears had gone. His father was maneuvering the car into the stream of traffic leaving the campus.

He felt the rise of restlessness. His hands tightened, perspiration glistened on his brow, and he felt the sneer creeping across his mouth. He turned to look at Ellen and found her withdrawn into a shell of thought. He forced himself to look contented and said:

"I think I'll get some sleep on the way home. Been a hard day for me." With the conclusion of the words he grasped Ellen's hand and settled himself lazily in the seat. He felt her slide over closer to him and her odor was strong in his memory.

—The car was parked in the shade of an old oak on a deserted road with the moonbeams playing lightly on the rustling leaves. His car radio was playing softly, and she was next to him, her fingers tracing slight circles along the back of his neck. She spoke in light caressing tones, saying his name with a honeyed voice that was slightly husky. She kissed the top of his ear and snuggled closer.

"When are we going to get married, Marion?" she said. Her voice warmed him. He gazed into the blandness of her eyes, feeling a calm sifting through him weaving a web of desire about him with slender strands of emotion. He drew her

(Continued on page 18)

POEMS

Discovery

I reach for stardust,
And clutch the jagged edge of failure.
But my bleeding hands hold fast.
I kneel at crystal waters.
And taste the dryness of despair,
But drain each bitter drop at last.
I scan the misty rim,
And see only that I cannot see
Beyond the veil I hold before my eyes.
But yet I stay!
For in reaching I grow tall
And in kneeling I stay small
And it's in the search
That every treasure lies.

—Lonnie L. Cook

Dogwoods

Blossoms blooming on the trees:
Small maltesians in the breeze,
Lily leaves (the end of winter?),
A touch of yellow near the center.
Yellow deepens—gold, then brown.
Smutty crosses drifting down.
So soon the freeze?

Twenty years or so, almost,
The seed of the dogwood grew in the frost,
Increased as yeast, as mustard seed;
But the nineteenth year brought gnawing need.
The sod or the seed, the seed or the sod?
One is of man, the other of God.
And which is lost?

—Jerry O. Cook

Peregrination

Wanderers, dark and shapeless, ceaseless shadows' ghosts,
Whose mission vague is known but to these airy hosts;
Whose fiery forked fingers' shrieking 'cross the sky
Inspired my soul to wonder as those phantoms passed me by.
What mode or master made them drift above me there,
These swift and silent sailors in a sea of air?
No solution had escaped them as they steady streaming bore
This nomadic mantle to some dim and distant shore.
Mime mediocre mechanism failed to fix the truth,
And I felt the faint frustrations of the unsuccessful sleuth.
On and on and on these lurid layered legions,
As if they racéd on to roam some nether regions.

Come, silly simpleton and show yourself no more!
Those clouds do but obey that force we both adore.
I looked again; I laughed aloud ———,
No more uncertainty, I vowed,
Or enchantment from this evening's stormy shroud.

—W. A. Gardner, Jr.

Unreal

Belial belches. His belly is gorged.
He spit out a bone, and a link is forged.
He ruminates and contemplates,
Takes a bite of that he hates,
And, when the flesh is urged,
Regurgitates.

Philosophers philosophized,
And theologs theologized.
En masse they said, "We know he's dead.
The fattest sins are human-fed.
One fact is recognized—
A symbol instead."

So Belial gorges and stuffs his maw
And picks at flesh with a poisoned paw.
But we disdain an outer-plan
And blame the ape within the man.
Can flawless flow from flaw?
I doubt it can.

—Jerry O. Cook

Rain in the Night

It's raining, raining, raining . . .
The endless spherical mass plunges down
On the street in a light tattoo
Which seems to neutralize all other sounds.

Some droplets appear to linger
In the lure of the light smeared street,
While others accept their portion
And pellet the earth continuing their beat.

Some plummeting liquid particles
Find refuge in the branches of nearby trees.
A transitory haven
And they slowly saunter down to fallen leaves.

Almost submerged, the host
Lends to the fleeing liquid a downward rudder.
What—a better fate?
But, alas, its destiny—the water gutter.

—Wilson M. Davis

Puppet - Love

(Continued from page 15)

closer to him, running his hand down the back of her dress . . .

[The author invites the reader's imagination, with this word of caution. It must be remembered that you are not to have anything obscene or profane in a Wofford publication. Therefore, I ask that you limit yourself to only those type pleasures found at Church supported activities where boys and girls hold hands and talk in hushed tones about something. Being aware of the average Wofford reader's interest, I suggest that you read a short passage of Horatio Alger and see how he resists temptation, and then pattern your thoughts accordingly. Much of my story is lost due to the conflict found between art and propriety as expressed by our present rules as you can well see. Let it suffice then for me to say this. She, Ellen, wants to get married. She is using any number of devices, all basically physical, to involve him with her. The tender trap, you know. Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage. He falls for it and is drawn securely into her web. Virtue loses to the guile of an ambitious female and he feels that maybe he is responsible for what has happened. Afterward we open in the same setting with this. . . .]

His soul died leaving him there spiritually linked to her. He felt the rage of his passion as it swept through him, leaving him bound to her, trapped in the web of emotion and his own needed passion. Love read through the physical.

Afterward her smell was strong on him. He lingered after he had taken her home, and he fell asleep that night with her scent alive in his senses and her voice fresh in his ears with the image of her satisfied face etched in his memory. His soul joined his body.—

As he felt her hand linked in his he felt the same desire and his soul was lost in sudden remembrance. She said something to his mother about the weather, and the passion died leaving him alone again to remember.

—They were with a group and they talked. He listened to her honeyed voice with some irritation.

"When Marion and I get married we are going to build a split level house with a fireplace in the living room and all modern furniture. I saw one the other day in a magazine that I thought was divine."

or

"Marion, why don't you ever talk about anything but Joyce and Dante. You know I don't know anything about them."

or

"Marion is so smart. He just talks circles around me. I don't know half of what he is saying, but I just love to hear him talk and it sounds right."

or

"Marion, buy me another beer. I just love to drink with your intellectual friends. They aren't as stuffy when they are drinking. Don't ya'll ever talk about anything except books?"

or

"Marion, did you see Sally's diamond? Now, I don't want you to get me a simple little thing like that. I would just as soon have a gold band as that. Now, I saw one down in Morrison's that is just like the one I want. You know, the one with the little stone around it."

And then she would twist his tie and his irritation would die as he felt the security of her love close in on him.—

Then Professor Stern's words:

" 'hope you never let anyone love you, Marion. You will destroy them through yourself.' " And he knew it. He said it. For just a minute his soul

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rested then with the monotony of what the man usually said next. It was restlessly alone again.

He opened his eyes and looked from his mother to the girl next to him. He withdrew his hand and slept, his soul exiled in the search, his body resting there immobile as he pictured the two women with puppet strings in their hands drawing a familiar-looking puppet to their breast tenderly and in doing so tugging one against the other. Professor Stern's figure walking away in his robes stirring in the breeze, his head turned back toward him with a sympathetic smile and a look of encouragement for his mother. He thought of Paris and just for a minute wondered what would happen to the puppet if both the strings should break. ●

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COMMENT . . .

NO COMMENT

Someone commented to *Comment* recently that during this past year *Comment* has not really commented to any degree on any subject on which comment was necessary. Our only comment is this: we readily agree. This year will probably be remembered in the annals of *The Journal* as the year of "no comment." Without any attempts at apologetics, we would like to explain why we have remained as taciturn as Coolidge regarding any debatable issue.

The main reason for *Comment's* avoiding an expression of opinion on any Wofford-related subject centers around the editor's very earnest desire to get out of Wofford for good. Who could deny that such is a commendable attitude? However, all other things being equal, the editor prefers to leave by the front door, and not to be helped through the back door against his own will.

Throughout the history of Wofford publications, *The Journal* has consistently borne the brunt of the censor's attack. In 1954 the editor and a writer were expelled because of an article in *The Journal* on the subject of the psychological implications of the sexual relation. However, the students were reinstated, and the next issue of *The Journal* contained an apology by the editor for his lack of common sense and judgment. And so the matter was settled.

Two years later several other Wofford literary aspirants were chastised for the inclusion in *The Journal* of a story containing "objectionable" words and a satire dealing with the (in the author's opinion, not necessarily mine) decadence of things hereabouts. Thus the Publications Board Rules!

Then along came a student, a member of a family famous for voicing their convictions, who criticized chapel and suggested that the student body demonstrate against the inadequacies (again, his opinion) of that traditional assembly. He was promptly reprimanded and warned against any further action of a similar nature.

Last year, while editor of *The Journal*, that student allowed material to be printed in *The Journal* which, in his opinion, was perfectly justifiable, but, which, in the opinion of certain others who were the powers-that-be, was in violation of the Publications Board Rules. Repetitive history took the same course that it had followed before. The editor and one of the writers were suspended, and three others were placed on conduct probation. But there was one bright moment. Rather than printing a sheepish apology, the editor produced in the aftermath an issue filled with scathing, but logical, arguments for his opinion, among which were defenses by the poetry critic of *The Saturday Review* and the Reverend Ralph Cannon.

This editorial is not a criticism of the existing situation; rather it is, as stated above, an explanation of our refusal to speak our opinion on any controversial question. Frankly, we are just plain "chicken." The freedom of the press has become the press-dom of the free.

* * * * * * * * *

I would like to express my personal appreciation to the following: Gerald Gibson, my very able associate editor, without whose help this year's *Journal* would not have been possible; to my very talented art staff, consisting of Art Editor Jim Sanders, Kirk Prouty, and Gerald Gibson; to Photographers Tommy Gasque and Robert Hopper; to our Advisor, Professor K. D. Coates; to our printers, Wm. Altman and Co.; to the Business Manager, Don LaTorre; and to all our contributors.

To "Dink" Sanders: good luck, and, if I may so corrupt the words of the gladiators, "we salute you who are about to die!"

—Jerry O. Cook

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